TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

By T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON

CHARACTER, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, | POLICE, COMMERCE, ARTS, AND ANTIQUITIES.

With a particular DESCRIPTION of the

TOWN, TERRITORY, and CLIMATE of NICE:

To which is added,

A Regiſter of the Weather, kept during a Reſidence of Eighteen Months in that City.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

Ut Homo qui erranti comiter monſtrat viam,
Quaſi lumen de ſuo lumine accendat, facit:
Nihilominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit.
ENNIUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER XXII.

Nice, November 10, 1764.

DEAR SIR,

I Had once thoughts of writing a complete natural hiſtory of this town and country: but I found myſelf altogether unequal to the taſk. I have neither health, ſtrength, nor opportunity, to make proper collections of the mineral, vegetable, and animal productions. I am not much converſant with theſe branches of natural philoſophy. I have no books to direct my inquiries. I can find no perſon capable of giving me the leaſt information or aſſiſtance; and I am ſtrangely puzzled by the barbarous names they give to many different ſpecies, the deſcriptions of which I have read under other appellations; and which, as I have never ſeen them before, I cannot pretend to diſtinguiſh by the eye. You muſt therefore be contented with ſuch imperfect intelligence as my opportunities can afford.

The uſeful arts practiſed at Nice, are theſe, gardening and agriculture, with their conſequences, the making of wine, oil, and cordage;

the rearing of ſilk-worms, with the ſubſequent management and manufacture of that production; and the fiſhing, which I have already deſcribed.

Nothing can be more unpromiſing than the natural ſoil of this territory, except in a very few narrow bottoms, where there is a ſtiff clay, which, when carefully watered, yields tolerable paſturage. In every other part, the ſoil conſiſts of a light ſand mingled with pebbles, which ſerves well enough for the culture of vines and olives: but the ground laid out for kitchen herbs, as well as for other fruit, muſt be manured with great care and attention. They have no black cattle to afford ſuch compoſt as our farmers uſe in England. The dung of mules and aſſes, which are their only beaſts of burthen, is of very little value for this purpoſe; and the natural ſterility of their ground requires ſomething highly impregnated with nitre and volatile ſalts. They have recourſe therefore to pigeons' dung and ordure, which fully anſwer their expectations. Every peaſant opens, at one corner of his wall, a public houſe of office for the reception of paſſengers; and in the town of Nice, every tenement is provided with one of theſe receptacles, the contents of which are carefully preſerved for ſale. The peaſant comes with his aſſes and caſks to carry it off before day, and pays for it according to its quality, which he examines and inveſtigates, by the taſte and flavour. The jakes of a proteſtant family, who eat *gras* every day, bears a much higher price than the privy of a good catholic who lives *maigre* one half of the year. The vaults belonging

ing to the convent of Minims are not worth emptying.

The ground here is not delved with ſpades as in England, but laboured with a broad, ſharp hough, with a ſhort horizontal handle; and the climate is ſo hot and dry in the ſummer, that the plants muſt be watered every morning and evening, eſpecially where it is not ſhaded by trees. It is ſurpriſing to ſee how the productions of the earth are crowded together. One would imagine they would rob one another of nouriſhment; and moreover be ſtifled for want of air; and doubtleſs this is the caſe. Olive and other fruit-trees are planted in rows very cloſe to each other. Theſe are connected by vines, and the interſtices, between the rows, are filled with corn. The gardens that ſupply the town with ſallad and pot-herbs, lye all on the ſide of Provence, by the highway. They are ſurrounded with high ſtone-walls, or ditches, planted with a kind of cane or large reed, which anſwers many purpoſes in this country. The leaves of it afford ſuſtenance to the aſſes, and the canes not only ſerve as fences to the incloſures; but are uſed to prop the vines and peaſe: they are formed into arbours, and wore as walking-ſtaves. All theſe gardens are watered by little rills that come from the mountains, particularly, by the ſmall branches of the two ſources which I have deſcribed in a former letter, as iſſuing from the two ſides of a mountain, under the names of *Fontaine de Murailles*, and *Fontaine du Temple*.

In the neighbourhood of Nice, they raiſe a conſiderable quantity of hemp, the largeſt and ſtrongeſt I ever ſaw. Part of this, when dreſſed, is exported to other countries; and part is manu-

factured into cordage. However profitable it may be to the grower, it is certainly a great nuiſance in the ſummer. When taken out of the pits, where it has been put to rot, the ſtench it raiſes is quite inſupportable; and muſt undoubtedly be unwholſome.

There is ſuch a want of land in this neighbourhood, that terraces are built over one another with looſe ſtones, on the faces of bare rocks, and theſe being covered with earth and manured, are planted with olives, vines, and corn. The ſame ſhift was practiſed all over Paleſtine, which was rocky and barren, and much more populous than the county of Nice.

Notwithſtanding the ſmall extent of this territory, there are ſome pleaſant meadows in the ſkirts of Nice, that produce excellent clover; and the corn which is ſown in open fields, where it has the full benefit of the ſoil, ſun, and air, grows to a ſurpriſing height. I have ſeen rye ſeven or eight feet high. All vegetables have a wonderful growth in this climate. Beſides wheat, rye, barley, and oats, this country produces a good deal of Meliga, or Turkiſh wheat, which is what we call Indian corn. I have, in a former letter, obſerved that the meal of this grain goes by the name *polenta*, and makes excellent haſty-pudding, being very nouriſhing, and counted an admirable pectoral. The pods and ſtalks are uſed for fuel; and the leaves are much preferable to common ſtraw, for making *paillaſſes*.

The peaſe and beans in the garden appear in the winter like beautiful plantations of young trees in bloſſom; and perfume the air. Myrtle, ſweet-briar, ſweet-marjoram, ſage, thyme, lavender,

vender, roſemary, with many other aromatic herbs and flowers, which with us require the moſt careful cultivation, are here found wild in the mountains.

It is not many years ſince the Niſſards learned the culture of ſilk-worms, of their neighbours the Piedmonteſe; and hitherto the progreſs they have made is not very conſiderable: the whole county of Nice produces about one hundred and thirty-three bales of three hundred pounds each, amounting in value to four hundred thouſand livres.

In the beginning of April, when the mulberry-leaves begin to put forth, the eggs or grains that produce the ſilk-worm, are hatched. The grains are waſhed in wine, and thoſe that ſwim on the top, are thrown away as good for nothing. The reſt being depoſited in ſmall bags of linen, are worn by women in their boſoms, until the worms begin to appear: then they are placed in ſhallow wooden boxes, covered with a piece of white paper cut into little holes, through which the worms aſcend as they are hatched, to feed on the young mulberry-leaves, of which there is a layer above the paper. Theſe boxes are kept for warmth between two mattraſſes, and viſited every day. Freſh leaves are laid in, and the worms that feed are removed ſucceſſively to the other place prepared for their reception. This is an habitation, conſiſting of two or three ſtories, about twenty inches from each other, raiſed upon four wooden poſts. The floors are made of canes, and ſtrewed with freſh mulberry-leaves: the corner poſts, and other occaſional props, for ſuſtaining the different floors, are covered with a

coat of looſe heath, which is twiſted round the wood. The worms when hatched are laid upon the floors; and here you may ſee them in all the different ſtages of moulting or caſting the ſlough, a change which they undergo three times ſucceſſively before they begin to work. The ſilk-worm is an animal of ſuch acute and delicate ſenſations, that too much care cannot be taken to keep its habitation clean, and to refreſh it from time to time with pure air. I have ſeen them languiſh and die in ſcores, in conſequence of an accidental bad ſmell. The ſoiled leaves and the filth which they neceſſarily produce, ſhould be carefully ſhifted every day; and it would not be amiſs to purify the air ſometimes with fumes of vinegar, roſe, or orange-flower water. Theſe niceties, however, are but little obſerved. They commonly lie in heaps as thick as ſhrimps in a plate, ſome feeding on the leaves, ſome new hatched, ſome intranced in the agonies of caſting their ſkin, ſome languiſhing, and ſome actually dead, with a litter of half eaten faded leaves about them, in a cloſe room crowded with women and children, not at all remarkable for their cleanlineſs. I am aſſured by ſome perſons of credit, that if they are touched, or even approached, by a woman in her catamenia, they infallibly expire. This, however, muſt be underſtood of thoſe females whoſe ſkins have naturally a very rank flavour, which is generally heightened at ſuch periods. The mulberry-leaves uſed in this country are of the tree which bears a ſmall white fruit not larger than a damaſcene. They are planted on purpoſe, and the leaves are ſold at ſo much a pound. By the middle of June all the mulberry-trees are ſtripped;

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but new leaves ſucceed, and, in a few weeks, they are cloathed again with freſh verdure. In about ten days after the laſt moulting, the ſilk-worm climbs upon the props of his houſe, and chooſing a ſituation among the heath, begins to ſpin in a moſt curious manner, until he is quite incloſed, and the cocon or pod of ſilk, about the ſize of a pigeon's egg, which he has produced, remains ſuſpended by ſeveral filaments. It is not unuſual to ſee double cocons, ſpun by two worms included under a common cover. There muſt be an infinite number of worms to yield any conſiderable quantity of ſilk. One ounce of eggs or grains produces four rup, or one hundred Nice pounds of cocons; and one rup, or twenty-five pounds of cocons, if they are rich, gives three pounds of raw-ſilk; that is, twelve pounds of ſilk are got from one ounce of grains, which ounce of grains is produced by as many worms as are incloſed in one pound, or twelve ounces of cocons. In preſerving the cocons for breed, you muſt chooſe an equal number of males and females; and theſe are very eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the ſhape of the cocons; that which contains the male is ſharp, and the other obtuſe, at the two ends. In ten or twelve days after the cocon is finiſhed, the worm makes its way through it, in the form of a very ugly, unwieldy, awkward butter-fly, and as the different ſexes are placed by one another on paper or linen, they immediately engender. The female lays her eggs, which are carefully preſerved; but neither ſhe nor her mate takes any nouriſhment, and in eight or ten days after they quit the cocons, they generally die. The ſilk of theſe cocons cannot be wound, becauſe the animals

animals in piercing through them, have deſtroyed the continuity of the filaments. It is therefore, firſt boiled, and then picked and carded like wool, and being afterwards ſpun, is uſed in the coarſer ſtuffs of the ſilk manufacture. The other cocons, which yield the beſt ſilk, are managed in a different manner. Before the incloſed worm has time to penetrate, the ſilk is reeled off with equal care and ingenuity. A handful of the cocons are thrown into a kettle of boiling water, which not only kills the animal, but diſſolves the glutinous ſubſtance by which the fine filaments of the ſilk cohere or ſtick together, ſo that they are eaſily wound off, without breaking. Six or ſeven of theſe ſmall filaments being joined together are paſſed over a kind of twiſting iron, and fixed to the wheel which one girl turns, while another, with her hands in the boiling water, diſentangles the threads, joins them when they chance to break, and ſupplies freſh cocons with admirable dexterity and diſpatch. There is a manufacture of this kind juſt without one of the gates of Nice, where forty or fifty of theſe wheels are worked together, and give employment for ſome weeks to double the number of young women. Thoſe who manage the pods that float in the boiling water muſt be very alert, otherwiſe they will ſcald their fingers. The ſmell that comes from the boiling cocons is extremely offenſive. Hard by the harbour there is a very curious mill for twiſting the ſilk, which goes by water. There is in the town of Nice a well regulated hoſpital for poor orphans of both ſexes, where above one hundred of them are employed in dreſſing, dying, ſpinning and weaving the ſilk. In the villages of Provence, you ſee the

the poor women in the ſtreets ſpinning raw ſilk upon diſtaves: but here the ſame inſtrument is only uſed for ſpinning hemp and flax; which laſt, however, is not of the growth of Nice.—But leſt I ſhould ſpin this letter to a tedious length, I will now wind up my bottom, and bid you heartily farewell.

LETTER XXIII.

Nice, December 19, 1764.

SIR,

IN my laſt, I gave you a ſuccinct account of the ſilk-worm, and the management of that curious inſect in this country. I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe the methods of making wine and oil.

The vintage begins in September. The grapes being choſen and carefully picked, are put into a large vat, where they are preſſed by a man's naked feet, and the juices drawn off by a cock below. When no more is procured by this operation, the bruiſed grapes are put into the preſs, and yield ſtill more liquor. The juice obtained by this double preſſure, being put into caſks, with their bungs open, begins to ferment and diſcharge its impurities at the openings. The waſte occaſioned by this diſcharge, is conſtantly ſupplied with freſh wine; ſo that the caſks are always full. The fermentation continues for twelve, fifteen, or twenty days, according to the ſtrength and vigour of the grape. In about a month, the wine is fit for drinking. When the grapes are of a bad, meagre kind,

the

the wine dealers mix the juice with pigeons-dung or quick-lime, in order to give it a ſpirit which nature has denied: but this is a very miſchievous adulteration.

The proceſs for oil-making is equally ſimple. The beſt olives are thoſe that grow wild; but the quantity of them is very inconſiderable. Olives begin to ripen and drop in the beginning of November: but ſome remain on the trees till February and even till April, and theſe are counted the moſt valuable. When the olives are gathered, they muſt be manufactured immediately, before they fade and grow wrinkled, otherwiſe they will produce bad oil. They are firſt of all ground into a paſte by a mill-ſtone ſet edge-ways in a circular ſtone-trough, and turned by water. This paſte is put into circular caſes made of graſs woven, having a round hole at top and bottom; when filled they reſemble in ſhape our Cheſhire cheeſes. A number of theſe placed one upon another, are put in a preſs, and being ſqueezed, the oil, with all its impurities, runs into a receptacle below fixed in the ground. From hence it is laded into a wooden vat, half filled with water. The ſordes or dirt falls to the bottom; the oil ſwims a-top; and being ſkimmed off, is barrelled up in ſmall oblong caſks. What remains in the vat, is thrown into a large ſtone ciſtern with water, and after been often ſtirred and ſtanding twelve or fourteen days, yields a coarſer oil uſed for lamps and manufactures. After theſe proceſſes, they extract an oil ſtill more coarſe and fetid from the refuſe of the whole. Sometimes, in order to make the olives grind the more eaſily into a paſte, and part with more oil, they are mixed with

with a little hot water: but the oil thus procured is apt to grow rancid. The very fineſt, called virgin oil, is made chiefly of green olives, and ſold at a very high price, becauſe a great quantity is required to produce a very little oil. Even the ſtuff that is left after all theſe operations, conſiſting of the dried pulp, is ſold for fuel, and uſed in *braſieres* for warming apartments which have no chimney.

I have now ſpecified all the manufactures of Nice which are worth mentioning. True it is, there is ſome coarſe paper made in this neighbourhood; there are alſo people here who dreſs ſkins and make leather for the uſe of the inhabitants: but this buſineſs is very ill performed: the gloves and ſhoes are generally rotten as they come from the hands of the maker. Carpenter's, joiner's, and black-ſmith's work is very coarſely and clumſily done. There are no chairs to be had at Nice, but crazy things made of a few ſticks, with ruſh bottoms, which are ſold for twelve livres a dozen. Nothing can be more contemptible than the hard-ware made in this place, ſuch as knives, ſciſſars and candle ſnuffers. All utenſils in braſs and copper are very ill made and finiſhed. The ſilver-ſmiths make nothing but ſpoons, forks, paultry rings, and croſſes for the necks of the women.

The houſes are built of a ragged ſtone dug from the mountains, and the interſtices are filled with rubble; ſo that the walls would appear very ugly, if they were not covered with plaiſter, which has a good effect. They generally conſiſt of three ſtories, and are covered with tiles. The apartments of the better ſort are large and lofty, the floors paved with brick, the roofs covered

covered with a thick coat of ſtucco, and the walls white-waſhed. People of diſtinction hang their chambers with damaſk, ſtriped ſilk, painted cloths, tapeſtry, or printed linen. All the doors, as well as the windows, conſiſt of folding leaves. As there is no wainſcot in the rooms, which are divided by ſtone partitions, and the floors and ceiling are covered with brick and ſtucco, fires are of much leſs dreadful conſequences here than in our country. Wainſcot would afford harbour for bugs: beſides, white walls have a better effect in this hot climate. The beds commonly uſed in this place, and all over Italy, conſiſt of a *pailaſſe*, with one or two mattraſſes, laid upon planks, ſupported by two wooden benches. Inſtead of curtains there is a *couziniere* or moſquito net, made of a kind of gauze, that opens and contracts occaſionally, and incloſes the place where you lie: perſons of condition, however, have alſo bedſteads and curtains; but theſe laſt are never uſed in the ſummer.

In theſe countries, people of all ranks dine exactly at noon; and this is the time I ſeize in winter, for making my daily tour of the ſtreets and ramparts, which at all other hours of the day are crowded with men, women, children and beaſts of burthen. The rampart is the common road for carriages of all kinds. I think there are two private coaches in Nice, beſides that of the commandant: but there are ſedan chairs, which may be had at a reaſonable rate. When I bathed in the ſummer, I paid thirty ſols, equal to eighteen-pence, for being carried to and from the bathing place, which was a mile from my own houſe. Now I am

ſpeaking

ſpeaking of bathing, it may not be amiſs to inform you that though there is a fine open beach, extending ſeveral miles to the weſtward of Nice, thoſe who cannot ſwim ought to bathe with great precaution, as the ſea is very deep, and the deſcent very abrupt from within a yard or two of the water's edge. The people here were much ſurpriſed when I began to bathe in the beginning of May. They thought it very ſtrange, that a man ſeemingly conſumptive ſhould plunge into the ſea, eſpecially when the weather was ſo cold; and ſome of the doctors prognoſticated immediate death. But, when it was perceived that I grew better in conſequence of the bath, ſome of the Swiſs officers tried the ſame experiment, and, in a few days, our example was followed by ſeveral inhabitants of Nice. There is, however, no convenience for this operation, from the benefit of which the fair ſex muſt be entirely excluded, unleſs they lay aſide all regard to decorum; for the ſhore is always lined with fiſhing boats, and crowded with people. If a lady ſhould be at the expence of having a tent pitched on the beach where ſhe might put on and off her bathing-dreſs, ſhe could not pretend to go into the ſea without proper attendants; nor could ſhe poſſibly plunge headlong into the water, which is the moſt effectual, and leaſt dangerous way of bathing. All that ſhe can do is to have the ſea-water brought into her houſe, and make uſe of a bathing tub, which may be made according to her own or phyſician's direction.

What further I have to ſay of this climate and country, you ſhall have in my next; and then you will be releaſed from a ſubject, which

I am

I am afraid has been but too circumſtantially handled by,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

LETTER XXIV.

Nice, January 4, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE conſtitution of this climate may be pretty well aſcertained, from the incloſed regiſter of the weather, which I kept with all poſſible care and attention. From a peruſal of it, you will ſee that there is leſs rain and wind at Nice, than in any other part of the world that I know; and ſuch is the ſerenity of the air, that you ſee nothing above your head for ſeveral months together, but a charming blue expanſe, without cloud or ſpeck. Whatever clouds may be formed by evaporation from the ſea, they ſeldom or never hover over this ſmall territory; but, in all probability, are attracted by the mountains that ſurround it, and there fall in rain or ſnow: as for thoſe that gather from other quarters, I ſuppoſe their progreſs hitherward is obſtructed by thoſe very Alps which riſe one over another, to an extent of many leagues. This air being dry, pure, heavy, and elaſtic, muſt be agreeable to the conſtitution of thoſe who labour under diſorders ariſing from weak nerves, obſtructed perſpiration, relaxed fibres, a viſcidity of lymph, and a languid circulation. In other reſpects, it encourages the ſcurvy, the atmoſphere being undoubtedly

doubtedly impregnated with ſea-ſalt. Ever ſince my arrival at Nice, I have had a ſcorbutical eruption on my right hand, which diminiſhes and increaſes according to the ſtate of my health. One day laſt ſummer, when there was a ſtrong breeze from the ſea, the ſurface of our bodies was covered with a ſalt brine, very perceptible to the taſte, my gums, as well as thoſe of another perſon in my family, began to ſwell, and grow painful, though this had never happened before; and I was ſeized with violent pains in the joints of my knees. I was then at a Country-houſe fronting the ſea, and particularly expoſed to the marine air. The ſwelling of our gums ſubſided as the wind fell; but what was very remarkable, the ſcurvy-ſpot on my hand diſappeared, and did not return for a whole month. It is affirmed, that ſea-ſalt will diſſolve, and render the blood ſo fluid, that it will exude through the coats of the veſſels. Perhaps the ſea-ſcurvy is a partial diſſolution of it, by that mineral abſorbed from the air by the lymphatics on the ſurface of the body, and by thoſe of the lungs in reſpiration. Certain it is, in the laſt ſtages of the ſea-ſcurvy, the blood often burſts from the pores; and this phenomenon is imputed to a high degree of putrefaction: ſure enough it is attended with putrefaction. We know that a certain quantity of ſalt is required to preſerve the animal juices from growing putrid: but, how a greater quantity ſhould produce putrefaction, I leave to wiſer heads to explain. Many people here have ſcorbutical complaints, though their teeth are not affected. They are ſubject to eruptions on the ſkin, putrid gums, pains in the bones, laſſitude, indigeſtion,

indigeſtion, and low ſpirits; but the reigning diſtemper is a *maraſmus*, or conſumption, which proceeds gradually, without any pulmonary complaint, the complexion growing more and more florid, till the very laſt ſcene of the tragedy. This I would impute to the effects of a very dry, ſaline atmoſphere, upon a thin habit, in which there is an extraordinary waſte by perſpiration. The air is remarkably ſalt in this diſtrict, becauſe the mountains that hem it in, prevent its communication with the circumambient atmoſphere, in which the ſaline particles would otherwiſe be diffuſed; and there is no rain, nor dew, to precipitate or diſſolve them. Such an air as I have deſcribed, ſhould have no bad effect upon a moiſt, phlegmatic conſtitution, ſuch as mine; and yet it muſt be owned, I have been viſibly waſting ſince I came hither, though this decay I conſidered as the progreſs of the *tabes* which began in England. But the air of Nice has had a ſtill more ſenſible effect upon Mr. Sch—z, who laboured under nervous complaints to ſuch a degree, that his life was a burden to him. He had alſo a fixed pain in his breaſt, for which complaint he had formerly tried the air of Naples, where he reſided ſome conſiderable time, and in a great meaſure recovered: but, this returning with weakneſs, faintneſs, low ſpirits, and entire loſs of appetite, he was adviſed to come hither; and the ſucceſs of his journey has greatly exceeded his expectation. Though the weather has been remarkably bad for this climate, he has enjoyed perfect health. Since he arrived at Nice, the pain in his breaſt vaniſhed; he eats heartily, ſleeps well, is in high ſpirits, and ſo ſtrong, that he is never

never off his legs in the day-time. He can walk to the Var, and back again, before dinner; and he has climbed to the tops of all the mountains in this neighbourhood. I never ſaw before ſuch ſudden and happy effects from the change of air. I muſt alſo acknowledge, that ever ſince my arrival at Nice, I have breathed more freely than I had done for ſome years, and my ſpirits have been more alert. The father of my *œconome*, who was a dancing-maſter, had been ſo afflicted with an aſthmatic diſorder, that he could not live in France, Spain, or Italy; but found the air of Nice ſo agreeable to his lungs, that he was enabled to exerciſe his profeſſion for above twenty years, and died laſt ſpring turned of ſeventy. Another advantage I have reaped from this climate, is my being, in a great meaſure, delivered from a ſlow fever which uſed to hang about me, and render life a burden. Neither am I ſo apt to catch cold as I uſed to be in England and France; and the colds I do catch are not of the ſame continuance and conſequence, as thoſe to which I was formerly ſubject. The air of Nice is ſo dry, that in ſummer, and even in winter, (except in wet weather) you may paſs the evening, and indeed the whole night *ſub dio*, without feeling the leaſt dew or moiſture; and as for fogs, they are never ſeen in this diſtrict. In ſummer, the air is cooled by a regular ſea-breeze blowing from the eaſt, like that of the Weſt-Indies. It begins in the forenoon, and increaſes with the heat of the day. It dies away about ſix or ſeven; and immediately after ſun-ſet, is ſucceeded by an agreeable land-breeze from the mountains. The ſea-breeze from the eaſtward, however,

ever, is not ſo conſtant here, as in the Weſt-Indies between the tropics, becauſe the ſun, which produces it, is not ſo powerful. This country lies nearer the region of variable winds, and is ſurrounded by mountains, capes and ſtraights, which often influence the conſtitution and current of the air. About the winter ſolſtice, the people of Nice expect wind and rain, which generally laſts, with intervals, till the beginning of February: but even during this, their worſt weather, the ſun breaks out occaſionally, and you may take the air either a-foot or on horſeback every day; for the moiſture is immediately abſorbed by the earth, which is naturally dry. They likewiſe lay their account with being viſited by ſhowers of rain and guſts of wind in April. A week's rain in the middle of Auguſt makes them happy. It not only refreſhes the parched ground, and plumps up the grapes and other fruit, but it cools the air and aſſuages the heats, which then begin to grow very troubleſome; but the rainy ſeaſon is about the autumnal equinox, or rather ſomething later. It continues about twelve days or a fortnight, and is extremely welcome to the natives of this country. This rainy ſeaſon is often delayed till the latter end of November, and ſometimes till the month of December; in which caſe, the reſt of the winter is generally dry. The heavy rains in this country generally come with a ſouth-weſt wind, which was the *creberque procellis Africus* of the ancients. It is here called *Lebeche*, a corruption of *Lybycus:* it generally blows high for a day or two, and rolls the Mediterranean before it in huge waves, that often enter the town of Nice.

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It likewiſe drives before it all the clouds which had been formed above the ſurface of the Mediterranean. Theſe being expended in rain, fair weather naturally enſues. For this reaſon, the Niſſards obſerve *le lebeche raccommode le tems.* During the rains of this ſeaſon, however, the winds have been variable. From the ſixteenth of November, till the fourth of January, we have had two and twenty days of heavy rain: a very extraordirary viſitation in this country: but the ſeaſons ſeem to be more irregular than formerly, all over Europe. In the month of July, the mercury in Farenheit's thermometer, roſe to eighty-four at Rome; the higheſt degree at which it was ever known in that country; and the very next day, the Sabine mountains were covered with ſnow. The ſame phenomenon happened on the eleventh of Auguſt, and the thirtieth of September. The conſequence of theſe ſudden variations of weather, was this: putrid fevers were leſs frequent than uſual; but the ſudden check of perſpiration from the cold, produced colds, inflammatory ſore throats, and the rheumatiſm. I know inſtances of ſome Engliſh valetudinarians, who have paſſed the winter at Aix, on the ſuppoſition that there was little or no difference between that air and the climate of Nice: but this is a very great miſtake, which may be attended with fatal conſequences. Aix is altogether expoſed to the north and north-weſt winds, which blow as cold in Provence, as ever I felt them on the mountains of Scotland: whereas Nice is entirely ſcreened from theſe winds by the Maritime Alps, which form an amphitheatre, to the land-ſide, around this little territory: but another

other inconteſtable proof of the mildneſs of this climate, is deduced from the oranges, lemons, citrons, roſes, narciſſus's, july-flowers, and jonquils, which ripen and blow in the middle of winter. I have deſcribed the agreeable ſide of this climate; and now I will point out its inconveniences. In the winter, but eſpecially in the ſpring, the ſun is ſo hot, that one can hardly take exerciſe of any ſort abroad, without being thrown into a breathing ſweat; and the wind at this ſeaſon is ſo cold and piercing, that it often produces a miſchievous effect on the pores thus opened. If the heat rarifies the blood and juices, while the cold air conſtringes the fibres, and obſtructs the perſpiration, inflammatory diſorders muſt enſue. Accordingly, the people are then ſubject to colds, pleuriſies, peripneumonies, and ardent fevers. An old count adviſed me to ſtay within doors in March, *car alors les humeurs commencent a ſe remuer*. During the heats of ſummer, ſome few perſons of groſs habits have, in conſequence of violent exerciſe and exceſs, been ſeized with putrid fevers, attended with exanthemata, eriſipelatous, and miliary eruptions, which commonly prove fatal: but the people in general are healthy, even thoſe that take very little exerciſe: a ſtrong preſumption in favour of the climate! As to medicine, I know nothing of the practice of the Nice phyſicians. Here are eleven in all; but four or five make ſhift to live by the profeſſion. They receive, by way of fee, ten ſols (an Engliſh ſix-pence) a viſit, and this but ill paid; ſo you may gueſs whether they are in a condition to ſupport the dignity of phyſic; and whether any man, of a liberal education, would bury himſelf at Nice on ſuch terms.

terms. I am acquainted with an Italian phyſician ſettled at Villa Franca, a very good ſort of a man, who practiſes for a certain ſalary, raiſed by annual contribution among the better ſort of people; and an allowance from the king, for viſiting the ſick belonging to the garriſon and the gallies. The whole may amount to near thirty pounds.

Among the inconveniencies of this climate, the vermin form no inconſiderable article. Vipers and ſnakes are found in the mountains. Our gardens ſwarm with lizards; and there are ſome few ſcorpions; but as yet I have ſeen but one of this ſpecies. In ſummer, notwithſtanding all the care and precautions we can take, we are peſtered with incredible ſwarms of flies, fleas, and bugs; but the gnats, or *couzins*, are more intolerable than all the reſt. In the day-time, it is impoſſible to keep the flies out of your mouth, noſtrils, eyes, and ears. They crowd into your milk, tea, chocolate, ſoup, wine, and water: they ſoil your ſugar, contaminate your victuals, and devour your fruit; they cover and defile your furniture, floors, cielings, and indeed your whole body. As ſoon as candles are lighted, the *couzins* begin to buz about your ears in myriads, and torment you with their ſtings, ſo that you have no reſt nor reſpite till you get into bed, where you are ſecured by your muſquito-net. This incloſure is very diſagreeable in hot weather; and very inconvenient to thoſe, who, like me, are ſubject to a cough and ſpitting. It is moreover ineffectual; for ſome of thoſe curſed inſects inſinuate themſelves within it, almoſt every night; and half a dozen of them are ſufficient to diſturb you till

morning. This is a plague that continues all the year; but in ſummer it is intolerable. During this ſeaſon, likewiſe, the moths are ſo miſchievous, that it requires the utmoſt care to preſerve woollen cloths from being deſtroyed. From the month of May, till the beginning of October, the heat is ſo violent, that you cannot ſtir abroad after ſix in the morning till eight at night, ſo that you are entirely deprived of the benefit of exerciſe. There is no ſhaded walk in, or near the town; and there is neither coach nor chaiſe to hire, unleſs you travel poſt. Indeed, there is no road fit for any wheel carriage, but the common highway to the Var, in which you are ſcorched by the reflection of the ſun from the ſand and ſtones, and at the ſame time half ſtifled with duſt. If you ride out in the cool of the evening, you will have the diſadvantage of returning in the dark.

Among the demerits of Nice, I muſt alſo mention the water which is uſed in the city. It is drawn from wells; and, for the moſt part, ſo hard, that it curdles with ſoap. The are many fountains and ſtreams in the neighbourhood, that afford excellent water, which, at no great charge, might be conveyed into the town, ſo as to form conduits in all the public ſtreets: but the inhabitants are either deſtitute of public ſpirit, or cannot afford the expence. I have a draw-well in my porch, and another in my garden, which ſupply tolerable water for culinary uſes; but what we drink, is fetched from a well belonging to a convent of Dominicans in this neighbourhood. Our linen is waſhed in the river Paglion; and when that is dry, in the brook called Limpia, which runs into the harbour.

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In mentioning the water of this neighbourhood, I ought not to omit the baths of Rocabiliare, a ſmall town among the mountains, about five and twenty miles from Nice. There are three ſources, each warmer than the other; the warmeſt being nearly equal to the heat of the king's bath at Bath in Somerſetſhire, as far as I can judge from information. I have peruſed a Latin manuſcript, which treats of theſe baths at Rocabiliare, written by the duke of Savoy's firſt phyſician about ſixty years ago. He talks much of the ſulphur and the nitre which they contain; but I apprehend their efficacy is owing to the ſame volatile vitriolic principle, which characteriſes the waters at Bath. They are attenuating and deobſtruent, conſequently of ſervice in diſorders riſing from a languid circulation, a viſcidity of the juices, a lax fibre, and obſtructed viſcera. The road from hence to Rocabiliare is in ſome parts very dangerous, lying along the brink of precipices, impaſſable to any other carriage but a mule. The town itſelf affords bad lodging and accommodation, and little or no ſociety. The waters are at the diſtance of a mile and a half from the town: there are no baths nor ſhelter, nor any ſort of convenience for thoſe that drink them; and the beſt part of their efficacy is loſt, unleſs they are drank at the fountain-head. If theſe objections were in ſome meaſure removed, I would adviſe valetudinarians, who come hither for the benefit of this climate, to paſs the heats of ſummer at Rocabiliare, which being ſituated among mountains, enjoys a cool temperate air all the ſummer. This would be a ſalutary reſpite from the ſalt air of Nice, to thoſe who labour under ſcorbuti-

cal complaints; and they would return with freſh vigour and ſpirits, to paſs the winter in this place, where no ſeverity of weather is known. Laſt June, when I found myſelf ſo ill at my *caſſine*, I had determined to go to Rocabiliare, and even to erect a hut at the ſpring, for my own convenience. A gentleman of Nice undertook to procure me a tolerable lodging in the houſe of the curé, who was his relation. He aſſured me, there was no want of freſh butter, good poultry, excellent veal, and delicate trout; and that the articles of living might be had at Rocabiliare for half the price we paid at Nice: but finding myſelf grow better immediately on my return from the *caſſine* to my own houſe, I would not put myſelf to the trouble and expence of a further removal.

I think I have now communicated all the particulars relating to Nice, that are worth knowing; and perhaps many more than you deſired to know: but, in ſuch caſes, I would rather be thought prolix and unentertaining, than deficient in that regard and attention with which I am very ſincerely,

Your friend and ſervant.

LETTER XXV.

Nice, January 1, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT was in deference to your opinion, reinforced by my own inclination, and the repeated advice of other friends, that I reſolved upon my late excurſion to Italy. I could plainly

ly perceive from the anxious ſolicitude, and preſſing exhortations contained in all the letters I had lately received from my correſpondents in Britain, that you had all deſpaired of my recovery. You adviſed me to make a pilgrimage among the Alps, and the advice was good. In ſcrambling among thoſe mountains, I ſhould have benefited by the exerciſe, and at the ſame time have breathed a cool, pure, ſalubrious air, which, in all probability, would have expelled the ſlow fever ariſing in a great meaſure from the heat of this climate. But I wanted a companion and fellow-traveller, whoſe converſation and ſociety could alleviate the horrors of ſolitude. Beſides, I was not ſtrong enough to encounter the want of conveniencies, and even of neceſſaries to which I muſt have been expoſed in the courſe of ſuch an expedition. My worthy friend Dr. A—— earneſtly entreated me to try the effect of a ſea-voyage, which you know has been found of wonderful efficacy in conſumptive caſes. After ſome deliberation, I reſolved upon the ſcheme, which I have now happily executed. I had a moſt eager curioſity to ſee the antiquities of Florence and Rome: I longed impatiently to view thoſe wonderful edifices, ſtatues, and pictures, which I had ſo often admired in prints and deſcriptions. I felt an enthuſiaſtic ardor to tread that very claſſical ground which had been the ſcene of ſo many great atchievements; and I could not bear the thought of returning to England from the very ſkirts of Italy without having penetrated to the capital of that renowned country. With regard to my health, I knew I could manage matters ſo as to enjoy all the benefits that could be expected from the united

energy of a voyage by ſea, a journey by land, and a change of climate.

Rome is betwixt four and five hundred miles diſtant from Nice, and one half of the way I was reſolved to travel by water. Indeed there is no other way of going from hence to Genoa, unleſs you take a mule, and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the riſque of breaking your neck every minute. The Appenine mountains, which are no other than a continuation of the maritime Alps, form an almoſt continued precipice from Villa Franca to Lerici, which is almoſt forty-five miles on the other ſide of Genoa; and as they are generally waſhed by the ſea, there is no beach or ſhore, conſequently the road is carried along the face of the rocks, except at certain ſmall intervals, which are occupied by towns and villages. But, as there is a road for mules and foot paſſengers, it might certainly be enlarged and improved ſo as to render it practicable by chaiſes and other wheel-carriages, and a toll might be exacted, which, in a little time, would defray the expence: for certainly no perſon who travels to Italy, from England, Holland, France, or Spain, would make a troubleſome circuit to paſs the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could have the convenience of going poſt by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice, along the ſide of the Mediterranean, and through the Riviera of Genoa, which from the ſea affords the moſt agreeable and amazing proſpect I ever beheld. What pity it is, they cannot reſtore the celebrated *Via Aurelia*, mentioned in the Itinerarium of Antoninus, which extended from Rome by the way

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of Genoa, and through this country as far as Arles upon the Rhone. It was ſaid to have been made by the emperor Marcus Aurelius; and ſome of the veſtiges of it are ſtill to be ſeen in Provence. The truth is, the nobility of Genoa, who are all merchants, from a low, ſelfiſh, and abſurd policy, take all methods to keep their ſubjects of the Riviera in poverty and dependence. With this view, they carefully avoid all ſteps towards rendering that country acceſſible by land; and, at the ſame time, diſcourage their trade by ſea, leſt it ſhould interfere with the commerce of their capital, in which they themſelves are perſonally concerned.

Thoſe who either will not or cannot bear the ſea, and are equally averſe to riding, may be carried in a common chair, provided with a foot-board, on mens ſhoulders: this is the way of travelling practiſed by the ladies of Nice, in croſſing the mountains to Turin; but it is very tedious and expenſive, as the men muſt be often relieved.

The moſt agreeable carriage from hence to Genoa, is a felucca, or open boat, rowed by ten or twelve ſtout mariners. Though none of theſe boats belong to Nice, they are to be found every day in our harbour, waiting for a fare to Genoa; and they are ſeen paſſing and repaſſing continually, with merchandize or paſſengers, between Marſeilles, Antibes, and the Genoeſe territories. A felucca is large enough to take in a poſt-chaiſe; and there is a tilt over the ſtern ſheets, where the paſſengers ſit, to protect them from the rain: between the ſeats one perſon may lie commodiouſly upon a mattraſs, which is commonly ſupplied by the patron. A man in good

health may put up with any thing; but I would adviſe every valetudinarian who travels this way, to provide his own chaiſe, mattraſs, and bed-linnen, otherwiſe he will paſs his time very uncomfortably. If you go as a ſimple paſſenger in a felucca, you pay about a louisd'or for your place, and you muſt be entirely under the direction of the patron, who, while he can bear the ſea, will proſecute his voyage by night as well as by day, and expoſe you to many other inconveniencies: but for eight zequines, or four louisd'ors, you can have a whole felucca to yourſelf, from Nice to Genoa, and the maſter ſhall be obliged to put a ſhore every evening. If you would have it ſtill more at your command, you may hire it at ſo much per day; and, in that caſe, go on ſhore as often, and ſtay as long as you pleaſe. This is the method I ſhould take, were I to make the voyage again; for I am perſuaded I ſhould find it very near as cheap, and much more agreeable than any other.

The diſtance between this place and Genoa, when meaſured on the carte, does not exceed ninety miles: but the people of the feluccas inſiſt upon its being one hundred and twenty. If they creep along ſhore round the bottoms of all the bays, this computation may be true: but, except when the ſea is rough, they ſtretch directly from one head-land to another, and even when the wind is contrary, provided the gale is not freſh, they perform the voyage in two days and a half, by dint of rowing: when the wind is favourable, they will ſail it eaſily in fourteen hours.

A man, who has nothing but expedition in view, may go with the courier who has always a light boat well manned, and will be glad to accommodate

accommodate a traveller for a reaſonable gratification. I know an Engliſh gentleman who always travels with the courier in Italy, both by ſea and land. In poſting by land, he is always ſure of having part of a good calaſh, and the beſt horſes that can be found; and as the expence of both is defrayed by the public, it coſts him nothing but a preſent to his companion, which does not amount to one fourth part of the expence he would incur by travelling alone. Theſe opportunities may be had every week in all the towns of Italy.

For my own part I hired a gondola from hence to Genoa. This is a boat ſmaller than a felucca, rowed by four men, and ſteered by the patron; but the price was nine zequines, rather more than I ſhould have paid for a felucca of ten oars. I was aſſured that being very light, it would make great way; and the maſter was particularly recommended to me, as an honeſt man and an able mariner. I was accompanied in this voyage by my wife and Miſs C—, together with one Mr. R—, a native of Nice, whom I treated with the jaunt, in hopes that as he was acquainted with the cuſtoms of the country, and the different ways of travelling in it, he would ſave us much trouble, and ſome expence: but I was much diſappointed. Some perſons at Nice offered to lay wagers that he would return by himſelf from Italy; but they were alſo diſappointed.

We embarked in the beginning of September, attended by one ſervant. The heats, which render travelling dangerous in Italy, begin to abate at this ſeaſon. The weather was extremely agreeable; and if I had poſtponed my voyage a little longer, I foreſaw that I ſhould not be able to return before winter; in which caſe

I might have found the ſea too rough, and the weather too cold for a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five miles in an open boat.

Having therefore provided myſelf with a proper paſs, ſigned and ſealed by our conſul, as well as with letters of recommendation from him to the Engliſh conſuls at Genoa and Leghorn, a precaution which I would adviſe all travellers to take, in caſe of meeting with accidents on the road, we went on board about ten in the morning, ſtopped about half an hour at a friend's country-houſe in the bay of St. Hoſpice, and about noon entered the harbour of Monaco, where the patron was obliged to pay toll, according to the regulation which I have explained in a former letter. This ſmall town, containing about eight or nine hundred ſouls, beſides the garriſon, is built on a rock which projects into the ſea, and makes a very romantic appearance. The prince's palace ſtands in the moſt conſpicuous part, with a walk of trees before it. The apartments are elegantly furniſhed, and adorned with ſome good pictures. The fortifications are in good repair, and the place is garriſoned by two French battalions. The preſent prince of Monaco is a Frenchman, ſon of the duke de Matignon, who married the heireſs of Monaco, whoſe name was Grimaldi. The harbour is well ſheltered from the wind; but has not water ſufficient to admit veſſels of any great burthen. Towards the north, the king of Sardinia's territories extend to within a mile of the gate; but the prince of Monaco can go upon his own ground along ſhore about five or ſix miles to the eaſtward, as far as Menton, another ſmall town which alſo belongs to him, and

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is situated on the sea-side. His revenues are computed at a million of French livres, amounting to something more than forty thousand pounds sterling: but, the principality of Monaco, consisting of three small towns, and an inconsiderable tract of barren rock, is not worth above seven thousand a year; the rest arises from his French estate. This consists partly of the dutchy of Matignon, and partly of the dutchy of Valentinois, which last was given to the ancestors of this prince of Monaco, in the year 1640, by the French king, to make up the loss of some lands in the kingdom of Naples, which were confiscated when he expelled the Spanish garrison from Monaco, and threw himself into the arms of France; so that he is duke of Valentinois as well as of Matignon, in that kingdom.

He lives almost constantly in France; and has taken the name and arms of Grimaldi.

The Genoese territories begin at Ventimiglia, another town lying on the coast, at the distance of twenty miles from Nice, a circumstance from which it borrows the name. Having passed the towns of Monaco, Menton, Ventimiglia, and several other places of less consequence that lie along this coast, we turned the point of St. Martin with a favourable breeze, and might have proceeded twenty miles further before night: but the women began to be sick, as well as afraid at the roughness of the water; Mr. R— was so discomposed, that he privately desired the patron to put ashore at St. Remo, on pretence that we should not find a tolerable auberge in any other place between this and Noli, which was at the distance of forty miles. We accordingly landed, and were conducted to the poste, which

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our gondeliere assured us was the best auberge in the whole Riviera of Genoa. We ascended by a dark, narrow, steep stair, into a kind of public room, with a long table and benches, so dirty and miserable, that it would disgrace the worst hedge ale-house in England. Not a soul appeared to receive us. This is a ceremony one must not expect to meet with in France; far less in Italy. Our patron going into the kitchen, asked a servant if the company could have lodging in the house; and was answered, "he could not tell: the patron was not at home." When he desired to know where the patron was, the other answered, "he was gone to take the air." *E andato a passeggiare.* In the mean time, we were obliged to sit in the common room among watermen and muleteers. At length the landlord arrived, and gave us to understand, that he could accommodate us with chambers. In that where I lay, there was just room for two beds, without curtains or bedstead, an old rotten table covered with dried figs, and a couple of crazy chairs. The walls had been once white-washed; but were now hung with cobwebs, and speckled with dirt of all sorts; and I believe the brick-floor had not been swept for half a century. We supped in an outward room suitable in all respects to the chamber, and faired villanously. The provision was very ill-dressed, and served up in the most slovenly manner. You must not expect cleanliness or conveniency of any kind in this country. For this accommodation I payed as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the best auberge of France or Italy.

Next day, the wind was so high that we could not prosecute our voyage, so that we were obliged

ged to paſs other four and twenty hours in this comfortable ſituation. Luckily Mr. R—— found two acquaintances in the place; one a Franciſcan monk, a jolly fellow; and the other a *maeſtro di capella*, who ſent a ſpinnet to the inn, and entertained us agreeably with his voice and performance, in both of which accompliſhments he excelled. The padre was very good humoured, and favoured us with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his, a profeſſor in the univerſity of Piſa. You would laugh to ſee the hyperbolical terms in which he mentioned your humble ſervant; but Italy is the native country of hyperbole.

St. Remo is a pretty conſiderable town, well-built upon the declivity of a gently riſing hill, and has a harbour capable of receiving ſmall veſſels, a good number of which are built upon the beach: but ſhips of any burden are obliged to anchor in the bay, which is far from being ſecure. The people of St. Remo form a ſmall republic, which is ſubject to Genoa. They enjoyed particular privileges, till the year 1753, when, in conſequence of a new gabelle upon ſalt, they revolted: but this effort in behalf of liberty did not ſucceed. They were ſoon reduced by the Genoeſe, who deprived them of all their privileges, and built a fort by the ſea-ſide, which ſerves the double purpoſe of defending the harbour and over-awing the town. The garriſon at preſent does not exceed two hundred men. The inhabitants are ſaid to have lately ſent a deputation to Ratiſbon, to crave the protection of the diet of the empire. There is very little plain ground in this neighbourhood; but the hills are covered with oranges, lemons, pomegranates,

granates, and olives, which produce a conſiderable traffic in fine fruit and excellent oil. The women of St. Remo are much more handſome and better tempered than thoſe of Provence. They have in general good eyes, with open ingenuous countenances. Their dreſs, though remarkable, I cannot deſcribe; but upon the whole, they put me in mind of ſome portraits I have ſeen repreſenting the females of Georgia and Mingrelia.

On the third day, the wind being abated, though ſtill unfavourable, we reimbarked and rowed along ſhore, paſſing by Porto-mauricio, and Oneglia; then turning the promontory called Capo di Melle, we proceeded by Albenga, Finale, and many other places of inferior note. Porto-mauricio is ſeated on a rock waſhed by the ſea, but indifferently fortified, with an inconſiderable harbour, which none but very ſmall veſſels can enter. About two miles to the eaſtward is Oneglia, a ſmall town with ſome fortifications, lying along the open beach, and belonging to the king of Sardinia. This ſmall territory abounds with olive-trees, which produce a conſiderable quantity of oil, counted the beſt of the whole Riviera. Albenga, is a ſmall town, the ſee of a biſhop, ſuffragan to the archbiſhop of Genoa. It lies upon the ſea, and the country produces a great quantity of hemp. Finale is the capital of a marquiſate belonging to the Genoeſe, which has been the ſource of much trouble to the republic; and indeed was the ſole cauſe of their rupture with the king of Sardinia and the houſe of Auſtria in the year 1745. The town is pretty well built; but the harbour is ſhallow, open, and unſafe: nevertheleſs, they

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build a good number of tartans and other veſſels on the beach; and the neighbouring country abounds with oil and fruit, particularly with thoſe excellent apples called *pomi cotti*, which I have mentioned in a former letter.

In the evening we reached the Capo di Noli, counted very dangerous in blowing weather. It is a very high perpendicular rock or mountain waſhed by the ſea, which has eaten into it in divers places, ſo as to form a great number of caverns. It extends about a couple of miles, and in ſome parts is indented into little creeks or bays, where there is a narrow margin of ſandy beach between it and the water. When the wind is high, no felucca will attempt to paſs it; even in a moderate breeze, the waves daſhing againſt the rocks and caverns, which echo with the ſound make ſuch an awful noiſe, and at the ſame time occaſion ſuch a rough ſea, as one cannot hear, and ſee, and feel, without a ſecret horror.

On this ſide of the Cape, there is a beautiful ſtrand cultivated like a garden; the plantations extend to the very tops of the hills, interſperſed with villages, caſtles, churches, and villas. Indeed the whole Riviera is ornamented in the ſame manner, except in ſuch places as admit of no building nor cultivation.

Having paſſed the Cape, we followed the winding of the coaſt, into a ſmall bay, and arrived at the town of Noli, where we propoſed to paſs the night. You will be ſurprized that we did not go aſhore ſooner, in order to take ſome refreſhment; but the truth is, we had a proviſion of ham, tongues, roaſted pullets, cheeſe, bread, wine, and fruit in the felucca,

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where we every day enjoyed a ſlight repaſt about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. This I mention as a neceſſary piece of information to thoſe who may be inclined to follow the ſame route. We likewiſe found it convenient to lay in ſtore of *l'eau de vie*, or brandy, for the uſe of the rowers, who always expect to ſhare your comforts. On a meagre day, however, thoſe ragamuffins will rather die of hunger than ſuffer the leaſt morſel of fleſh-meat to enter their mouths. I have frequently tried the experiment, by preſſing them to eat ſomething *gras*, on a Friday or Saturday: but they always declined it with marks of abhorrence, crying, *Dio me ne libere!* God deliver me from it! or ſome other words to that effect. I moreover obſerved, that not one of thoſe fellows ever ſwore an oath, or ſpoke an indecent word. They would by no means put to ſea, of a morning, before they had heard maſs; and when the wind was unfavourable, they always ſet out with a hymn to the Bleſſed Virgin, or St. Elmo, keeping time with their oars as they ſung. I have indeed remarked all over this country, that a man who tranſgreſſes the inſtitutions of the church in theſe ſmall matters, is much more infamous than one who has committed the moſt flagrant crimes againſt nature and morality. A murderer, adulterer, or ſ—m—te, will obtain eaſy abſolution from the church, and even find favour with ſociety; but a man who eats a pigeon on a Saturday, without expreſs licenſe, is avoided and abhorred, as a monſter of reprobation. I have converſed with ſeveral intelligent perſons on the ſubject; and have reaſon to believe, that a delinquent of this ſort is conſidered as a luke-

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warm catholic, little better than a heretic; and of all crimes they look upon hereſy as the moſt damnable.

Noli is a ſmall republic of fiſhermem ſubject to Genoa; but very tenacious of their privileges. The town ſtands on the beach, tolerably well built, defended by a caſtle ſituate on a rock above it; and the harbour is of little conſequence. The auberge was ſuch as made us regret even the inn we had left at St. Remo. After a very odd kind of ſupper, which I cannot pretend to deſcribe, we retired to our repoſe: but I had not been in bed five minutes, when I felt ſomething crawling on different parts of my body, and taking a light to examnie, preceived above a dozen large bugs. You muſt know I have the ſame kind of antipathy to theſe vermin, that ſome perſons have to a cat or breaſt of veal. I ſtarted up immediately, and wrapping myſelf in a great coat, ſick as I was, lay down in the outer room upon a cheſt, where I continued till morning.

One would imagine that in a mountainous conntry like this, there ſhould be plenty of goats: and indeed, we ſaw many flocks of them feeding among the rocks, yet we could not procure half a pint of milk for our tea, if we had given the weight of it in gold. The people here have no idea of uſing milk, and when you aſk them for it, they ſtand gaping with a fooliſh face of ſurprize, which is exceedingly provoking. It is amazing that inſtinct does not teach the peaſants to feed their children with goats milk, ſo much more nouriſhing and agreeable than the wretched ſuſtenance on which they live. Next day we rowed by Vado and Savona, which laſt is a large

large town, with a ſtrong citadel, and a harbour, which was formerly capable of receiving large ſhips: but it fell a ſacrifice to the jealouſy of the Genoeſe, who have partly choaked it up, on pretence that it ſhould not afford ſhelter to the ſhips of war belonging to thoſe ſtates which might be at enmity with the republic.

Then we paſſed Albiſola, Seſtri di Ponente, Novi, Voltri, and a great number of villages, villas, and magnificent palaces belonging to the Genoeſe nobility, which form almoſt a continued chain of buildings along the ſtrand for thirty miles.

About five in the afternoon, we ſkirted the fine ſuburbs of St. Petro D'arena, and arrived at Genoa, which makes a dazzling appearance when viewed from the ſea, riſing like an amphitheatre in a circular form, from the water's edge, a conſiderable way up the mountains, and ſurrounded on the land ſide by a double wall, the moſt exterior of which is ſaid to extend fifteen miles in circuit. The firſt object that ſtrikes your eye at a diſtance, is a very elegant pharos, or light-houſe, built on the projection of a rock on the weſt ſide of the harbour, ſo very high, that, in a clear day, you may ſee it at the diſtance of thirty miles. Turning the light-houſe point, you find yourſelf cloſe to the mole, which forms the harbour of Genoa. It is built at a great expence from each ſide of the bay, ſo as to form in the ſea two long magnificent jettés, which, if continued, would meet. At the extremity of each is another ſmaller lanthorn. Theſe moles are both provided with braſs-cannon, and between them is the entrance into the harbour. But this is ſtill ſo wide as to admit a great

great ſea, which, when the wind blows hard from ſouth and ſouth weſt, is very troubleſome to the ſhipping. Within the mole there is a ſmaller harbour or wet dock, called *Darſena*, for the gallies of the republic. We paſſed through a conſiderable number of ſhips and veſſels lying at anchor, and landing at the water-gate, repaired to an inn called *La Croix de Malthe*, in the neighbourhood of the harbour. Here we met with ſuch good entertainment as prepoſſeſſed us in favour of the interior parts of Italy, and contributed with other motives to detain us ſome days in this city. But I have detained you ſo long, that I believe you wiſh I may proceed no farther; and therefore I take my leave for the preſent, being very ſincerely,

Yours.

LETTER XXVI.

Nice, January 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT is not without reaſon that Genoa is called *La ſuperba*. The city itſelf is very ſtately; and the nobles are very proud. Some few of them may be proud of their wealth: but, in general, their fortunes are very ſmall. My friend Mr. R—— aſſured me that many Genoeſe noblemen had fortunes of half a million of livres *per annum*: but the truth is, the whole revenue of the ſtate does not exceed this ſum; and the livre of Genoa is but about nine pence ſterling. There are about half a dozen of their nobles who have ten thouſand a year: but the majority have not above a twentieth part of that ſum.

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They live with great parſimony in their families; and wear nothing but black in public; ſo that their expences are but ſmall. If a Genoeſe nobleman gives an entertainment once a quarter, he is ſaid to live upon the fragments all the reſt of the year. I was told that one of them lately treated his friends, and left the entertainment to the care of his ſon, who ordered a diſh of fiſh that coſt a zechine, which is equal to about ten ſhillings ſterling. The old gentleman no ſooner ſaw it appear on the table, than, unable to ſuppreſs his concern, he burſt into tears, and exclaimed, *Ah Figliuolo indegno! Siamo in Rovina! Siamo in precipizio!*

I think the pride or oſtentation of the Italians in general takes a more laudable turn than that of other nations. A Frenchman lays out his whole revenue upon tawdry ſuits of cloaths, or in furniſhing a magnificent *repas* of fifty or a hundred diſhes, one half of which are not eatable, nor intended to be eaten. His wardrobe goes to the *fripier*, his diſhes to the dogs, and himſelf to the devil, and after his deceaſe no veſtige of him remains. A Genoeſe, on the other hand, keeps himſelf and his family at ſhort allowance, that he may ſave money to build palaces and churches, which remain to after-ages ſo many monuments of his taſte, piety, and munificence; and in the mean time give employment and bread to the poor and induſtrious. There are ſome Genoeſe nobles who have each five or ſix elegant palaces magnificently furniſhed, either in the city, or in different parts of the Riviera. The two ſtreets called *Strada Balbi* and *Strada Nuova*, are continued double ranges of palaces adorned with gardens and fountains: but

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their being painted on the out ſide has, in my opinion, a poor effect.

The commerce of this city is, at preſent, not very conſiderable; yet is has the face of buſineſs. The ſtreets are crowded with people; the ſhops are well furniſhed; and the markets abound with all ſorts of excellent proviſion. The wine made in this neighbourhood is, however, very indifferent; and all that is conſumed muſt be bought at the public cantinre, where it is ſold for the benefit of the ſtate. Their bread is the whiteſt and the beſt I have taſted any where; and the beef, which they have from Piedmont, is juicy and delicious. The expence of eating in Italy is nearly the ſame as in France, about three ſhillings a head for every meal. The ſtate of Genoa is very poor, and their bank of St. George has received ſuch rude ſhocks, firſt from the revolt of the Corſicans, and afterwards from the misfortunes of the city, when it was taken by the Auſtrians in the war 1745, that it ſtill continues to languiſh without any near proſpect of its credit being reſtored. Nothing ſhews the weakneſs of their ſtate, more than their having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of France to put a ſtop to the progreſs of Paoli in Corſica; for after all that has been ſaid of the gallantry and courage of Paoli and his iſlanders, I am very credibly informed that they might be very eaſily ſuppreſſed, if the Genoeſe had either vigour in the council or reſolution in the field.

True it is, they made a noble effort in expelling the Auſtrians who had taken poſſeſſion of their city; but this effort was the effect of oppreſſion and deſpair; and if I may believe the inſinuations of ſome politicians in this part of the world,

world, the Genoeſe would not have ſucceeded in that attempt, if they had not previouſly purchaſed, with a large ſum of money, the connivance of the only perſon who could defeat the enterprize. For my own part, I can ſcarce entertain thoughts ſo prejudicial to the character of human nature, as to ſuppoſe a man capable of ſacrificing to ſuch a conſideration, the duty he owed his prince, as well as all regard to the lives of his ſoldiers, even thoſe who lay ſick in hoſpitals, and who being dragged forth, were miſerably butchered by the furious populace. There is one more preſumption of his innocence, he ſtill retains the favour of his ſovereign, who could not well be ſuppoſed to ſhare in the booty. "There are myſteries in politics which were never dreamed of in our philoſophy, Horatio!" The poſſeſſion of Genoa might have proved a troubleſome bone of contention, which it might be convenient to loſe by accident. Certain it is, when the Auſtrians returned after their expulſion, in order to retake the city, the engineer, being queſtioned by the general, declared he would take the place in fifteen days, on pain of loſing his head; and in four days after this declaration the Auſtrians retired. This anecdote I learned from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had it from the engineer's own mouth. Perhaps it was the will of heaven. You ſee how favourably providence has interpoſed in behalf of the reigning empreſs of Ruſſia, firſt in removing her huſband; ſecondly in ordaining the aſſaſſination of prince Ivan, for which the perpetrators have been ſo liberally rewarded; it even ſeems determined to ſhorten the life of her own ſon,

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the only ſurviving rival from whom ſhe had any thing to fear.

The Genoeſe have now thrown themſelves into the arms of France for protection: I know not whether it would not have been a greater mark of ſagacity to cultivate the friendſhip of England, with which they carry on an advantageous commerce. While the Engliſh are maſters of the Mediterranean, they will always have it in their power to do incredible damage all along the Riviera, to ruin the Genoeſe trade by ſea, and even to annoy the capital; for notwithſtanding all the pains they have taken to fortify the mole and the city, I am greatly deceived if it is not ſtill expoſed to the danger, not only of a bombardment, but even of a cannonade. I am even ſanguine enough to think a reſolute commander might, with a ſtrong ſquadron, ſail directly into the harbour, without ſuſtaining much damage, notwithſtanding all the cannon of the place, which are ſaid to amount to near five hundred. I have ſeen a cannonade of above four hundred pieces of artillery, beſides bombs and cohorns, maintained for many hours, without doing much miſchief.

During the laſt ſiege of Genoa, the French auxiliaries were obliged to wait at Monaco, until a gale of wind had driven the Engliſh ſquadron off the coaſt, and then they went along ſhore in ſmall veſſels at the imminent riſque of being taken by the Britiſh cruiſers. By land I apprehend their march would be altogether impracticable, if the king of Sardinia had any intereſt to oppoſe it. He might either guard the paſſes, or break up the road in twenty different places, ſo as to render it altogether impaſſable. Here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that when Don Philip

lip advanced from Nice with his army to Genoa, he was obliged to march ſo cloſe to the ſhore, that in above fifty different places, the Engliſh ſhips might have rendered the road altogether impaſſable. The path, which runs generally along the face of a precipice waſhed by the ſea, is ſo narrow that two men on horſeback can hardly paſs each other; and the road itſelf ſo rugged, ſlippery, and dangerous, that the troopers were obliged to diſmount, and lead their horſes one by one. On the other hand, baron de Leutrum, who was at the head of a large body of Piedmonteſe troops, had it in his power to block up the paſſes of the mountains, and even to deſtroy this road in ſuch a manner, that the enemy could not poſſibly advance. Why theſe precautions were not taken, I do not pretend to explain: neither can I tell you wherefore the prince of Monaco, who is a ſubject and partizan of France, was indulged with a neutrality for his town, which ſerved as a refreſhing-place, a ſafe port, and an intermediate poſt for the French ſuccours ſent from Marſeilles to Genoa. This I will only venture to affirm, that the ſucceſs and advantage of great alliances are often ſacrificed to low, partial, ſelfiſh, and ſordid conſiderations. The town of Monaco is commanded by every heighth in its neighbourhood; and might be laid in aſhes by a bomb-ketch in four hours by ſea.

I was fortunate enough to be recommended to a lady in Genoa, who treated us with great politeneſs and hoſpitality. She introduced me to an *abbate*, a man of letters, whoſe converſation was extremely agreeable. He already knew me by reputation, and offered to make me known to ſome of the firſt perſons in the republic, with whom

whom he lived in intimacy. The lady is one of the moſt intelligent and beſt-bred perſons I have known in any country. We aſſiſted at her converſazione, which was numerous. She preſſed us to paſs the winter at Genoa; and indeed I was almoſt perſuaded: but I had attachments at Nice, from which I could not eaſily diſengage myſelf.

The few days we ſtayed at Genoa were employed in viſiting the moſt remarkable churches and palaces. In ſome of the churches, particularly that of the *Annunciata*, I found a profuſion of ornaments, which had more magnificence than taſte. There is a great number of pictures; but very few of them are capital pieces. I had heard much of the *ponte Carignano*, which did not at all anſwer my expectation. It is a bridge that unites two eminences which form the higher part of the city, and the houſes in the bottom below do not riſe ſo high as the ſpringing of its arches. There is nothing at all curious in its conſtruction, nor any way remarkable, except the heighth of the piers from which the arches are ſprung. Hard by the bridge there is an elegant church, from the top of which you have a very rich and extenſive proſpect of the city, the ſea and the adjacent country, which looks like a continent of groves and villas. The only remarkable circumſtance about the cathedral, which is Gothic and gloomy, is the chapel where the pretended bones of John the Baptiſt are depoſited, and in which thirty ſilver lamps are continually burning. I had a curioſity to ſee the palaces of Durazzo and Doria, but it required more trouble to procure admiſſion than I was willing to give myſelf: as for the arſenal,

and the roſtrum of an ancient galley which was found by accident in dragging the harbour, I poſtponed ſeeing them till my return.

Having here provided myſelf with letters of credit for Florence and Rome, I hired the ſame boat which had brought us hither, to carry us forward to Lerici, which is a ſmall town about half way between Genoa and Leghorn, where travellers, who are tired of the ſea, take poſt-chaiſes to continue their route by land to Piſa and Florence. I payed three louisd'ors for this voyage of about fifty miles; though I might have had a felucca for leſs money. When you land on the wharf at Genoa, you are plied by the felucca men juſt as you are plied by the watermen at Hungerford-ſtairs in London. They are always ready to ſet off at a minute's warning for Lerici, Leghorn, Nice, Antibes, Marſeilles, and every part of the Riviera.

The wind being ſtill unfavourable, though the weather was delightful, we rowed along ſhore, paſſing by ſeveral pretty towns, villages, and a vaſt number of *caſſines*, or little white houſes, ſcattered among woods of olive trees, that cover the hills; and theſe are the habitations of the velvet and damaſk weavers. Turning Capo Fino we entered a bay, where ſtand the towns of Porto Fino, Lavagna, and Seſtri di Levante, at which laſt we took up our night's lodging. The houſe was tolerable, and we had no great reaſon to complain of the beds: but, the weather being hot, there was a very offenſive ſmell, which proceeded from ſome ſkins of beaſts new killed, that were ſpread to dry on an out-houſe in the yard. Our landlord was a butcher, and had

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very much the looks of an aſſaſſin. His wife was a great maſculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the ſlaughter-houſe. Inſtead of being welcomed with looks of complaiſance, we were admitted with a ſort of gloomy condeſcenſion, which ſeemed to ſay, "We don't much like your company; but however, you ſhall have a night's lodging in favour of the *patron of the gondola*, who is our acquaintance." In ſhort we had a very bad ſupper, miſerably dreſſed, paſſed a very diſagreeable night, and paid a very extravagant bill in the morning, without being thanked for our cuſtom. I was very glad to get out of the houſe with my throat uncut.

Seſtri di Levante is a little town pleaſantly ſituated on the ſea-ſide; but has not the conveniency of a harbour. The fiſh taken here is moſtly carried to Genoa. This is likewiſe the market for their oil, and the paſte called *macaroni*, of which they make a good quantity.

Next day, we ſkirted a very barren coaſt, conſiſting of almoſt perpendicular rocks, on the faces of which, however, we ſaw many peaſants houſes and hanging terraces for vines, made by dint of incredible labour. In the afternoon, we entered by the Porto di Venere into the bay, or gulf of Spetia or Spezza, which was the Portus Lunæ of the ancients. This bay, at the mouth of which lies the iſland Palmaria, forms a moſt noble and ſecure harbour, capacious enough to contain all the navies in Chriſtendom. The entrance on one ſide is defended by a ſmall fort built above the town of Porto Venere, which is a very poor place. Farther in there is a battery of about twenty guns; and on the right hand, oppoſite to Porto Venere, is

a block-houſe, founded on a rock in the ſea. At the bottom of the bay is the town of Spetia, on the left, and on the right that of Lerici, defended by a caſtle of very little ſtrength or conſequence. The whole bay is ſurrounded with plantations of olives and oranges, and makes a very delightful appearance. In caſe of a war, this would be an admirable ſtation for a Britiſh ſquadron, as it lies ſo near Genoa and Leghorn; and has a double entrance, by means of which the cruiſers could ſail in and out continually, which way ſoever the wind might chance to ſit. I am ſure the fortifications would give very little diſturbance.

At the poſt-houſe in Lerici, the accommodation is intolerable. We were almoſt poiſoned at ſupper. I found the place where I was to lie ſo cloſe and confined, that I could not breathe in it, and therefore lay all night in an outward room upon four chairs, with a leathern portmanteau for my pillow. For this entertainment I paid very near a louisd'or. Such bad accommodation is leſs excuſable, as the fellow has a great deal of buſineſs, this being a great thoroughfare for travellers going into Italy, or returning from thence.

I might have ſaved ſome money by proſecuting my voyage directly by ſea to Leghorn: but, by this time, we were all heartily tired of the water: the buſineſs then was to travel by land to Florence, by the way of Piſa, which is ſeven poſts diſtant from Lerici. Thoſe who have not their own carriage muſt either hire chaiſes to perform the whole journey, or travel by the way of *cambiatura*, which is that of changing the chaiſes every poſt, as the cuſtom is in England.

England. In this caſe the great inconvenience ariſes from your being obliged to ſhift your baggage every poſt. The chaiſe or *caleſſe* of this country is a wretched machine with two wheels, as uneaſy as a common cart, being indeed no other than what we ſhould call in England a very ill-contrived one-horſe chair, narrow, naked, ſhattered and ſhabby. For this vehicle and two horſes you pay at the rate of eight *paoli* a ſtage, or four ſhillings ſterling; and the poſtillion expects two *paoli* for his gratification: ſo that every eight miles coſt about five ſhillings, and four only if you travel in your own carriage, as in that caſe you pay no more than at the rate of three *paoli* a horſe.

About three miles from Lerici, we croſſed the Magra, which appeared as a rivulet almoſt dry, and in half a mile farther arrived at Sarzana, a ſmall town at the extremity of the Genoeſe territories, where we changed horſes. Then entering the principalities of Maſſa and Carrara, belonging to the duke of Modena, we paſſed Lavenza, which ſeems to be a decayed town with a ſmall garriſon, and dined at Maſſa, which is an agreeable little town, where the old dutcheſs of Modena reſides. Notwithſtanding all the expedition we could make, it was dark before we paſſed the Cerchio, which is an inconſiderable ſtream in the neighbourhood of Piſa, where we arrived about eight in the evening.

The country from Sarzana to the frontiers of Tuſcany is a narrow plain, bounded on the right by the ſea, and on the left by the Appenine mountains. It is well cultivated and incloſed, conſiſting of meadow-ground, corn, fields, plantations of olives; and the trees that form the hedge-rows

ſerve as ſo many props to the vines, which are twiſted round them, and continued from one to another. After entering the dominions of Tuſcany, we travelled through a noble foreſt of oak trees of a conſiderable extent, which would have appeared much more agreeable, had we not been benighted and apprehenſive of robbers. The laſt poſt but one, in this day's journey, is at the little town of Spirito Santo, a kind of ſea-port on the Mediterranean. The roads are indifferent, and the accommodation is execrable. I was glad to find myſelf houſed in a very good inn at Piſa, where I promiſed myſelf a good night's reſt, and was not diſappointed. I heartily wiſh you the ſame pleaſure, and am very ſincerely

Yours.

LETTER XXVII.

Nice, January 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

PISA is a fine old city that ſtrikes you with the ſame veneration you would feel at ſight of an ancient temple which bears the marks of decay, without being abſolutely dilapidated. The houſes are well built, the ſtreets open, ſtraight, and well paved; the ſhops well furniſhed; and the markets well ſupplied: there are ſome elegant palaces, particularly that of the grand-duke, with a marble ſtatue of Ferdinand III. before it. The churches are built with taſte, and tolerably ornamented. There is a beautiful wharf of free-ſtone on each ſide

of

of the river Arno, which runs through the city, and three bridges thrown over it, of which that in the middle is of marble, a pretty piece of architecture: but the number of the inhabitants is very inconſiderable; and this very circumſtance gives it an air of majeſtic ſolitude, which is far from being unpleaſant to a man of a contemplative turn of mind. For my part I cannot bear the tumult of a populous commercial city; and the ſolitude that reigns in Piſa would be a ſtrong motive to chooſe it as a place of reſidence. Not that this would be the only inducement for living at Piſa. Here is ſome good company, and even a few men of taſte and learning. The people in general are counted ſociable and polite; and there is great plenty of proviſions, at a very reaſonable rate. At ſome diſtance from the more frequented parts of the city, a man may hire a large houſe for thirty crowns a year: but near the centre, you cannot have good lodgings, ready furniſhed, for leſs than a *ſcudo* (about five ſhillings) a day. The air in ſummer is reckoned unwholeſome by the exhalations ariſing from ſtagnant water in the neighbourhood of the city, which ſtands in the midſt of a fertile plain, low and marſhy: yet theſe marſhes have been conſiderably drained by the new canal extending from hence to Leghorn. As for the Arno, it is no longer navigable for veſſels of any burden. The univerſity of Piſa is very much decayed; and, except the little buſineſs occaſioned by the emperor's gallies, which are built in this town, I know of no commerce it carries on: perhaps the inhabitanrs live on the produce of the country, which conſiſts of corn, wine, and cattle. They are ſupplied

with excellent water for drinking, by an aqueduct consisting of above five thousand arches, begun by Cosmo, and finished by Ferdinand I. grand-dukes of Tuscany; it conveys the water from the mountains at the distance of five miles. This noble city, formerly the capital of a flourishing and powerful republic, which contained above one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, within its walls, is now so desolate that grass grows in the open streets: and the number of its people do not exceed sixteen thousand.

You need not doubt but I visited the Campanile, or hanging-tower, which is a beautiful cylinder of eight stories, each adorned with a round of columns, rising one above another. It stands by the cathedral, and inclines so far on one side from the perpendicular, that in dropping a plummet from the top, which is one hundred and eighty-eight feet high, it falls sixteen feet from the base. For my part, I should never have dreamed that this inclination proceeded from any other cause, than an accidental subsidence of the foundation on this side, if some connoisseurs had not taken great pains to prove it was done on purpose by the architect. Any person who has eyes, may see that the pillars on that side are considerably sunk; and this is the case with the very threshold of the door by which you enter. I think it would have been a very preposterous ambition in the architects, to shew how far they could deviate from the perpendicular in this construction; because in that particular any common mason could have rivalled them; and if they really intended it as a specimen of their art, they should have shortened the pilasters on that side, so as to exhibit them entire, without the

appearance

appearance of ſinking. Theſe leaning towers are not unfrequent in Italy; there is one at Bologna, another at Venice, a third betwixt Venice and Ferrara, and a fourth at Ravenna; and the inclination in all of them has been ſuppoſed owing to the foundations giving way on one ſide only.

In the cathedral, which is a large Gothic pile, there is a great number of maſſy pillars of porphyry, granite, jaſper, and verde antico, together with ſome good pictures and ſtatues: but the greateſt curioſity is that of the braſs-gate, deſigned and executed by John of Bologna, repreſenting, emboſſed in different compartments, the hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament. I was ſo charmed with this work, that I could have ſtood a whole day to examine and admire it. In the Baptiſterium, which ſtands oppoſite to this front, there are ſome beautiful marbles, particularly the font, and a pulpit, ſupported by the ſtatues of different animals.

Between the cathedral and this building, about one hundred paces on one ſide, is the famous burying-ground, called *Campo Santo*, from its being covered with earth brought from Jeruſalem. It is an oblong ſquare, ſurrounded by a very high wall, and always kept ſhut. Within-ſide there is a ſpacious corridore round the whole ſpace, which is a noble walk for a contemplative philoſopher. It is paved chiefly with flat grave-ſtones: the walls are painted in freſco by Ghiotto, Giottino, Stefano, Bennoti, Bufalmaco, and ſome others of his cotemporaries and diſciples, who flouriſhed immediately after the reſtoration of painting. The ſubjects are taken from the Bible. Though the manner is dry,

drawing incorrect, the design generally lame, and the colouring unnatural; yet there is merit in the expression: and the whole remains as a curious monument of the efforts made by this noble art immediately after her revival. Here are some deceptions in perspective equally ingenious and pleasing; particularly the figures of certain animals, which exhibit exactly the same appearance, from whatever different points of view they are seen. One division of the burying-ground consists of a particular compost, which in nine days consumes the dead bodies to the bones: in all probability, it is no other than common earth mixed with quick-lime. At one corner of the corridore, there are the pictures of three bodies represented in the three different stages of putrefaction which they undergo when laid in this composition. At the end of the three first days, the body is bloated and swelled, and the features are enlarged and distorted to such a degree, as fills the spectator with horror. At the sixth day, the swelling is subsided and all the muscular flesh hangs loosened upon the bones: at the ninth, nothing but the skeleton remains. There is a small neat chapel at one end of the *Campo Santo*, with some tombs, on one of which is a beautiful bust by Buona Roti. At the other end of the corridore, there is a range of ancient Roman stone-coffins, representing on the sides and covers some excellent pieces in basso-relievo. The hunting of Meleager has been greatly admired: but what struck me most, was the figure of a woman lying dead on a tombstone, covered with a piece of thin drapery, so delicately cut as to show all the flexures of the attitude, and even all the

swellings

ſwellings and ſinuoſities of the muſcles. Inſtead of ſtone, it looks like a ſheet of wet linen.

For four zechines I hired a return-coach and four from Piſa to Florence. This road, which lies along the Arno, is very good; and the country is delightfully variegated with hill and vale, wood and water, meadows and corn fields, planted and incloſed like the counties of Middleſex and Hampſhire; with this difference, however, that all the trees in this tract were covered with vines, and the ripe cluſters black and white, hung down from every bough in the moſt luxuriant and romantic abundance. The vines in this country are not planted in rows, and propped with ſticks, as in France and the county of Nice, but twine around the hedge-row trees, which they almoſt quite cover with their foliage and fruit. The branches of the vine are extended from tree to tree, exhibiting beautiful feſtoons of real leaves, tendrils and ſwelling cluſters a foot long. By this œconomy the ground of the incloſure is ſpared for corn, graſs, or any other production. The trees commonly planted for the purpoſe of ſuſtaining the vines, are maple, elm, and aller, with which laſt the banks of the Arno abound. This river, which is very inconſiderable with reſpect to the quantity of water, would be a charming paſtoral ſtream, if it was tranſparent; but it is always muddy and diſcoloured. About ten or a dozen miles below Florence, there are ſome marble quarries on the ſide of it, from whence the blocks are conveyed in boats, when there is water enough in the river to float them, that is after heavy rains, or the melting of the ſnow upon the mountains of Umbria, being

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part of the Appenines, from whence it takes its riſe.

Florence is a noble city, that ſtill retains all the marks of a majeſtic capital, ſuch as piazzas, palaces, fountains, bridges, ſtatues, and arcades. I need not tell you that the churches here are magnificent, and adorned not only with pillars of oriental granite, porphyry, jaſper, verde antico, and other precious ſtones; but alſo with capital pieces of painting by the moſt eminent maſters. Several of theſe churches, however, ſtand without fronts, for want of money to complete the plans. It may alſo appear ſuperfluous to mention my having viewed the famous gallery of antiquities, the chapel of St. Lorenzo, the palace of Pitti, the cathedral, the baptiſterium, the *Ponte de Trinita*, with its ſtatues, the triumphal arch, and every thing which is commonly viſited in this metropolis. But all theſe objects having been circumſtantially deſcribed by twenty different authors of travels, I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of trite obſervations.

That part of the city which ſtands on each ſide of the river, makes a very elegant appearance, to which the four bridges and the ſtone-quay between them contribute in a great meaſure. I lodged at the widow Vanini's, an Engliſh houſe delightfully ſituated in this quarter. The landlady, who is herſelf a native of England, we found very obliging. The lodging-rooms are comfortable; and the entertainment is good and reaſonable. There is a conſiderable number of faſhionable people at Florence, and many of them in good circumſtances. They affect a gaiety in their dreſs, equipage, and converſation;

converſation; but ſtand very much on their punctilio with ſtrangers; and will not, without great reluctance, admit into their aſſemblies any lady of another country, whoſe nobleſſe is not aſcertained by a title. This reſerve is in ſome meaſure excuſable among a people who are extremely ignorant of foreign cuſtoms, and who know that, in their own country, every perſon, even the moſt inſignificant, who has any pretenſions to family, either inherits, or aſſumes the title of *principe*, *conte*, or *marcheſe*.

With all their pride, however, the nobles of Florence are humble enough to enter into partnerſhip with ſhop-keepers, and even to ſell wine by retail. It is an undoubted fact, that in every palace or great houſe in this city, there is a little window fronting the ſtreet, provided with an iron-knocker, and over it hangs an empty flaſk, by way of ſign-poſt. Thither you ſend your ſervant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at the little wicket, which is opened immediately by a domeſtic, who ſupplies him with what he wants, and receives the money like the waiter of any other cabaret. It is pretty extraordinary, that it ſhould not be deemed a diſparagement in a nobleman to ſell half a pound of figs, or a palm of riband or tape, or to take money for a flaſk of four wine; and yet be counted infamous to match his daughter in the family of a perſon who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in any one of the learned profeſſions.

Though Florence be tolerably populous, there ſeems to be very little trade of any kind in it: but the inhabitants flatter themſelves with the proſpect of reaping great advantage from the reſidence of one of the arch-dukes, for whoſe reception

reception they are now repairing the palace of Pitti. I know not what the revenues of Tuſcany may amount to, ſince the ſucceſſion of the princes of Lorraine; but, under the laſt dukes of the Medici family, they were ſaid to produce two millions of crowns, equal to five hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. Theſe aroſe from a very heavy tax upon land and houſes, the portions of maidens, and ſuits at law, beſides the duties upon traffick, a ſevere gabelle upon the neceſſaries of life, and a toll upon every eatable entered into this capital. If we may believe Leti, the grand duke was then able to raiſe and maintain an army of forty thouſand infantry, and three thouſand horſe; with twelve gallies, two galeaſſes, and twenty ſhips of war. I queſtion if Tuſcany can maintain at preſent above one half of ſuch an armament. He that now commands the emperor's navy, conſiſting of a few frigates, is an Engliſhman, called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ſhip in our Eaſt-India company's ſervice. He has lately embraced the catholic relegion, and been created admiral of Tuſcany.

There is a tolerable opera in Florence for the entertainment of the beſt company, though they do not ſeem very attentive to the muſick. Italy is certainly the native country of this art; and yet, I do not find the people in general either more muſically inclined, or better provided with ears than their neighbours. Here is alſo a wretched troop of comedians for the bourgeois, and lower claſs of people: but what ſeems moſt to ſuit the taſte of all ranks, is the exhibition of church pageantry. I had occaſion to ſee a proceſſion, where all the nobleſſe

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of the city attended in their coaches, which filled the whole length of the great ſtreet called the *Corſo*. It was the anniverſary of a charitable inſtitution in favour of poor maidens, a certain number of whom are portioned every year. About two hundred of theſe virgins walked in proceſſion, two and two together, cloathed in violet-coloured wide gowns, with white veils on their heads, and made a very claſſical appearance. They were preceded and followed by an irregular mob of penitents in ſack-cloth, with lighted tapers, and monks carrying crucifixes, bawling and bellowing the litanies: but the great object was a figure of the Virgin Mary, as big as the life, ſtanding within a gilt frame, dreſſed in a gold ſtuff, with a large hoop, a great quantity of falſe jewels, her face painted and patched, and her hair frizzled and curled in the very extremity of the faſhion. Very little regard had been paid to the image of our Saviour on the croſs; but when his lady-mother appeared on the ſhoulders of three or four luſty friars, the whole populace fell on their knees in the dirt. This extraordinary veneration paid to the Virgin, muſt have been derived originally from the French, who pique themſelves on their gallantry to the fair ſex.

Amidſt all the ſcenery of the Roman catholic religion, I have never yet ſeen any of the ſpectators affected at heart, or diſcover the leaſt ſigns of fanaticiſm. The very diſciplinants, who ſcourge themſelves in the Holy-week, are generally peaſants or parties hired for the purpoſe. Thoſe of the confrairies, who have an ambition to diſtinguiſh themſelves on ſuch occaſions, take care to ſecure their backs from the ſmart

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by means of ſecret armour, either women's boddice, or quilted jackets. The confrairies are fraternities of devotees, who inliſt themſelves under the banners of particular ſaints. On days of proceſſion they appear in a body dreſſed as penitents and maſked, and diſtinguiſhed by croſſes on their habits. There is ſcarce an individual, whether noble or plebeian, who does not belong to one of theſe aſſociations, which may be compared to the Free-Maſons, Gregorians and Antigallicans of England.

Juſt without one of the gates of Florence, there is a triumphal arch erected on occaſion of the late emperor's making his public entry, when he ſucceeded to the dukedom of Tuſcany: and here in the ſummer evenings, the quality reſort to take the air in their coaches. Every carriage ſtops, and forms a little ſeparate converſazione. The ladies ſit within, and the cicisbei ſtand on the foot boards, on each ſide of the coach, entertaining them with their diſcourſe. It would be no unpleaſant inquiry to trace this ſort of gallantry to its original, and inveſtigate all its progreſs. The Italians, having been accuſed of jealouſy, were reſolved to wipe off the reproach, and, ſeeking to avoid it for the future, have run into the other extreme. I know it is generally ſuppoſed that the cuſtom of chooſing cicisbei, was calculated to prevent the extinction of families, which would otherwiſe often happen in conſequence of marriages founded upon intereſt, without any mutual affection in the contracting parties. How far this political conſideration may have weighed againſt the jealous and vindictive temper of the Italians, I will not pretend to judge: but, certain it is, every married

ried lady in this country has her cicisbeo, or ſerviente, who attends her every where, and on all occaſions; and upon whoſe privileges the huſband dares not encroach, without incurring the cenſure and ridicule of the whole community. For my part, I would rather be condemned for life to the gallies, than exerciſe the office of a cicisbeo, expoſed to the intolerable caprices and dangerous reſentment of an Italian virago. I pretend not to judge of the national character, from my own obſervation: but, if the portraits drawn by Goldoni in his Comedies are taken from nature, I would not heſitate to pronounce the Italian women the moſt haughty, inſolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth. Indeed their reſentments are ſo cruelly implacable, and contain ſuch a mixture of perfidy, that, in my opinion, they are very unfit ſubjects for comedy, whoſe province it is, rather to ridicule folly than to ſtigmatize ſuch atrocious vice.

You have often heard it ſaid, that the purity of the Italian is to be found in the *lingua Toſcana*, and *bocca Romana*. Certain it is, the pronunciation of the Tuſcans is diſagreeably guttural: the letters C and G they pronounce with an aſpiration, which hurts the ear of an Engliſhman; and is, I think, rather rougher than that of the X, in Spaniſh. It ſounds as if the ſpeaker had loſt his palate. I really imagined the firſt man I heard ſpeak in Piſa, had met with that misfortune in the courſe of his amours.

One of the greateſt curioſities you meet with in Italy, is the Improviſatori; ſuch is the name given to certain individuals, who have the ſurpriſing talent of reciting verſes extempore, on

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any ſubject you propoſe. Mr. Corveſi, my landlord, has a ſon, a Franciſcan friar, who is a great genius in this way. When the ſubject is given, his brother tunes his violin to accompany him, and he begins to rehearſe in recitative, with wonderful fluency and preciſion. Thus he will, at a minute's warning, recite two or three hundred verſes, well turned, and well adapted, and generally mingled with an elegant compliment to the company. The Italians are ſo fond of poetry, that many of them have the beſt part of Arioſto, Taſſo, and Petrarch, by heart; and theſe are the great ſources from which the Improviſatori draw their rhimes, cadence, and turns of expreſſion. But, leſt you ſhould think there is neither rhime nor reaſon in protracting this tedious epiſtle, I ſhall conclude it with the old burden of my ſong, that I am always

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XXVIII.

Nice, February 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR entertaining letter of the fifth of laſt month, was a very charitable and a very agreeable donation: but your ſuſpicion is groundleſs. I aſſure you, upon my honour, I have no ſhare whatever in any of the diſputes which agitate the public: nor do I know any thing of your political tranſactions, except what I caſually ſee in one of your news-papers, with the peruſal of which I am ſometimes favoured by our conſul at Villefranche. You inſiſt upon my

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being more particular in my remarks on what I ſaw at Florence, and I ſhall obey the injunction. The famous gallery which contains the antiquities, is the third ſtory of a noble ſtone-edifice, built in the form of the Greek Π the upper part fronting the river Arno, and one of the legs adjoining to the ducal-palace, where the courts of juſtice are held. As the houſe of Medici had for ſome centuries reſided in the palace of Pitti, ſituated on the other ſide of the river, a full mile from theſe tribunals, the architect Vaſari, who planned the new edifice, at the ſame time contrived a corridore, or covered paſſage, extending from the palace of Pitti along one of the bridges, to the gallery of curioſities, through which the grand-duke paſſed unſeen, when he was diſpoſed either to amuſe himſelf with his antiquities, or to aſſiſt at his courts of judicature: but there is nothing very extraordinary either in the contrivance or execution of this corridore.

If I reſided in Florence I would give ſomething extraordinary for permiſſion to walk every day in the gallery, which I ſhould much prefer to the Lycæum, the groves of Academus, or any porch or philoſophical alley in Athens or in Rome. Here by viewing the ſtatues and buſts ranged on each ſide, I ſhould become acquainted with the faces of all the remarkable perſonages, male and female, of antiquity, and even be able to trace their different characters from the expreſſion of their features. This collection is a moſt excellent commentary upon the Roman hiſtorians, particularly Suetonius and Dion Caſſius. There was one circumſtance that ſtruck me in viewing the buſts of Caracalla, both here and in the capitol at Rome; that

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was, a certain ferocity in the eyes, which seemed to contradict the sweetness of the other features, and remarkably justified the epithet *Caracuyl*, by which he was distinguished by the ancient inhabitants of North-Britain. In the language of the Highlanders *caracuyl* signifies *cruel eye*, as we are given to understand by the ingenious editor of Fingal, who seems to think that Caracalla is no other than the Celtic word, adapted to the pronunciation of the Romans: but the truth is, Caracalla was the name of a Gaulish vestment, which this prince affected to wear; and hence he derived that surname. The Caracuyl of the Britons, is the same as the ὑποδρα ἰδὼν of the Greeks, which Homer has so often applied to his Scolding Heroes. I like the Bacchanalian, chiefly for the fine drapery. The wind occasioned by her motion, seems to have swelled and raised it from the parts of the body which it covers. There is another gay Bacchanalian in the attitude of dancing, crowned with ivy, holding in her right hand a bunch of grapes, and in her left the thyrsus. The head of the celebrated Flora is very beautiful: the groupe of Cupid and Psyche, however, did not give me all the pleasure I expected from it.

Of all the marbles that appear in the open gallery, the following are those I most admire. Leda with the Swan; as for Jupiter, in this transformation, he has much the appearance of a goose. I have not seen any thing tamer: but the sculptor has admirably shewn his art in representing Leda's hand partly hid among the feathers, which are so lightly touched off, that the very shape of the fingers are seen underneath. The statue of a youth, supposed to be Ganymede, is compared by the connoisseurs

connoiſſeurs to the celebrated Venus, and as far as I can judge, not without reaſon: it is, however, rather agreeable than ſtriking, and will pleaſe a connoiſſeur much more than a common ſpectator. I know not whether it is my regard to the faculty that inhances the value of the noted Æſculapius, who appears with a venerable beard of delicate workmanſhip. He is larger than the life, cloathed in a magnificent pallium, his left arm reſting on a knotted ſtaff, round which the ſnake is twined, according to Ovid,

Hunc modo ſerpentem baculum qui nexibus ambit,
Perſpice——

He has in his hand the *faſcia herbarum*, and the *crepidæ* on his feet. There is a wild-boar, repreſented lying on one ſide, which I admire as a maſter-piece. The ſavageneſs of his appearance is finely contraſted with the eaſe and indolence of the attitude. Were I to meet with a living boar lying with the ſame expreſſion, I ſhould be tempted to ſtroke his briſtles. Here is an elegant buſt of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian; and a beautiful head of Alexander the Great, turned on one ſide, with an expreſſion of languiſhment and anxiety in his countenance. The virtuoſi are not agreed about the circumſtance in which he is repreſented; whether fainting with the loſs of blood which he ſuffered in his adventure at Oxydrace; or languiſhing with the fever contracted by bathing in the Cydnus; or finally, complaining to his father Jove, that there were no other worlds for him to conquer. The kneeling Narciſſus is a ſtriking figure, and the expreſ-

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ſion admirable. The two Bacchi are perfectly well executed; (but to my ſhame be it ſpoken) I prefer to the antique that which is the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, concerning which the ſtory is told which you well know. The artiſt having been blamed by ſome pretended connoiſſeurs, for not imitating the manner of the ancients, is ſaid to have privately finiſhed this Bacchus, and buried it, after having broke off an arm which he kept as a voucher. The ſtatue, being dug up by accident, was allowed by the beſt judges, to be a perfect antique, upon which Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed his own work. Signior Bianchi, the keeper of this muſæum, looks upon this as a fable; but owns that Vaſari tells ſuch another of a child cut in marble by the ſame artiſt, which being carried to Rome, and kept for ſome time under ground, was dug up as an antique, and ſold for a great deal of money. I was likewiſe attracted by the Morpheus in touchſtone, which is deſcribed by Addiſon, who, by the bye, notwithſtanding all his taſte, has been convicted by Bianchi of ſeveral groſs blunders in his account of this gallery.

With reſpect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, which was found at Tivoli, and is kept in a ſeparate apartment called the *Tribuna*, I believe I ought to be entirely ſilent, or at leaſt conceal my real ſentiments, which will otherwiſe appear equally abſurd and preſumptuous. It muſt be want of taſte that prevents my feeling that enthuſiaſtic admiration with which others are inſpired at ſight of this ſtatue: a ſtatue which, in reputation, equals that of Cupid by Praxiteles, which brought ſuch a concourſe

concourſe of ſtrangers of old to the little town of Theſpiæ. I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of Venus; and that the attitude is aukward and out of character. It is a bad plea to urge that the ancients and we differ in the ideas of beauty. We know the contrary, from their medals, buſts, and hiſtorians. Without all doubt, the limbs and proportions of this ſtatue are elegantly formed, and accurately deſigned, according to the niceſt rules of ſymmetry and proportion; and the back parts eſpecially are executed ſo happily, as to excite the admiration of the moſt indifferent ſpectator. One cannot help thinking it is the very Venus of *Cnidos* by Praxiteles, which Lucian deſcribes. "Hercle quanta dorſi concinnitas! ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent! quam ſcite circumductæ clunium pulpæ in ſe rotundantur, neque tenues nimis ipſis oſſibus adſtrictæ, neque in immenſam effuſæ Pinguedinem!" That the ſtatue thus deſcribed was not the *Venus de Medicis*, would appear from the Greek inſcription on the baſe, ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΟΡΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΕΣΕΝ. *Clomenes filius Apollodori fecit*; did we not know that this inſcription is counted ſpurious, and that inſtead of ΕΠΟΕΣΕΝ, it ſhould be ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ. This, however, is but a frivolous objection, as we have ſeen many inſcriptions undoubtedly antique, in which the orthography is falſe, either from the ignorance or careleſſneſs of the ſculptor. Others ſuppoſe, not without reaſon, that this ſtatue is a repreſentation of the famous Phryne, the courteſan of Athens, who, at the celebration of the Eleuſinian games, exhibited herſelf coming out of

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the bath, naked, to the eyes of the whole Athenian people. I was much pleaſed with the dancing faun; and ſtill better with the Lotti, or wreſtlers, the attitudes of which are beautifully contrived to ſhew the different turns of the limbs, and the ſwelling of the muſcles: but, what pleaſed me beſt of all the ſtatues in the Tribuna was the Arrotino, commonly called the Whetter, and generally ſuppoſed to repreſent a ſlave, who, in the act of whetting a knife, overheard the conſpiracy of Catiline. You know he is repreſented on one knee; and certain it is, I never ſaw ſuch an expreſſion of anxious attention, as appears in his countenance. But it is not mingled with any marks of ſurpriſe, ſuch as could not fail to lay hold on a man who overhears by accident a conſpiracy againſt the ſtate. The marquis de Maffei has juſtly obſerved, that Saluſt, in his very circumſtantial detail of that conſpiracy, makes no mention of any ſuch diſcovery. Neither does it appear, that the figure is in the act of whetting, the ſtone which he holds in one hand being rough and unequal, no ways reſembling a whetſtone. Others alledge it repreſents Milico, the freedman of Scævinus, who conſpired againſt the life of Nero, and gave his poignard to be whetted to Milico, who preſented it to the emperor, with an account of the conſpiracy: but the attitude and expreſſion will by no means admit of this interpretation. Signior Bianchi, who is himſelf a learned and judicious antiquarian, thinks the ſtatue repreſents the augur Attius Navius, who cut a ſtone with a knife, at the command of Tarquinius Priſcus. This conjecture ſeems to be confirmed by a medallion of Antoninus Pius,

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inſerted by Vaillant among his Numiſmata Præſtantiora, on which is delineated nearly ſuch a figure as this in queſtion, with the following legend, "Attius Navius genuflexus ante Tarquinium Priſcum cotem cultro diſcidit." He owns indeed that in the ſtatue, the augur is not diſtinguiſhed either by his habit or emblems, and he might have added, neither is the ſtone a cos. For my own part, I think neither of theſe three opinions is ſatisfactory, though the laſt is very ingenious. Perhaps the figure alludes to a private incident, which never was recorded in any hiſtory. Among the great number of pictures in this Tribuna, I was moſt charmed with the Venus by Titian, which has a ſweetneſs of expreſſion and tenderneſs of colouring, not to be deſcribed. In this apartment, they reckon three hundred pieces, the greateſt part by the beſt maſters, particularly by Raphael, in the three manners by which he diſtinguiſhed himſelf at different periods of his life. As for the celebrated ſtatue of the hermaphrodite, which we find in another room, I give the ſculptor credit for his ingenuity in mingling the ſexes in the compoſition; but it is, at beſt, no other than a monſter in nature, which I had never any pleaſure in viewing: nor, indeed, do I think there was much talent required in repreſenting a figure with the head and breaſts of a woman, and all the other parts of the body maſculine. There is ſuch a profuſion of curioſities in this celebrated muſæum; ſtatues, buſts, pictures, medals, tables inlaid in the way of marquetry, cabinets adorned with precious ſtones, jewels of all ſorts, mathematical inſtruments, ancient arms and military ma-

chines, that the imagination is bewildered; and a ſtranger of a viſionary turn, would be apt to fancy himſelf in a palace of the fairies, raiſed and adorned by the power of inchantment.

In one of the detached apartments, I ſaw the antependium of the altar, deſigned for the famous chapel of St. Lorenzo. It is a curious piece of architecture, inlaid with coloured marble and precious ſtones, ſo as to repreſent an infinite variety of natural objects. It is adorned with ſome cryſtal pillars, with capitals of beaten gold. The ſecond ſtory of the building is occupied by a great number of artiſts employed in this very curious work of marquetry, repreſenting figures with gems and different kinds of coloured marble, for the uſe of the emperor. The Italians call it *pietre commeſſe*, a ſort of inlaying with ſtones, analagous to the fineering of cabinets in wood. It is peculiar to Florence, and ſeems to be ſtill more curious than the Moſaic work, which the Romans have brought to great perfection.

The cathedral of Florence is a great Gothic building, encruſted on the outſide with marble; it is remarkable for nothing but its cupola, which is ſaid to have been copied by the architect from St. Peter's at Rome, and for its ſize, which is much greater than that of any other church in Chriſtendom. The baptiſtery, which ſtands by it, was an ancient temple, ſaid to be dedicated to Mars. There are ſome good ſtatues of marble within; and one or two of bronze on the outſide of the doors; but it is chiefly celebrated for the emboſſed work of its braſs gates, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, which Buonaroti uſed to ſay, deſerved to be made the gates of Paradiſe. I viewed them with pleaſure: but ſtill I retain-

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ed a greater veneration for thoſe of Piſa, which I had firſt admired; a preference which either ariſes from want of taſte, or from the charm of novelty, by which the former were recommended to my attention. Thoſe who would have a particular detail of every thing worth ſeeing at Florence, comprehending churches, libraries, palaces, tombs, ſtatues, pictures, fountains, bridges, &c. may conſult Keyſler, who is ſo laboriouſly circumſtantial in his deſcriptions, that I never could peruſe them, without ſuffering the head-ach, and recollecting the old obſervation, That the German genius lies more in the back than in the brain.

I was much diſappointed in the chapel of St. Lorenzo. Notwithſtanding the great profuſion of granite, porphyry, jaſper, verde antico, lapis-lazuli, and other precious ſtones, repreſenting figures in the way of marquetry, I think the whole has a gloomy effect. Theſe *pietre commeſſe* are better calculated for cabinets, than for ornaments to great buildings, which ought to be large maſſes proportioned to the greatneſs of the edifice. The compartments are ſo ſmall, that they produce no effect in giving the firſt impreſſion when one enters the place; except to give an air of littleneſs to the whole, juſt as if a grand ſaloon was covered with pictures painted in miniature. If they have as little regard to proportion and perſpective, when they paint the dome, which is not yet finiſhed, this chapel will, in my opinion, remain a monument of ill taſte and extravagance.

The court of the palace of Pitti is formed by three ſides of an elegant ſquare, with arcades all round, like the palace of Holyrood houſe at

Edinburgh: and the ruſtic work, which conſtitutes the lower part of the building, gives it an air of ſtrength and magnificence. In this court, there is a fine fountain, in which the water trickles down from above: and here is alſo an admirable antique ſtatue of Hercules, inſcribed ΛΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ ΕΡΓΟΝ, the work of Lyſippus.

The apartments of this palace are generally ſmall, and many of them dark. Among the paintings, the moſt remarkable is the Madonna de la Seggiola, by Raphael, counted one of the beſt coloured pieces of that great maſter. If I was allowed to find fault with the performance, I ſhould pronounce it defective in dignity and ſentiment. It is the expreſſion of a peaſant rather than of the mother of God. She exhibits the fondneſs and joy of a young woman towards her firſt-born ſon, without that rapture of admiration which we expect to find in the Virgin Mary, while ſhe contemplates, in the fruit of her own womb, the Saviour of mankind. In other reſpects, it is a fine figure, gay, agreeable, and very expreſſive of maternal tenderneſs; and the *bambino* is extremely beautiful. There was an Engliſh painter employed in copying this picture, and what he had done was executed with great ſucceſs. I am one of thoſe who think it very poſſible to imitate the beſt pieces in ſuch a manner, that even the connoiſſeurs ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh the original from the copy. After all, I do not ſet up for a judge in theſe matters, and very likely I may incur the ridicule of the virtuoſi for the remarks I have made: but I am uſed to ſpeak my mind freely on all ſubjects that fall under the cognizance of my ſenſes;

ſenſes; though I muſt as freely own, there is ſomething more than common ſenſe required to diſcover and diſtinguiſh the more delicate beauties of painting. I can ſafely ſay, however, that without any daubing at all, I am, very ſincerely,

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XXIX.

Nice, February 20, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING ſeen all the curioſities of Florence, and hired a good travelling coach for ſeven weeks, at the price of ſeven zequines, ſomething leſs than three guineas and a half, we ſet out poſt for Rome, by the way of Siena, where we lay the firſt night. The country through which we paſſed is mountainous, but agreeable. Of Siena I can ſay nothing from my own obſervation, but that we were indifferently lodged in a houſe that ſtunk like a privy, and fared wretchedly at ſupper. The city is large and well built: the inhabitants pique themſelves upon their politeneſs, and the purity of their dialect. Certain it is, ſome ſtrangers reſide in this place on purpoſe to learn the beſt pronunciation of the Italian tongue. The Moſaic pavement of their duomo, or cathedral, has been much admired; as well as the hiſtory of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards pope Pius II. painted on the walls of the library, partly by Pietro Perugino, and partly by his pupil Raphael D'Urbino.

Next day, at Buon Convento, where the emperor Henry VII. was poiſoned by a friar with

the ſacramental wafer, I refuſed to give money to the hoſtler, who in revenge put two young unbroke ſtone-horſes in the traces next to the coach, which became ſo unruly, that before we had gone a quarter of a mile, they and the poſtillion were rolling in the duſt. In this ſituation they made ſuch efforts to diſengage themſelves, and kicked with ſuch violence, that I imagined the carriage and all our trunks would have been beaten in pieces. We leaped out of the coach, however, without ſuſtaining any perſonal damage, except the fright; nor was any hurt done to the vehicle. But the horſes were terribly bruiſed, and almoſt ſtrangled, before they could be diſengaged. Exaſperated at the villainy of the hoſtler, I reſolved to make a complaint to the magiſtrate of the place, who is called *uffiziale*. I found him wrapped in an old, greaſy, ragged, great-coat, ſitting in a wretched apartment, without either glaſs, paper, or boards in the windows; and there was no ſort of furniture but a couple of broken chairs and a miſerable truckle-bed. He looked pale, meagre, and haggard, and had more the air of a half-ſtarved priſoner than of a magiſtrate. Having heard my complaint, he came forth into a kind of outward room or belfry, and rung a great bell with his own hand. In conſequence of this ſignal, the poſt-maſter came up ſtairs, and I ſuppoſe he was the firſt man in the place, for the *uffiziale* ſtood before him cap-in-hand, and with great marks of humble reſpect repeated the complaint I had made. This man aſſured me, with an air of conſcious importance, that he himſelf had ordered the hoſtler to ſupply me with thoſe very horſes, which were the beſt in his ſtable;

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and that the misfortune which happened was owing to the miſconduct of the fore-poſtillion, who did not keep the fore horſes to a proper ſpeed proportioned to the mettle of the other two. As he took the affair upon himſelf, and I perceived had an aſcendency over the magiſtrate, I contented myſelf with ſaying, I was certain the two horſes had been put to the coach on purpoſe, either to hurt or frighten us; and that ſince I could not have juſtice here I would make a formal complaint to the Britiſh miniſter at Florence. In paſſing through the ſtreet to the coach, which was by this time furniſhed with freſh horſes, I met the hoſtler, and would have caned him heartily; but perceiving my intention, he took to his heels and vaniſhed. Of all the people I have ever ſeen, the hoſtlers, poſtillions, and other fellows hanging about the poſt-houſes in Italy, are the moſt greedy, impertinent, and provoking. Happy are thoſe travellers who have phlegm enough to diſregard their inſolence and importunity: for this is not ſo diſagreeable as their revenge is dangerous. An Engliſh gentleman at Florence told me, that one of thoſe fellows, whom he had ſtruck for his impertinence, flew at him with a long knife, and he could hardly keep him at ſword's point. All of them wear ſuch knives, and are very apt to uſe them on the ſlighteſt provocation. But their open attacks are not ſo formidable as their premeditated ſchemes of revenge; in the proſecution of which the Italians are equally treacherous and cruel.

This night we paſſed at a place called Radicofani, a village and fort, ſituated on the top of a very high mountain. The inn ſtands ſtill lower

than the town. It was built at the expence of the laſt grand-duke of Tuſcany; is very large, very cold, and uncomfortable. One would imagine it was contrived for coolneſs, though ſituated ſo high, that even in the midſt of ſummer, a traveller would be glad to have a fire in his chamber. But few, or none of them have fire-places, and there is not a bed with curtains or teſter in the houſe. All the adjacent country is naked and barren. On the third day we entered the pope's territories, ſome parts of which are delightful. Having paſſed Aqua-Pendente, a beggarly town, ſituated on the top of a rock, from whence there is a romantic caſcade of water, which gives it the name, we travelled along the ſide of the lake Bolſena, a beautiful piece of water about thirty miles in circuit, with two iſlands in the middle, the banks covered with noble plantations of oak and cypreſs. The town of Bolſena ſtanding near the ruins of the ancient Volſinium, which was the birth-place of Sejanus, is a paltry village; and Monteſiaſcone, famous for its wine, is a poor decayed town in this neighbourhood, ſituated on the ſide of a hill, which, according to the author of the Grand Tour, the only directory I had along with me, is ſuppoſed to be the Soracte of the ancients. If we may believe Horace, Soracte was viſible from Rome: for, in his ninth ode, addreſſed to Thaliarchus, he ſays,

Vides, ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte————

but, in order to ſee Monteſiaſcone, his eye-ſight muſt have penetrated through the Mons Cyminus,

Cyminus, at the foot of which ſtands the city of Viterbo. Pliny tells us that Soracte was not far from Rome, *haud procul ab urbe Roma*; but Monteſiaſcone is fifty miles from this city. And Deſprez, in his notes upon Horace, ſays it is now called Monte S. Oreſte. Addiſon tells us he paſſed by it in the Campania. I could not without indignation reflect upon the bigotry of Matilda, who gave this fine country to the ſee of Rome, under the dominion of which no country was ever known to proſper.

About half way between Monteſiaſcone and Viterbo, one of our fore-wheels flew off, together with a large ſplinter of the axletree; and if one of the poſtillions had not, by great accident, been a remarkably ingenious fellow, we ſhould have been put to the greateſt inconvenience, as there was no town, or even houſe, within ſeveral miles. I mention this circumſtance, by way of warning to other travellers, that they may provide themſelves with a hammer and nails, a ſpare iron pin or two, a large knife, and a bladder of greaſe, to be uſed occaſionally in caſe of ſuch misfortune.

The mountain of Viterbo is covered with beautiful plantations and villas belonging to the Roman nobility, who come hither to make the *villegiatura* in ſummer. Of the city of Viterbo I ſhall ſay nothing, but that it is the capital of that country which Matilda gave to the Roman ſee. The place is well built, adorned with public fountains, and a great number of churches and convents; yet far from being populous, the whole number of inhabitants, not exceeding fifteen thouſand. The poſt-houſe is one of the worſt inns I ever entered.

After having paſſed this mountain, the Cymi-

nus of the ancients, we ſkirted part of the lake, which is now called de Vico, and whoſe banks afford the moſt agreeable rural proſpects of hill and vale, wood, glade and water, ſhade and ſun-ſhine. A few other very inconſiderable places we paſſed, and deſcended into the Campania of Rome, which is almoſt a deſert. The view of this country, in its preſent ſituation, cannot but produce emotions of pity and indignation in the mind of every perſon who retains any idea of its ancient cultivation and fertility. It is nothing but a naked withered down, deſolate and dreary, almoſt without incloſure, cornfield, hedge, tree, ſhrub, houſe, hut, or habitation; exhibiting here and there the ruins of an ancient caſtellum, tomb, or temple, and in ſome places the remains of a Roman Via. I heard much of theſe ancient works, and was greatly diſappointed when I ſaw them. The Via Caſſia or Cymina is paved with broad, ſolid, flint-ſtones, which muſt have greatly incommoded the feet of horſes that travelled upon it, as well as endangered the lives of the riders from the ſlipperineſs of the pavement: beſides, it is ſo narrow that two modern carriages could not paſs one another upon it, without the moſt imminent hazard of being overturned. I am ſtill of opinion that we excel the ancient Romans in underſtanding the conveniencies of life.

The Grand Tour ſays, that within four miles of Rome you ſee a tomb on the road-ſide, ſaid to be that of Nero, with ſculpture in baſſo relievo at both ends. I did ſee ſuch a thing more like a common grave-ſtone, than the tomb of an emperor. But we are informed by Suetonius, that the dead body of Nero, who ſlew himſelf

ſelf at the villa of his freedman, was, by the care of his two nurſes and his concubine Atta, removed to the ſepulchre of the Gens Domitia, immediately within the Porta del Popolo, on your left hand as you enter Rome, preciſely on the ſpot where now ſtands the church of S. Maria del Popolo. His tomb was even diſtinguiſhed by an epitaph, which has been preſerved by Gruterus. Giacomo Alberici tells us very gravely in his Hiſtory of the Church, that a great number of devils, who guarded the bones of this wicked emperor, took poſſeſſion, in the ſhape of black ravens, of a walnut-tree, which grew upon the ſpot; from whence they inſulted every paſſenger, until pope Paſchal II. in conſequence of a ſolemn faſt and a revelation, went thither in proceſſion with his court and cardinals, cut down the tree, burned it to aſhes, which, with the bones of Nero, were thrown into the Tyber: then he conſecrated an altar on the place, where afterwards the church was built. You may gueſs what I felt at firſt ſight of the city of Rome, which notwithſtanding all the calamities it has undergone, ſtill maintains an auguſt and imperial appearance. It ſtands on the farther ſide of the Tyber, which we croſſed at the Ponte Molle, formerly called Pons Milvius, about two miles from the gate by which we entered. This bridge was built by Æmilius Cenſor, whoſe name it originally bore. It was the road by which ſo many heroes returned with conqueſt to their country; by which ſo many kings were led captives to Rome; and by which the ambaſſadors of ſo many kingdoms and ſtates approached the ſeat of empire, to deprecate the wrath, to ſolicit the friendſhip, or ſue for the

protection

protection of the Roman people. It is likewiſe famous for the defeat and death of Maxentius, who was here overcome by Conſtantine the Great. The ſpace between the bridge and Porta del Popolo, on the right-hand, which is now taken up with gardens and villas, was part of the ancient Campus Martius, where the comitiæ were held; and where the Roman people inured themſelves to all manner of exerciſes: it was adorned with porticos, temples, theatres, baths, circi, baſilicæ, obeliſks, columns, ſtatues, and groves. Authors differ in their opinions about the extent of it; but as they all agree that it contained the Pantheon, the Circus Agonis, now the Piazza Navona, the Buſtum and Mauſoleum Auguſti, great part of the modern city muſt be built upon the ancient Campus Martius. The highway that leads from the bridge to the city, is part of the Via Flaminia, which extended as far as Rimini; and is well paved like a modern ſtreet. Nothing of the ancient bridge remains but the piles; nor is there any thing in the ſtructure of this, or of the other five Roman bridges over the Tyber that deſerves attention. I have not ſeen any bridge in France or Italy, comparable to that of Weſtminſter, either in beauty, magnificence, or ſolidity; and when the bridge at Black-Friars is finiſhed, it will be ſuch a monument of architecture as all the world cannot parallel. As for the Tyber, it is, in compariſon with the Thames, no more than an inconſiderable ſtream, foul, deep, and rapid; navigable by ſmall boats, barks, and lighters; and, for the conveniency of loading and unloading them, there is a handſome quay by the new cuſtom-houſe, at the Porto di Ripetta, provided with ſtairs on each

each ſide, and adorned with an elegant fountain, that yields abundance of excellent water.

We are told that the bed of this river has been conſiderably raiſed hy the rubbiſh of old Rome, and this is the reaſon uſually given for its being ſo apt to overflow its banks. A citizen of Rome told me, that a friend of his lately digging to lay the foundation of a new houſe in the lower part of the city, near the bank of the river, diſcovered the pavement of an ancient ſtreet, at the depth of thirty nine feet from the preſent ſurface of the earth. He therefore concluded that modern Rome is near forty feet higher in this place, than the ſite of the ancient city, and that the bed of the river is raiſed in proportion; but this is altogether incredible. Had the bed of the Tyber been anciently forty feet lower at Rome, than it is at preſent, there muſt have been a fall or cataract in it immediately above this tract, as it is not pretended that the bed of it is raiſed in any part above the city; otherwiſe ſuch an elevation would have obſtructed its courſe, and then it would have overflowed the whole Campania. There is nothing extraordinary in its preſent overflowings: they frequently happened of old, and did great miſchief to the ancient city. Appian, Dio, and other hiſtorians, deſcribe an inundation of the Tyber immediately after the death of Julius Cæſar, which inundation was occaſioned by the ſudden melting of a great quantity of ſnow which had fallen upon the Appenines. This calamity is recorded by Horace in his ode to Auguſtus.

Vidimus

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Vestæ:
Iliæ dum se nimium querenti,
Jactat ultorem; vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante
Uxorius Amnis.

Livy expresly says, "*ita abundavit Tiberis, ut Ludi Apollinares, Circo inundato, extra portam Collinam ad ædem Erycinæ Veneris parati sint.*"—To this custom of transferring the *Ludi Apollinares* to another place where the Tyber had overflowed the *Circus Maximus*, Ovid alludes in his Fasti:

Altera gramineo spectabis equiria campo
Quem Tiberis curvis in latus urget aquis.
Qui tamen ejecta si forte tenebitur unda,
Cælius accipiet pulverulentus equos.

The Porta del Popolo (formerly, Flaminia,) by which we entered Rome, is an elegant piece of architecture, adorned with marble columns and statues, and executed after the design of Buonaroti. Within side you find yourself in a noble piazza, from whence three of the principal streets of Rome are detached. It is adorned with the famous Ægyptian obelisk, brought hither from the Circus Maximus, and set up by the architect Dominico Fontana in the pontificate of Sixtus V. Here is likewise a beautiful fountain designed by the same artist; and at the beginning of the two principal streets, are

two

two very elegant churches fronting each other. Such an auguſt entrance cannot fail to impreſs the ſtranger with a ſublime idea of this venerable city.

Having given our names at the gate, we repaired to the dogana, or cuſtom-houſe, where our trunks and carriage were ſearched; and here we were ſurrounded by a number of ſervitori de piazza, offering their ſervices with the moſt diſagreeable importunity. Though I told them ſeveral times I had no occaſion for any, three of them took poſſeſſion of the coach, one mounting before and two of them behind; and thus we proceeded to the Piazza d'Eſpagna, where the perſon lived to whoſe houſe I was directed. Strangers that come to Rome ſeldom put up at public inns, but go directly to lodging houſes, of which there is great plenty in this quarter. The Piazza d'Eſpagna is open, airy, and pleaſantly ſituated, in a high part of the city immediately under the Colla Pinciana, and adorned with two fine fountains. Here moſt of the Engliſh reſide: the apartments are generally commodious and well furniſhed; and the lodgers are well ſupplied with proviſions and all neceſſaries of life. But, if I ſtudied œconomy, I would chooſe another part of the town than the Piazza d'Eſpagna, which is, beſides, at a great diſtance from the antiquities. For a decent firſt floor and two bed-chambers on the ſecond, I paid no more than a ſcudo (five ſhillings) per day. Our table was plentifully furniſhed by the landlord for two and thirty pauls, being equal to ſixteen ſhillings. I hired a town-coach at the rate of fourteen pauls, or ſeven ſhillings a day; and a ſervitore di piazza for three pauls, or eighteen-

teen-pence. The coachman has alſo an allowance of two pauls a day. The proviſions at Rome are reſaonable and good, eſpecially the vitella mongana, which is the moſt delicate veal I ever taſted, but very dear, being ſold for two pauls, or a ſhilling, the pound. Here are the rich wines of Montepulciano, Monteſiaſcone, and monte di Dragone; but what we commonly driuk at meals is that of Orvieto, a ſmall white wine, of an agreeable flavour. Strangers are generally adviſed to employ an antiquarian to inſtruct them in all the curioſities of Rome; and this is a neceſſary expence, when a perſon wants to become a connoiſſeur in painting, ſtatuary, and architecture. For my own part I had no ſuch ambition. I longed to view the remains of antiquity by which this metropolis is diſtinguiſhed; and to contemplate the originals of many pictures and ſtatues, which I had admired in prints and deſcriptions. I therefore choſe a ſervant, who was recommended to me as a ſober intelligent fellow, acquainted with theſe matters: at the ſame time I furniſhed myſelf with maps and plans of ancient and modern Rome, together with the little manual, called, *Itinerario iſtruttivo per ritrovare con facilita tutte le magnificenze di Roma e di alcune citta', e caſtelli ſuburbani.* But I found ſtill more ſatisfaction in peruſing the book in three volumes, intitled, *Roma antica, e moderna,* which contains a deſcription of every thing remarkable in and about the city, illuſtrated with a great number of copper-plates, and many curious hiſtorical annotations. This directory coſt me a zequine; but a hundred zequines will not purchaſe all the books and prints which have been publiſhed at Rome on theſe

ſubjects.

ſubjects. Of theſe the moſt celebrated are the plates of Piraneſi, who is not only an ingenious architect and engraver, but alſo a learned antiquarian; though he is apt to run riot in his conjectures; and with regard to the arts of ancient Rome, has broached ſome doctrines, which he will find it very difficult to maintain. Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard againſt a ſet of ſharpers, (ſome of them of our own country,) who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impoſe upon the uninformed ſtrangery, by ſelling him traſh as the productions of the moſt celebrated artiſts. The Engliſh are more than any other foreigners expoſed to this impoſition. They are ſuppoſed to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of ſnares are laid for them. This opinion of their ſuperior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unneceſſary expence: but, what is ſtill more dangerous, the moment they ſet foot in Italy, they are ſeized with the ambition of becoming connoiſſeurs in painting, muſick, ſtatuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakneſs for their own advantage. I have ſeen in different parts of Italy, a number of raw boys, whom Britain ſeemed to have poured forth on purpoſe to bring her national character into contempt: ignorant, petulant, raſh, and profligate, without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their underſtanding, or ſuperintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gameſter, and is ſtripped perhaps in the very firſt partie: another is poxed and

pillaged

pillaged by an antiquated cantatrice: a third is bled by a knaviſh antiquarian; and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fidlers and pretend to compoſe: but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finiſhed connoiſſeurs and coxcombs, to their own country. The moſt remarkable phenomenon of this kind, which I have ſeen, is a boy of ſeventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auſpices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome, you receive cards from all your country-folk in that city: they expect to have the viſit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home; and you never ſpeak to one another in the ſequel. This is a refinement in hoſpitality and politeneſs, which the Engliſh have invented by the ſtrength of their own genius, without any aſſiſtance either from France, Italy, or Lapland. No Engliſhman above the degree of a painter or cicerone frequents any coffee-houſe at Rome; and as there are no public diverſions, except in carnival-time, the only chance you have for ſeeing your compatriots, is either in viſiting the curioſities, or at a converſazione. The Italians are very ſcrupulous in admitting foreigners, except thoſe who are introduced as people of quality: but if there happens to be any Engliſh lady of faſhion at Rome, ſhe generally keeps an aſſembly, to which the Britiſh ſubjects reſort. In my next, I ſhall communicate, without ceremony or affectation, what further remarks I have made at Rome, without any pretence, however, to the character of a connoiſſeur,

noiſſeur, which, without all doubt, would ſit very aukwardly upon,

Dear Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XXX.

Nice, February 28, 1765.

Dear Sir,

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the eyes of a ſtranger, eſpecially in the heats of ſummer, than the great number of public fountains that appear in every part of Rome, embelliſhed with all the ornaments of ſculpture, and pouring forth prodigious quantities of cool, delicious water, brought in aqueducts from different lakes, rivers, and ſources at a conſiderable diſtance from the city. Theſe works are the remains of the munificence and induſtry of the ancient Romans, who were extremely delicate in the article of water: but, however, great applauſe is alſo due to thoſe beneficent popes who have been at the expence of reſtoring and repairing thoſe noble channels of health, pleaſure, and convenience. This great plenty of water, nevertheleſs, has not induced the Romans to be cleanly. Their ſtreets, and even their palaces, are diſgraced with filth. The noble Piazza Navona, is adorned with three or four fountains, one of which is perhaps the moſt magnificent that Europe can produce, and all of them diſcharge vaſt ſtreams of water: but, notwithſtanding this proviſion, the piazza is almoſt as dirty as Weſt Smithfield, where the cattle are

ſold

ſold in London. The corridores, arcades, and even ſtair-caſes belonging to their moſt elegant palaces, are depoſitories of naſtineſs, and indeed in ſummer ſmell as ſtrong as ſpirit of hartſhorn. I have a great notion that their anceſtors were not much more cleanly. If we conſider that the city aud ſuburbs of Rome, in the reign of Claudius, coutained about ſeven millions of inhabitants, a number equal at leaſt to the ſum total of all the ſouls in England; that great part of ancient Rome was allotted to temples, porticos, baſilicæ, theatres, thermæ, circi, public and private walks and gardens, where very few, if any, of this great number lodged; that by far the greater part of thoſe inhabitants were ſlaves and poor people, who did not enjoy the conveniencies of life; and that the uſe of linen was ſcarce known; we muſt naturally conclude they were ſtrangely crowded together, and that in general they were a very frowzy generation. That they were crowded together, appears from the height of their houſes, which the poet Rutilius compared to towers made for ſcaling heaven. In order to remedy this inconvenience, Auguſtus Cæſar publiſhed a decree, that for the future no houſes ſhould be built above ſeventy feet high, which, at a moderate computation, might make ſix ſtories. But what ſeems to prove, beyond all diſpute, that the ancient Romans were dirty creatures, are theſe two particulars. Veſpaſian laid a tax upon urine and ordure, on pretence of being at a great expence in clearing the ſtreets from ſuch nuiſances; an impoſition which amounted to about fourteen pence a year for every individual; and when Heliogabalus ordered

ed all the cobwebs of the city and ſuburbs to be collected, they were found to weigh ten thouſand pounds. This was intended as a demonſtration of the great number of inhabitants; but it was a proof of their dirt, rather than of their populoſity. I might likewiſe add, the delicate cuſtom of taking vomits at each other's houſes, when they were invited to dinner, or ſupper, that they might prepare their ſtomachs for gormandizing; a beaſtly proof of their naſtineſs as well as gluttony. Horace, in his deſcription of the banquet of Naſidienus, ſays, when the canopy, under which they ſat, fell down, it brought along with it as much dirt as is raiſed by a hard gale of wind in dry weather.

——— "*trahentia pulveris atri,*
Quantum non aquilo Campanis excitat agris."

I might obſerve, that the ſtreets were often encumbered with the putrifying carcaſſes of criminals, who had been dragged through them by the heels, and precipitated from the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or Tarpeian rock, before they were thrown into the Tyber, which was the general receptacle of the *cloaca maxima* and all the filth of Rome: beſides, the bodies of all thoſe who made away with themſelves, without ſufficient cauſe; of ſuch as were condemned for ſacrilege, or killed by thunder, were left unburned and unburied, to rot above ground.

I believe the moderns retain more of the cuſtoms of the ancient Romans, than is generally imagined. When I firſt ſaw the infants at the *enfans trouvés* in Paris, ſo ſwathed with bandages, that the very ſight of them made my eyes

eyes water, I little dreamed, that the preſcription of the ancients could be pleaded for this cuſtom, equally ſhocking and abſurd: but in the Capitol at Rome, I met with the antique ſtatue of a child *emailloté* exactly in the ſame manner; rolled up like an Ægyptian mummy from the feet. The circulation of the blood, in ſuch a caſe, muſt be obſtructed on the whole ſurface of the body; and nothing at liberty but the head which is the only part of the child that ought to be confined. Is it not ſurpriſing that common ſenſe ſhould not point out, even to the moſt ignorant, that thoſe accurſed bandages muſt heat the tender infant into a fever; muſt hinder the action of the muſcles, and the play of the joints, ſo neceſſary to health and nutrition; and that while the refluent blood is obſtructed in the veins, which run on the ſurface of the body, the arteries, which lie deep, without the reach of compreſſion, are continually pouring their contents into the head, where the blood meets with no reſiſtance? The veſſels of the brain are naturally lax, and the very ſutures of the ſkull are yet uncloſed. What are the conſequences of this cruel ſwaddling? the limbs are waſted; the joints grow rickety; the brain is compreſſed, and a hydrocephalus, with a great head and ſore eyes, enſues. I take this abominable practice to be one great cauſe of the bandy legs, diminutive bodies and large heads, ſo frequent in the ſouth of France, and in Italy.

I was no leſs ſurpriſed to find the modern faſhion of curling the hair, borrowed in a great meaſure from the coxcombs and coquettes of antiquity. I ſaw a buſt of Nero in the gallery

at

at Florence, the hair repreſented in rows of buckles, like that of a French petit-maitre, conformable to the picture drawn of him by Suetonius. *Circa cultum adeo pudendum, ut comam ſemper in gradus formatam peregrinatione Achaica, etiam pene verticem ſumpſerit.* I was very ſorry however to find that this foppery came from Greece. As for Otho, he wore a galericulum, or tour, on account of thin hair, *propter raritatem capillorum.* He had no right to imitate the example of Julius Cæſar, who concealed his bald head with a wreath of laurel. But there is a buſt in the Capitol of Julia Pia, the ſecond wife of Septimus Severus, with a moveable peruke, dreſſed exactly in the faſhionable mode, with this difference, that there is no part of it frizzled; nor is there any appearance of pomatum and powder. Theſe improvements the beau-monde have borrowed from the natives of the Cape of Good Hope.

Modern Rome does not cover more than one-third of the ſpace within the walls; and thoſe parts that were moſt frequented of old are now entirely abandoned. From the Capitol to the Coliſeo, including the Forum Romanum and Boarium, there is nothing entire but one or two churches, built with the fragments of ancient edifices. You deſcend from the Capitol between the remaining pillars of two temples, the pedeſtals and part of the ſhafts ſunk in the rubbiſh: then paſſing through the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, you proceed along the foot of Mons Palatinus, which ſtands on your right hand, quite covered with the ruins of the ancient palace belonging to the Roman emperors, and at the foot of it, there are ſome beautiful detached

pillars

pillars ſtill ſtanding. On the left you ſee the remains of the *Templum Pacis*, which ſeems to have been the largeſt and moſt magnificent of all the temples in Rome. It was built and dedicated by the emperor Veſpaſian, who brought into it all the treaſure and precious veſſels which he found in the temple of Jeruſalem. The columns of the portico he removed from Nero's golden houſe, which he levelled with the ground. This temple was likewiſe famous for its library, mentioned by Aulus Gellius. Farther on, is the arch of Conſtantine on the right, a moſt noble piece of architecture, almoſt entire; with the remains of the *Meta Sudans* before it; and fronting you, the noble ruins of that vaſt amphitheatre, called the Coloſſæum, now Colieo, which has been diſmantled and dilapidated by the Gothic popes and princes of modern Rome to build and adorn their paltry palaces. Behind the amphitheatre were the thermæ of the ſame emperor Titus Veſpaſian. In the ſame quarter was the *Circus Maximus*; and the whole ſpace from hence on both ſides, to the walls of Rome, comprehending above twice as much ground as the modern city, is almoſt covered with the monuments of antiquity. I ſuppoſe there is more concealed below ground than appears above. The miſerable houſes and even garden-walls of the peaſants in this diſtrict, are built with theſe precious materials, I mean ſhafts and capitals of marble columns, heads, arms, legs, and mutilated trunks of ſtatues. What pity it is that among all the remains of antiquity, at Rome, there is not one lodging-houſe remaining. I ſhould be glad to know how the ſenators of Rome were lodged. I want

to

to be better informed touching the *cava ædium*, the *focus*, the *ara deorum penatium*, the *conclavia*, *triclinia*, and *cœnationes*; the *atria*, where the women resided, and employed themselves in the woollen manufacture; the *prætoria*, which were so spacious as to become a nuisance in the reign of Augustus; and the *Xysta*, which were shady walks between two porticos, where the men exercised themselves in the winter. I am disgusted by the modern taste of architecture, though I am no judge of the art. The churches and palaces of these days are crowded with petty ornaments, which distract the eye, and, by breaking the design into a variety of little parts, destroy the effect of the whole. Every door and window has its separate ornaments, its moulding, frize, cornice, and tympanum; then there is such an assemblage of useless festoons, pillars, pilasters, with their architraves, entablatures, and I know not what, that nothing great or uniform remains to fill the view; and we in vain look for that simplicity of grandeur, those large masses of light and shadow, and the inexpressible ΕΥΣΥΝΟΠΤΟΝ, which characterise the edifices of the ancients. A great edifice, to have its full effect, ought to be *isolé*, that is, detached from all others, with a large space around it: but the palaces of Rome, and indeed of all the other cities of Italy, which I have seen, are so engaged among other mean houses, that their beauty and magnificence are in a great measure concealed. Even those which face open streets and piazzas are only clear in front. The other apartments are darkened by the vicinity of ordinary houses; and their views are confined by dirty and disagreeable objects. Within the court there is generally a noble colonnade all round, and

an open corridore above: but the ſtairs are uſually narrow, ſteep, and high: the want of ſaſh-windows, the dullneſs of their ſmall glaſs lozenges, the duſty brick floors, and the crimſon hangings laced with gold, contribute to give a gloomy air to their apartments; I might add to theſe cauſes, a number of pictures executed on melancholy ſubjects, antique mutilated ſtatues, buſts, baſſo relievos, urns, and ſepulchral ſtones, with which their rooms are adorned. It muſt be owned, however, there are ſome exceptions to this general rule. The villa of cardinal Alexander Albani is light, gay, and airy; yet the rooms are too ſmall, and too much decorated with carving and gilding, which is a kind of gingerbread work. The apartments of one of the princes Borgheſe are furniſhed in the Engliſh taſte; and in the *palazzo di colonna conneſtabile*, there is a ſaloon, or gallery, which, for the proportions, lights, furniture, and ornaments, is the moſt noble, elegant, and agreeable apartment I ever ſaw.

It is diverting to hear an Italian expatiate upon the greatneſs of modern Rome. He will tell you there are above three hundred palaces in the city; that there is ſcarce a Roman prince, whoſe revenue does not exceed two hundred thouſand crowns; and that Rome produces not only the moſt learned men, but alſo the moſt refined politicians in the univerſe. To one of them talking in this ſtrain, I replied, that inſtead of three hundred palaces, the number did not exceed fourſcore; that I had been informed, on good authority, there were not ſix individuals in Rome who had ſo much as forty thouſand crowns a year, about ten thouſand pound ſterling; and that to ſay their princes were ſo rich, and their politicians ſo refined, was, in effect,

a ſevere

a ſevere ſatire upon them, for not employing their wealth and their talents for the advantage of their country. I aſked why their cardinals and princes did not invite and encourage induſtrious people to ſettle and cultivate the Campania of Rome, which is a deſert? why they did not raiſe a ſubſcription to drain the marſhes in the neighbourhood of the city, and thus meliorate the air, which is rendered extremely unwholſome in the ſummer, by putrid exhalations from thoſe moraſſes? I demanded of them, why they did not contribute their wealth, and exert their political refinements, in augmenting their forces by ſea and land, for the defence of their country, introducing commerce and manufactures, and in giving ſome conſequence to their ſtate, which was no more than a mite in the political ſcale of Europe? I expreſſed a deſire to know what became of all thoſe ſums of money, inaſmuch as there was hardly any circulation of gold and ſilver in Rome, and the very bankers, on whom ſtrangers have their credit, make intereſt to pay their tradeſmen's bills with paper notes of the bank of Spirito Santo? And now I am upon this ſubject, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that I was ſtrangely miſled by all the books I conſulted about the current coin of Italy. In Tuſcany, and the Eccleſiaſtical State, one ſees nothing but zequines in gold, and pieces of two paoli, one paolo, and half a paolo, in ſilver. Beſides theſe, there is a copper coin at Rome, called bajocco and mezzo bajocco. Ten bajocchi make a ſcudo, which is an imaginary piece: two ſcudi make a zequine; and a French louisd'ore is worth about two zequines.

Rome has nothing to fear from the catholic powers, who reſpect it with a ſuperſtitious vene-

ration as the metropolitan ſeat of their religion: but the popes will do well to avoid miſunderſtandings with the maritime proteſtant ſtates, eſpecially the Engliſh, who being maſters of the Mediterranean, and in poſſeſſion of Minorca, have it in their power at all times, to land a body of troops within four leagues of Rome, and to take the city without oppoſition. Rome is ſurrounded with an old wall, but altogether incapable of defence. Or if it was, the circuit of the wall is ſo extenſive, that it would require a garriſon of twenty thouſand men. The only appearance of a fortification in this city, is the caſtle of St. Angelo, ſituated on the further bank of the Tyber, to which there is acceſs by a handſome bridge: but this caſtle, which was formerly the *moles Adriani*, could not hold out half a day againſt a battery of ten pieces of cannon properly directed. It was an expedient left to the invention of the modern Romans, to convert an ancient tomb into a citadel. It could only ſerve as a temporary retreat for the pope in times of popular commotion, and on other ſudden emergencies; as it happened in the caſe of pope Clement VII. when the troops of the emperor took the city by aſſault; and this only, while he reſided at the Vatican, from whence there is a covered gallery continued to the caſtle: it can never ſerve this purpoſe again, while the pontiff lives on Monte Cavallo, which is at the other end of the city. The caſtle of St. Angelo, howſoever ridiculous as a fortreſs, appears reſpectable as a noble monument of antiquity, and though ſtanding in a low ſituation, is one of the firſt objects that ſtrike the eye of a ſtranger approaching Rome. On the oppoſite ſide of the river, are the wretched remains of the Mauſoleum

leum Auguſti, which was ſtill more magnificent. Part of the walls is ſtanding, and the terraces are converted into garden-ground. In viewing theſe ruins, I remembered Virgil's pathetic deſcription of Marcellus, who was here entombed.

Quantos ille virum, magnum Mavortis ad urbem,
Campus aget gemitus, vel quæ Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præter labere recentem.

The beautiful poem of Ovid *de Conſolatione ad Liviam*, written after the aſhes of Auguſtus and his nephew Marcellus, of Germanicus, Agrippa, and Druſus, were depoſited in this mauſoleum, concludes with theſe lines, which are extremely tender:

Claudite jam Parcæ nimium reſerata ſepulchra;
Claudite, plus juſto, jam domus iſta patet!

What the author ſaid of the monument, you will be tempted to ſay of this letter, which I ſhall therefore cloſe in the old ſtile, aſſuring you that I ever am,

Yours moſt affectionately.

LETTER XXXI.

Nice, March 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IN my laſt I gave you my opinion freely of the modern palaces of Italy. I ſhall now hazard my thoughts upon the gardens of this country, which the inhabitants extol with all the hyperboles

of admiration and applauſe. I muſt acknowledge however, I have not ſeen the famous villas at Fraſcati and Tivoli, which are celebrated for their gardens and water-works. I intended to viſit theſe places; but was prevented by an unexpected change of weather, which deterred me from going to the country. On the laſt day of September, the mountains of Paleſtrina were covered with ſnow; and the air became ſo cold at Rome, that I was forced to put on my winter clothes. This objection continued, till I found it neceſſary to ſet out on my return to Florence. But I have ſeen the gardens of the *Poggio Imperiale*, and the *Palazzo di Pitti* at Florence, and thoſe of the Vatican, of the pope's palace on Monte Cavallo, of the Villa Ludoviſia, Medicea, and Pinciana, at Rome; ſo that I think I have ſome right to judge of the Italian taſte in gardening. Among thoſe I have mentioned, that of the Villa Pinciana is the moſt remarkable, and the moſt extenſive, including a ſpace of three miles in circuit, hard by the walls of Rome, containing a variety of ſituations high and low, which favour all the natural embelliſhments one would expect to meet with in a garden, and exhibit a diverſity of noble views of the city and adjacent country.

In a fine extenſive garden or park, an Engliſhman expects to ſee a number of groves and glades, intermixed with an agreeable negligence, which ſeems to be the effect of nature and accident. He looks for ſhady walks encruſted with gravel; for open lawns covered with verdure as ſmooth as velvet, but much more lively and agreeable; for ponds, canals, baſins, caſcades and running ſtreams of water; for clumps of trees, woods, and wilderneſſes, cut into delightful alleys, perfumed with honey-

honey-ſuckle and ſweet briar, and reſounding with the mingled melody of all the ſinging birds of heaven: he looks for plats of flowers in different parts to refreſh the ſenſe, and pleaſe the fancy: for arbours, grottos, hermitages, temples, and alcoves, to ſhelter him from the ſun, and afford him means of contemplation and repoſe; and he expects to find the hedges, groves, and walks, and lawns kept with the utmoſt order and propriety. He who loves the beauties of ſimple nature, and the charms of neatneſs, will ſeek for them in vain amidſt the groves of Italy. In the garden of the Villa Pinciana, there is a plantation of four hundred pines, or rather firs, which the Italians view with rapture and admiration: there is likewiſe a long walk, of trees extending from the garden-gate to the palace; and plenty of ſhade, with alleys and hedges in different parts of the ground: but the groves are neglected; the walks are laid with nothing but common mould or ſand, black and duſty; the hedges are tall, thin, and ſhabby; the trees ſtunted; the open ground, brown and parched, has ſcarce any appearance of verdure. The flat, regular alleys of evergreens are cut into fantaſtic figures; the flower gardens embelliſhed with thin cyphers and flouriſhed figures in box, while the flowers grow in rows of earthen-pots, and the ground appears as duſky as if it was covered with the cinders of a blackſmith's forge. The water, of which there is great plenty, inſtead of being collected in large pieces, or conveyed in little rivulets and ſtreams to refreſh the thirſty ſoil, or managed ſo as to form agreeable caſcades, is ſquirted from fountains in different parts of the garden, through tubes little bigger than common glyſter-pipes. It muſt be owned,

indeed, that the fountains have their merit in the way of ſculpture and architecture; and that here is a great number of ſtatues which merit attention: but they ſerve only to encumber the ground, and deſtroy that effect of rural ſimplicity, which our gardens are deſigned to produce. In a word, here we ſee a variety of walks and groves and fountains, a wood of four hundred pines, a paddock with a few meagre deer, a flower-garden, an aviary, a grotto, and a fiſh-pond; and in ſpite of all theſe particulars, it is, in my opinion, a very contemptible garden, when compared to that of Stowe in Buckinghamſhire, or even to thoſe of Kenſington and Richmond. The Italians underſtand, becauſe they ſtudy, the excellencies of art; but they have no idea of the beauties of nature. This Villa Pinciana, which belongs to the Borgheſe family, would make a complete academy for painting and ſculpture, eſpecially for the ſtudy of ancient marbles; for, excluſive of the ſtatues and buſts in the garden, and the vaſt collection in the different apartments, almoſt the whole outſide of the houſe is covered with curious pieces in baſſo and alto relievo. The moſt maſterly is that of Curtius on horſeback, leaping into the gulph or opening of the earth, which is ſaid to have cloſed on receiving this ſacrifice. Among the exhibitions of art within the houſe, I was much ſtruck with a Bacchus, and the death of Meleager, repreſented on an ancient ſepulchre. There is alſo an admirable ſtatue of Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms; a moſt beautiful gladiator; a curious Moor of black marble, with a ſhirt of white alabaſter; a finely proportioned bull of black marble alſo, ſtanding upon a table of alabaſter; a black gipſey with a head, hands, and feet of braſs; and the famous

famous hermaphrodite, which vies with that of Florence: though the moſt curious circumſtance of this article, is the mattraſs executed and placed by Bernini, with ſuch art and dexterity, that to the view, it rivals the ſoftneſs of wool, and ſeems to retain the marks of preſſure, according to the figure of the ſuperincumbent ſtatue. Let us likewiſe own, for the honour of the moderns, that the ſame artiſt has produced two fine ſtatues, which we find among the ornaments of this villa, namely, a David with his ſling in the attitude of throwing the ſtone at the giant Goliah; and a Daphne changing into laurel at the approach of Apollo. On the baſe of this figure, are the two following elegant lines, written by pope Urban VIII. in his younger years.

Quiſquis amans ſequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.

I ought not to forget two exquiſite antique ſtatues of Venus, the weeping ſlave, and the youth pulling a thorn out of his foot.

I do not pretend to give a methodical detail of the curioſities of Rome: they have been already deſcribed by different authors, who were much better qualified than I am for the taſk: but you ſhall have what obſervations I made on the moſt remarkable objects, without method, juſt as they occur to my remembrance; and I proteſt the remarks are all my own: ſo that if they deſerve any commendation, I claim all the merit; and if they are impertinent, I muſt be contented to bear all the blame.

The piazza of St. Peter's church is altogether ſublime. The double colonnade on each ſide ex-

tending in a ſemi-circular ſweep, the ſtupendous Ægyptian obeliſk, the two fountains, the portico, and the admirable façade of the church, form ſuch an aſſemblage of magnificent objects, as cannot fail to impreſs the mind with awe and admiration: but the church would have produced a ſtill greater effect, had it been detached entirely from the buildings of the Vatican. It would then have been a maſter-piece of architecture, complete in all its parts, entire and perfect: whereas, at preſent, it is no more than a beautiful member attached to a vaſt undigeſted and irregular pile of building. As to the architecture of this famous temple, I ſhall ſay nothing; neither do I pretend to deſcribe the internal ornaments. The great picture of Moſaic work, and that of St. Peter's bark toſſed by the tempeſt, which appear over the gate of the church, though rude in compariſon with modern pieces, are nevertheleſs great curioſities, when conſidered as the work of Giotto, who flouriſhed in the beginning of the fourteenth century. His maſter was Cimabue, who learned painting and architecture of the Grecian artiſts, who came from Conſtantinople, and firſt revived theſe arts in Italy. But, to return to St. Peter's, I was not at all pleaſed with the famous ſtatue of the dead Chriſt in his Mother's lap, by Michael Angelo. The figure of Chriſt is as much emaciated, as if he had died of a conſumption: beſides, there is ſomething indelicate, not to ſay indecent, in the attitude and deſign of a man's body, ſtark naked, lying upon the knees of a woman. Here are ſome good pictures, I ſhould rather ſay copies of good pictures, done in Moſaic to great perfection; partitularly a St. Sebaſtian by Domenichino, and Michael the Archangel, from a painting of Guido Rheni.

Rheni. I am extremely fond of all this artiſt's pieces. There is a tenderneſs and delicacy in his manner; and his figures are all exquiſitely beautiful, though his expreſſion is often erroneous, and his attitudes are always affected and unnatural. In this very piece the archangel has all the air of a French dancing-maſter; and I have ſeen a Madonna by the ſame hand, I think it is in the Palazzo di Barberini, in which, though the figures are enchanting, the Virgin is repreſented holding up the drapery of the Infant, with the ridiculous affectation of a ſinger on the ſtage of our Italian opera. The Moſaic work, though brought to a wonderful degree of improvement, and admirably calculated for churches, the dampneſs of which is pernicious to the colours of the pallet, I will not yet compare to the productions of the pencil. The glaſſyneſs (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) of the ſurface, throws, in my opinion, a falſe light on ſome parts of the picture; and when you approach it, the joinings of the pieces look like ſo many cracks on painted canvas. Beſides, this method is extremely tedious and expenſive. I went to ſee the artiſts at work in a houſe that ſtands near the church, where I was much pleaſed with the ingenuity of the proceſs; and not a little ſurprized at the great number of different colours and tints, which are kept in ſeparate drawers, marked with numbers as far as ſeventeen thouſand. For a ſingle head done in Moſaic, they aſked me fifty zequines. But to return to the church. The altar of St. Peter's choir, notwithſtanding all the ornaments which have been laviſhed upon it, is no more than a heap of puerile finery, better adapted to an Indian pagod, than to a temple built upon the principles of the Greek architecture.

ture. The four coloſſal figures that ſupport the chair, are both clumſy and diſproportioned. The drapery of ſtatues, whether in braſs or ſtone, when thrown into large maſſes, appears hard and unpleaſant to the eye; and for that reaſon the ancients always imitated wet linen, which exhibiting the ſhape of the limbs underneath, and hanging in a multiplicity of wet folds, gives an air of lightneſs, ſoftneſs, and ductility to the whole.

Theſe two ſtatues weigh 116257 pounds, and as they ſuſtain nothing but a chair, are out of all proportion, inaſmuch as the ſupporters ought to be ſuitable to the things ſupported. Here are four giants holding up the old wooden chair of the apoſtle Peter, if we may believe the book *De Identitate Cathedræ Romanæ*. The implements of popiſh ſuperſtition, ſuch as relicks of pretended ſaints, ill proportioned ſpires and bellfreys, and the nauſeous repetition of the figure of the croſs, which is in itſelf a very mean and diſagreeable object, only fit for the priſons of condemned criminals, have contributed to introduce a vitious taſte into the external architecture, as well as in the internal ornaments of our temples. All churches are built in the figure of a croſs, which effectually prevents the eye from taking in the ſcope of the building, either without ſide or within; conſequently robs the edifice of its proper effect. The palace of the Eſcurial in Spain is laid out in the ſhape of a gridiron, becauſe the convent was built in conſequence of a vow to St. Laurence, who was broiled to death like a barbecued pig. What pity it is, that the labours of painting ſhould have been ſo much employed on the ſhocking ſubjects of the martyrology. Beſides numberleſs pictures of the flagellation, crucifixion,

fixion, and deſcent from the croſs, we have Judith with the head of Holofernes, Herodias with the head of John the Baptiſt, Jael aſſaſſinating Siſera in his ſleep, Peter writhing on the croſs, Stephen battered with ſtones, Sebaſtian ſtuck full of arrows, Laurence frying upon the coals, Bartholomew flay'd alive, and a hundred other pictures equally frightful, which can only ſerve to fill the mind with gloomy ideas, and encourage a ſpirit of religious fanaticiſm, which has always been attended with miſchievous conſequences to the community where it reigned.

The tribune of the great altar, conſiſting of four wreathed braſs pillars, gilt, ſupporting a canopy, is doubtleſs very magnificent, if not overcharged with ſculpture, fluting, foliage, feſtoons, and figures of boys and angels, which, with the hundred and twenty two lamps of ſilver, continually burning below, ſerve rather to dazzle the eyes, and kindle the devotion of the ignorant vulgar, than to excite the admiration of a judicious obſerver.

There is nothing, I believe, in this famous ſtructure, ſo worthy of applauſe, as the admirable ſymmetry and proportion of its parts. Notwithſtanding all the carving, gilding, baſſo relievos, medallions, urns, ſtatues, columns, and pictures with which it abounds, it does not, on the whole, appear over-crowded with ornaments. When you firſt enter, your eye is filled ſo equally and regularly, that nothing appears ſtupendous; and the church ſeems conſiderably ſmaller than it really is. The ſtatues of children, that ſupport the founts of holy water, when obſerved from the door, ſeem to be of the natural ſize; but as you draw near, you perceive they are gigantic. In

the

the ſame manner, the figures of the doves, with olive branches in their beaks, which are repreſented on the wall, appear to be within your reach; but as you approach them, they recede to a conſiderable height, as if they had flown upwards to avoid being taken.

I was much diſappointed at ſight of the Pantheon, which, after all that has been ſaid of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top. The portico which Agrippa added to the building, is undoubtedly very noble, though, in my opinion, it correſponds but ill with the ſimplicity of the edifice. With all my veneration for the ancients, I cannot ſee in what the beauty of the rotunda conſiſts. It is no more than a plain unpierced cylinder, or circular wall, with two fillets and a cornice, having a vaulted roof or cupola, open in the centre. I mean the original building, without conſidering the veſtibule of Agrippa. Within ſide it has much the air of a mauſoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, ſuggeſted the thought to Boniface IV. to tranſport hither eight and twenty cart-loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the bleſſed Virgin and all the holy martyrs. I am not one of thoſe who think it is well lighted by the hole at the top, which is about nine and twenty feet in diameter, although the author of the Grand Tour calls it but nine. The ſame author ſays, there is a deſcent of eleven ſteps to go into it; that it is a hundred and forty-four feet in height, and as many in breadth; that it was covered with copper, which, with the braſs nails of the portico, pope Urban VIII. took away, and converted into the four wreathed pillars that ſupport the canopy of the

the high altar in the church of St. Peter, &c. The truth is, before the time of pope Alexander VII. the earth was so raised as to cover part of the temple, and there was a descent of some steps into the porch: but that pontiff ordered the ground to be pared away to the very pedestal or base of the portico, which is now even with the street, so that there is no descent whatsoever. The height is two hundred palmi, and the breadth two hundred and eighteen; which, reckoning the palmi at nine inches, will bring the height to one hundred and fifty, and the breadth to one hundred and sixty three feet six inches. It was not any covering of copper which pope Urban VIII. removed, but large brass beams, which supported the roof of the portico. They weighed 186392 pounds; and afforded metal enough, not only for the pillars in St. Peter's church, but also for several pieces of artillery. What is more extraordinary, the gilding of those columns is said to have cost forty thousand golden crowns: sure money was never worse laid out. Urban VIII. likewise added two bellfrey towers to the rotunda; and I wonder he did not cover the central hole with glass, as it must be very inconvenient and disagreeable to those who go to church below, to be exposed to the rain in wet weather, which must also render it very damp and unwholesome. I visited it several times, and each time it looked more and more gloomy and sepulchral.

The magnificence of the Romans was not so conspicuous in their temples, as in their theatres, amphitheatres, circusses, naumachia, aqueducts, triumphal arches, porticoes, basilicæ, but especially their thermæ, or bathing-places. A great number of their temples were small and inconsiderable;

ſiderable; not one of them was comparable either for ſize or magnificence, to the modern church of St. Peter of the Vatican. The famous temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was neither half ſo long, nor half ſo broad: it was but two hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-five in breadth; whereas the length of St. Peter's extends to ſix hundred and thirty-eight feet, and the breadth to above five hundred. It is very near twice as large as the temple of Jupiter Olympius in Greece, which was counted one of the ſeven wonders of the world. But I ſhall take another opportunity to explain myſelf further on the antiquities of this city; a ſubject, upon which I am diſpoſed to be (perhaps impertinently) circumſtantial. When I begin to run riot, you ſhould check me with the freedom of a friend. The moſt diſtant hint will be ſufficient to,

Dear Sir,

Yours aſſuredly.

LETTER XXXII.

Nice, March 10, 1765.

Dear Sir,

THE Coloſſeum or amphitheatre, built by Flavius Veſpaſian, is the moſt ſtupendous work of the kind which antiquity can produce. Near one half of the external circuit ſtill remains, conſiſting of four tire of arcades, adorned with columns of four orders, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Compoſite. The height and extent of it may be gueſſed from the number of ſpecta-

tors

tors it contained, amounting to one hundred thousand; and yet, according to Fontana's menſuration, it could not contain above thirty-four thouſand perſons ſitting, allowing a foot and an half for each perſon: for the circuit of the whole building did not exceed one thouſand five hundred and ſixty feet. The amphitheatre at Verona is one thouſand two hundred and ninety feet in circumference; and that of Niſmes, one thouſand and eighty. The Coloſſæum was built by Veſpaſian, who employed thirty thouſand Jewiſh ſlaves in the work; but finiſhed and dedicated by his ſon Titus, who, on the firſt day of its being opened, produced fifty thouſand wild beaſts, which were all killed in the Arena. The Romans were undoubtedly a barbarous people, who delighted in horrible ſpectacles. They viewed with pleaſure the dead bodies of criminals dragged through the ſtreets, or thrown down the Scalæ Gemoniæ and Tarpeian rock, for their contemplation. Their roſtra were generally adorned with the heads of ſome remarkable citizens, like Temple-Bar, at London. They even bore the ſight of Tully's head fixed upon that very roſtrum where he had ſo often raviſhed their ears with all the charms of eloquence, in pleading the cauſe of innocence and public virtue. They took delight in ſeeing their fellow creatures torn in pieces by wild beaſts, in the amphitheatre. They ſhouted with applauſe when they ſaw a poor dwarf or ſlave killed by his adverſary; but their tranſports were altogether extravagant, when the devoted captives were obliged to fight in troops, till one ſide was entirely butchered by the other. Nero produced four hundred ſenators, and ſix hundred of the equeſtrian order, as gladiators in

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the public arena: even the women fought with wild beasts, as well as with each other, and drenched the amphitheatres with their blood. Tacitus says, "*Sed fœminarum illustrium, senatorumque filiorum plures per arenam fœdati sunt.*" The execrable custom of sacrificing captives or slaves at the tombs of their masters and great men, which is still preserved among the negroes of Africa, obtained also among the ancient Greeks as well as Romans. I could never, without horror and indignation, read that passage in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, which describes twelve valiant Trojan captives sacrificed by the inhuman Achilles at the tomb of his friend Patroclus.

Δώδεκα μεν Τρώων μεγαθυμων υἱας ἐσθλὰς
Τὰς ἅμα οἱ πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει.

It is not at all clear to me, that a people is the more brave, the more they are accustomed to bloodshed in their public entertainments. True bravery is not savage; but humane. Some of this sanguinary spirit is inherited by the inhabitants of a certain island that shall be nameless — but, mum for that. You will naturally suppose that the Coliseo was ruined by the barbarians who sacked the city of Rome: in effect, they robbed it of its ornaments and valuable materials; but it was reserved for the Goths and Vandals of modern Rome, to dismantle the edifice, and reduce it to its present ruinous condition. One part of it was demolished by Pope Paul II. that he might employ the stones of it in building the palace of St. Mark. It was afterwards dilapidated for the same purposes, by the cardinals Riarius and Farnese, which last assumed the tiara under the

the name of Paul III. Notwithſtanding theſe injuries, there is enough ſtanding to convey a very ſublime idea of ancient magnificence.

The Circi and Naumachia, if conſidered as buildings and artificial baſins, are admirable; but if examined as areæ intended for horſe and chariot-races, and artificial ſeas for exhibiting naval engagements, they ſeem to prove that the ancient Romans were but indifferently ſkilled and exerciſed either in horſemanſhip or naval armaments. The incloſure of the emperor Caracalla's circus is ſtill ſtanding, and ſcarce affords breathing room for an Engliſh hunter. The Circus Maximus, by far the largeſt in Rome, was not ſo long as the Mall; and I will venture to affirm, that St. James's Park would make a much more ample and convenient ſcene for thoſe diverſions. I imagine an old Roman would be very much ſurpriſed to ſee an Engliſh race on the courſe at New-Market. The Circus Maximus was but three hundred yards in breadth. A good part of this was taken up by the ſpina, or middle ſpace, adorned with temples, ſtatues, and two great obeliſks; as well as by the euripus, or canal, made by order of Julius Cæſar, to contain crocodiles, and other aquatic animals, which were killed occaſionally. This was ſo large, that Heliogabalus, having filled it with excellent wine, exhibited naval engagements in it, for the amuſement of the people. It ſurrounded three ſides of the ſquare, ſo that the whole extent of the race did not much exceed an Engliſh mile; and when Probus was at the expence of filling the plain of it with fir-trees to form a wood for the chaſe of wild beaſts, I queſtion much if this foreſt was more extenſive than the plantation

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in St. James's Park, on the South ſide of the canal: now I leave you to judge what ridicule a king of England would incur by converting this part of the park into a chaſe for any ſpecies of animals which are counted game in our country.

The Roman emperors ſeemed more diſpoſed to elevate and ſurpriſe, than to conduct the public diverſions according to the rules of reaſon and propriety. One would imagine, it was with this view they inſtituted their naumachia, or naval engagements, performed by half a dozen ſmall gallies of a ſide, in an artificial baſin of freſh water. Theſe gallies, I ſuppoſe, were not ſo large as common fiſhing-ſmacks, for they were moved by two, three, and four oars of a ſide, according to their different rates, biremes, triremes, and quadriremes. I know this is a knotty point not yet determined; and that ſome antiquarians believe the Roman gallies had different tires or decks of oars; but this is a notion very ill ſupported, and quite contrary to all the figures of them that are preſerved on the ancient coins and medals. Suetonius, in the reign of Domitian, ſpeaking of theſe naumachia, ſays, "*Edidit navales pugnas, pene juſtarum claſſium, effoſo, et circumducto juxta Tyberim Lacu, atque inter maximas imbres proſpectavit.*" This artificial lake was not larger than the piece of water in Hyde-Park; and yet the hiſtorian ſays, it was almoſt large enough for real or entire fleets. How would it ſound in the ears of a Britiſh ſailor, an advertiſement that a mock engagement between two ſquadrons of men of war would be exhibited on ſuch a day in the Serpentine river? or that the ſhips of the line taken from the enemy, would be carried in proceſſion from Hyde-Park-Corner to Tower-wharf?

Certain

Certain it is, Lucullus, in one of his triumphs, had one hundred and ten ships of war (*naves longæ*) carried through the streets of Rome. Nothing can give a more contemptible idea of their naval power, than this testimony of their historians, who declare that their seamen or mariners were formed by exercising small row-boats in an inclosed pool of fresh water. Had they not the sea within a few miles of them, and the river Tyber running through their capital! even this would have been much more proper for exercising their watermen, than a pond of still-water, not much larger than a cold-bath. I do believe in my conscience that half a dozen English frigates would have been able to defeat both the contending fleets at the famous battle of Actium, which has been so much celebrated in the annals of antiquity, as an event that decided the fate of the empire.

It would employ me a whole month to describe the thermæ or baths, the vast ruins of which are still to be seen within the walls of Rome, like the remains of so many separate citadels. The thermæ Diocletianæ might be termed an august academy for the use and instruction of the Roman people. The pinacotheca of this building was a complete museum of all the curiosities of art and nature; and there were public schools for all the sciences. If I may judge by my eye, however, the thermæ Antonianæ built by Caracalla, were still more extensive and magnificent; they contained cells sufficient for two thousand three hundred persons to bathe at one time, without being seen by one another. They were adorned with all the charms of painting, architecture, and sculpture. The pipes for conveying the water were of silver. Many of the

lavacra

lavacra were of precious marble, illuminated by lamps of cryſtal. Among the ſtatues, were found the famous Toro, and Hercole Farneſe.

Bathing was certainly neceſſary to health and cleanlineſs in a hot country like Italy, eſpecially before the uſe of linen was known: but theſe purpoſes would have been much better anſwered by plunging into the Tyber, than by uſing the warm bath in the thermæ, which became altogether a point of luxury borrowed from the effeminate Aſiatics, and tended to debilitate the fibres already too much relaxed by the heat of the climate. True it is, they had baths of cool water for the ſummer: but in general they uſed it milk-warm, and often perfumed: they likewiſe indulged in vapour-baths, in order to enjoy a pleaſing relaxation, which they likewiſe improved with odoriferous ointments. The thermæ conſiſted of a great variety of parts and conveniences; the natationes, or ſwimming-places; the portici, where people amuſed themſelves in walking, converſing, and diſputing together, as Cicero ſays, *In porticibus deambulantes diſputabant*; the baſilicæ, where the bathers aſſembled, before they entered, and after they came out of the bath; the atria, or ample courts, adorned with noble colonnades of Numidian marble and oriental granite; the ephibia, where the young men inured themſelves to wreſtling and other exerciſes; the frigidaria, or places kept cool by a conſtant draught of air, promoted by the diſpoſition and number of the windows; the calidaria, where the water was warmed for the baths; the platanones, or delightful groves of ſycamore; the ſtadia, for the performances of the athletæ; the exedræ, or reſting places, provided with ſeats

for

for thoſe that were weary; the paleſtræ, where every one choſe that exerciſe which pleaſed him beſt; the gymnaſia, where poets, orators, and philoſophers recited their works, and harangued for diverſion; the eleoteſia, where the fragrant oils and ointments were kept for the uſe of the bathers; and the coniſteria, where the wreſtlers were ſmeared with ſand before they engaged. Of the thermæ in Rome, ſome were mercenary, and ſome opened gratis. Marcus Agrippa, when he was edile, opened one hundred and ſeventy private baths, for the uſe of the people. In the public baths, where money was taken, each perſon paid a quadrans, about the value of our halfpenny, as Juvenal obſerves,

"*Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.*"

But, after the hour of bathing was paſt, it ſometimes coſt a great deal more, according to Martial,

"*Balnea poſt decimam, laſſo centumque petuntur*
Quadrantes ——————"

Though there was no diſtinction in the places, between the firſt patrician and the loweſt plebeian, yet the nobility uſed their own ſilver and gold plate, for waſhing, eating, and drinking in the bath, together with towels of the fineſt linen. They likewiſe made uſe of the inſtrument called ſtrigil, which was a kind of fleſh-bruſh; a cuſtom to which Perſius alludes in this line,

"*I puer, et ſtrigiles Criſpini ad balnea defer.*"

The common people contented themſelves with ſponges.

ſponges. The bathing time was from noon till the evening, when the Romans ate their principal meal. Notice was given by a bell, or ſome ſuch inſtrument, when the baths were opened, as we learn from Juvenal,

"Redde pilum, ſonat Æſthe marum, ludere pergis?
Virgine vis ſola lotus abire domum."

There were ſeparate places for the two ſexes; and indeed there were baths opened for the uſe of women only, at the expence of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and ſome other matrons of the firſt quality. The uſe of bathing was become ſo habitual to the conſtitutions of the Romans, that Galen, in his book *De Sanitate tuenda*, mentions a certain philoſopher, who, if he intermitted but one day in his bathing, was certainly attacked with a fever. In order to preſerve decorum in the baths, a ſet of laws and regulations were publiſhed, and the thermæ were put under the inſpection of a cenſor, who was generally one of the firſt ſenators in Rome. Agrippa left his gardens and baths, which ſtood near the Pantheon, to the Roman people: among the ſtatues that adorned them was that of a youth naked as going into the bath, ſo elegantly formed by the hand of Lyſippus, that Tiberius, being ſtruck with the beauty of it, ordered it to be transferred into his own palace: but the populace raiſed ſuch a clamour againſt him, that he was fain to have it reconveyed to its former place. Theſe noble baths were reſtored by Adrian, as we read in Spartian; but at preſent no part of them remains.

With

With reſpect to the preſent ſtate of the old aqueducts, I can give you very little ſatisfaction. I only ſaw the ruins of that which conveyed the aqua Claudia, near the Porta Maggiore, and the Piazza of the Lateran. You know there were fourteen of thoſe ancient aqueducts, ſome of which brought water to Rome from the diſtance of forty miles. The channels of them were large enough to admit a man armed on horſeback; and therefore when Rome was beſieged by the Goths, who had cut off the water, Belisarius fortified them with works to prevent the enemy from entering the city by thoſe conveyances. After that period, I ſuppoſe the ancient aqueducts continued dry, and were ſuffered to run to ruins. Without all doubt, the Romans were greatly obliged to thoſe benefactors, who raiſed ſuch ſtupendous works for the benefit, as well as the embelliſhment of their city: but it might have been ſupplied with the ſame water through pipes at one hundredth part of the expence; and in that caſe the enemy would not have found it ſuch an eaſy matter to cut it off. Thoſe popes who have provided the modern city ſo plentifully with excellent water, are much to be commended for the care and expence they have beſtowed in reſtoring the ſtreams called aqua Virgine, aqua Felici, and aqua Paolina, which afford ſuch abundance of water as would plentifully ſupply a much larger city than modern Rome.

It is no wonder that M. Agrippa, the ſon in-law, friend, and favourite of Auguſtus, ſhould at the ſame time have been the idol of the people, conſidering how ſurpriſingly he exerted himſelf for the emolument, convenience, and

pleaſure of his fellow-citizens. It was he who firſt conducted this aqua Virgine to Rome: he formed ſeven hundred reſervoirs in the city; erected one hundred and five fountains; one hundred and thirty *caſtella*, or conduits, which works he adorned with three hundred ſtatues, and four hundred pillars of marble, in the ſpace of one year. He alſo brought into Rome, the aqua Julia, and reſtored the aqueduct of the aqua Marzia, which had fallen to decay. I have already obſerved the great number of baths which he opened for the people, and the magnificent thermæ, with ſpacious gardens, which he bequeathed to them as a legacy. But theſe benefactions, great and munificent as they ſeem to be, were not the moſt important ſervices he performed for the city of Rome. The common-ſewers were firſt made by order of Tarquinius Priſcus, not ſo much with a view to cleanlineſs, as by way of ſubterranean drains to the Velabrum, which was marſhy, and in order to carry off the ſtagnant water, which remained in the lower parts, after heavy rains. The different branches of theſe channels united at the Forum, from whence by the cloaca Maxima, their contents were conveyed into the Tyber. This great cloaca was the work of Tarquinius Superbus. Other ſewers were added by Marcus Cato, and Valerius Flaccus, the cenſors. All theſe drains having been choaked up and ruinous, were cleared and reſtored by Marcus Agrippa, who likewiſe undermined the whole city with canals of the ſame kind, for carrying off the filth; he ſtrengthened and enlarged the cloaca maxima, ſo as to make it capable of receiving a large cart loaded with hay;

and

and directed ſeven ſtreams of water into theſe ſubterranean paſſages, in order to keep them always clean and open. If, notwithſtanding all theſe conveniencies, Veſpaſian was put to great expence in removing the ordure from the public ſtreets, we have certainly a right to conclude that the ancient Romans were not more cleanly than the modern Italians.

After the mauſolea of Auguſtus, and Adrian, which I have already mentioned, the moſt remarkable ancient ſepulchres at Rome, are thoſe of Caius Ceſtius, and Cecilia Metella. The firſt, which ſtands by the Porta di S. Paolo, is a beautiful pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet high, ſtill preſerved entire, having a vaulted chamber within-ſide, adorned with ſome ancient painting, which is now almoſt effaced. The building is of brick, but caſed with marble. This Caius Ceſtius had been conſul, was very rich, and acted as one of the ſeven *Epulones*, who ſuperintended the feaſts of the gods, called *Lectiſternia*, and *Pervigilia*. He bequeathed his whole fortune to his friend M. Agrippa, who was ſo generous as to give it up to the relations of the teſtator. The monument of Cecilia Metella, commonly called *Capo di Bove*, is without the walls on the Via Appia. This lady was daughter of Metellus Creticus, and wife to Craſſus, who erected this noble monument to her memory. It conſiſted of two orders, or ſtories, the firſt of which was a ſquare of hewn ſtone: the ſecond was a circular tower, having a cornice, adorned with ox heads in baſſo relievo, a circumſtance from which it takes the name of *Capo di Bove*. The ox was ſuppoſed to be a moſt grateful ſacri-

fice to the gods. Pliny, ſpeaking of bulls and oxen, ſays.

"Hinc victimæ optimæ et laudatiſſima deorum placatio."

This tower was ſurmounted by a noble cupola or dome, enriched with all the ornaments of architecture. The door of the building was of braſs; and within-ſide the aſhes of Cecilia were depoſited in a fluted marble urn, of curious workmanſhip, which is ſtill kept in the Palazzo Farneſe. At preſent the ſurface of the ground is raiſed ſo much as to cover the firſt order of the edifice: what we ſee is no more than the round tower, without the dome and its ornaments; and the following inſcription ſtill remains near the top, facing the Via Appia.

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI.

Now we are talking of ſepulchral inſcriptions, I ſhall conclude this letter with the copy of a very ſingular will, made by Favonius Jocundus, who died in Portugal, by which will the preciſe ſituation of the famous temple of Sylvanus is aſcertained.

"Jocundi.

Ego Gallus Favonius Jocundus P. Favoni F. qui bello contra Viriatum Succubui, Jocundum et Prudentem filios, e me et Quintia Fabia conjuge mea ortos, et Bonorum Jocundi Patris mei, et eorum, quæ mihi

mihi ipsi acquisivi hæredes relinquo; hac tamen conditione, ut ab urbe Romana huc veniant, et ossa hic mea, intra quinquennium exportent, et via Latina condant in sepulchro, jussu meo condito, et mea voluntate; in quo velim neminem mecum, neque servum, neque libertum inferi; et velim ossa quorumcunque sepulchro statim meo eruantur, et jura Romanorum serventur, in sepulchris ritu majorum retinendis, juxta voluntatem testatoris; et si secus fecerint, nisi legitimæ oriantur causæ, velim ea omnia, quæ filiis meis relinquo, pro reparando templo dei Sylvani, quod sub Viminali monte est, attribui; manesque mei a Pont. max.; a flaminibus dialibus, qui in capitolio sunt, opem implorent, ad liberorum meorum impietatem ulciscendam; teneanturque sacerdotes dei Silvani, me in urbem referre, et sepulchro me meo condere. Volo quoque vernas qui domi meæ sunt, omnes a prætore urbano liberos, cum matribus dimitti, singulisque libram argenti puri, et vestem unam dari. In Lusitania. In agro VIII. *Cal. Quintilis, bello Viriatino.*"

My paper scarce affords room to assure you that I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Nice, March 30, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU muſt not imagine I ſaw one half of the valuable pictures and ſtatues of Rome; there is ſuch a vaſt number of both in this capital, that I might have ſpent a whole year in taking even a tranſient view of them; and, after all, ſome of them would have been overlooked. The moſt celebrated pieces, however, I have ſeen; and therefore my curioſity is ſatisfied. Perhaps, if I had the nice diſcernment and delicate ſenſibility of a true connoiſſeur, this ſuperficial glimpſe would have ſerved only to whet my appetite, and to detain me the whole winter at Rome. In my progreſs through the Vatican, I was much pleaſed with the School of Athens, by Raphael, a piece which had ſuffered from the dampneſs of the air. The four boys attending to the demonſtration of a mathematician are admirably varied in the expreſſion. Mr. Webb's criticiſm on this artiſt is certainly juſt. He was perhaps the beſt ethic painter that ever the world produced. No man ever expreſſed the ſentiments ſo happily, in viſage, attitude, and geſture: but he ſeems to have had too much phlegm to ſtrike off the grand paſſions, or reach the ſublime parts of painting. He has the ſerenity of Virgil, but wants the fire of Homer. There is nothing in his Parnaſſus which ſtruck me, but the ludicrous impropriety of Apollo's playing upon a fiddle, for the entertainment of the nine muſes.

The

The Laſt Judgment, by Buonaroti, in the chapel of Sixtus IV. produced to my eye the ſame ſort of confuſion, that perplexes my ear at a grand concert, conſiſting of a great variety of inſtruments: or rather, when a number of people are talking all at once. I was pleaſed with the ſtrength of expreſſion, exhibited in ſingle figures, and ſeparate groupes: but, the whole together is a mere mob, without ſubordination, keeping, or repoſe. A painter ought to avoid all ſubjects that require a multiplicity of groupes and figures; becauſe it is not in the power of that art to unite a great number in one point of view, ſo as to maintain that dependence which they ought to have upon one another. Michael Angelo, with all his ſkill in anatomy, his correctneſs of deſign, his grand compoſition, his fire, and force of expreſſion, ſeems to have had very little idea of grace. One would imagine he had choſen his kings, heroes, cardinals, and prelates, from among the *facchini* of Rome; that he really drew his Jeſus on the Croſs, from the agonies of ſome vulgar aſſaſſin expiring on the wheel; and that the originals of his Bambini, with their mothers, were literally found in a ſtable. In the Sala Regia, from whence the Siſtian chapel is detached, we ſee, among other exploits of catholic heroes, a repreſentation of the maſſacre of the proteſtants in Paris, Tholouſe, and other parts of France, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, thus deſcribed in the *Deſcrizione di Roma*, "Nella prima pittura, eſprime Georgio Vaſari l' iſtoria del Coligni, grand' amiraglio di Francia, che come capo de ribelli, e degl 'ugonotti, fu ucciſo; e nell 'altra vicina, la ſtrage fatta in Parigi, e nel regno, de

rebelli, e degl 'ugonotti." In the first picture, George Vasari represents the history of Coligni, high admiral of France, who was slain as head of the rebels and hugonots; and in another near it, the slaughter that was made of said rebels and hugonots in Paris and other parts of the kingdom." Thus the court of Rome hath employed their artists to celebrate and perpetuate as a meritorous action, the most perfidious, cruel, and infamous massacre, that ever disgraced the annals of any nation.

I need not mention the two equestrian statues of Constantine the Great, and Charlemagne, which stand at opposite ends of the great portico of St. Peter's church; because there is nothing in them which particularly engaged my attention. The sleeping Cleopatra, as you enter the court of the Belvedere, in the Vatican, is much admired; but I was better pleased with the Apollo, which I take to be the most beautiful statue that ever was formed. The Nile, which lies in the open court, surmounted with the little children, has infinite merit; but is much damaged, and altogether neglected. Whether it is the same described in Pliny, as having been placed by Vespasian in the Temple of Peace, I do not know. The sixteen children playing about it, denoted the swelling of the Nile, which never rose above sixteen cubits. As for the famous groupe of Laocoon, it surpassed my expectation. It was not without reason that Buonaroti called it a portentous work; and Pliny has done it no more than justice in saying it is the most excellent piece that ever was cut in marble; and yet the famous Fulvius Ursini is of opinion that this is not the same

statue

ſtatue which Pliny deſcribed. His reaſons, mentioned by Montfaucon, are theſe. The ſtatues deſcribed by Pliny were of one ſtone; but theſe are not. Antonioli, the antiquary, has in his poſſeſſion, pieces of Laocoon's ſnakes, which were found in the ground, where the baths of Titus actually ſtood, agreeably to Pliny, who ſays theſe ſtatues were placed in the buildings of Titus. Be that as it may, the work which we now ſee does honour to antiquity. As you have ſeen innumerable copies and caſts of it, in marble, plaſter, copper, lead, drawings, and prints, and read the deſcription of it in Keyſlar, and twenty other books of travels, I ſhall ſay nothing more on the ſubject; but that neither they nor I, nor any other perſon, could ſay too much in its praiſe. It is not of one piece indeed. In that particular Pliny himſelf might be miſtaken. "*Opus omnibus et picturæ, et ſtatuariæ* "*artis præponendum. Ex uno lapide eum et Li-* "*beros draconumque mirabiles nexus de conſilii* "*ſententia fecere ſummi artifices.*" Buonaroti diſcovered the joinings, though they were ſo artfully concealed as to be inviſible. This amazing groupe is the work of three Rhodian ſculptors, called Ageſander, Polydore, and Athenodorus, and was found in the thermæ of Titus Veſpaſian, ſtill ſuppoſing it to be the true antique. As for the *torſo*, or mutilated trunk of a ſtatue, which is called the School of Michael Angelo, I had not time to conſider it attentively; nor taſte enough to perceive its beauties at firſt ſight. The famous horſes on Monte Cavallo, before the pope's palace, which are ſaid to have been made in emulation, by Phidias and Praxiteles, I have ſeen, and like-

wiſe thoſe in the front of the Capitol, with the ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux; but what pleaſed me infinitely more than all of them together, is the equeſtrian ſtatue of Corinthian braſs, ſtanding in the middle of this Piazza (I mean at the Capitol) ſaid to repreſent the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Others ſuppoſe it was intended for Lucius Verus; a third ſet of antiquaries contend for Lucius Septimius Severus; and a fourth, for Conſtantine, becauſe it ſtood in the Piazza of the Lateran palace, built by that emperor, from whence pope Paul III. cauſed it to be removed to the Capitol. I conſidered the trophy of Marius as a very curious piece of ſculpture, and admired the two ſphinxes at the bottom of the ſtairs leading to this Piazza, as the only good repreſentations of life I had ever ſeen from Ægypt: for the two idols of that country, which ſtand in the ground-floor of the Muſæum of the Capitol, and indeed all the Ægyptian ſtatues in the Camera Ægyptiaca of this very building, are ſuch monſtrous miſrepreſentations of nature, that they never could have obtained a place among the ſtatues of Rome, except as curioſities of foreign ſuperſtition, or on account of the materials, as they are generally of baſaltes, porphyry, or oriental granite.

At the farther end of the court of this Muſæum, fronting the entrance, is a handſome fountain, with the ſtatue of a river-god reclining on his urn; this is no other than the famous Marforio, ſo called from its having been found in Martis Foro. It is remarkable only as being the conveyance of the anſwers to the ſatires which are found paſted upon Paſquin, another mutilated ſtatue, ſtanding at the corner of a ſtreet.

The

The marble coffin, ſuppoſed to have contained the aſhes of Alexander Severus, which we find in one of theſe apartments, is a curious antique, valuable for its ſculpture in baſſo relievo, eſpecially for the figures on the cover, repreſenting that emperor and his mother Julia Mammea.

I was ſorry I had not time to conſider the ancient plan of Rome, diſpoſed in ſix claſſes, on the ſtair-caſe of this Muſæum, which was brought hither from a temple that ſtood in the Forum Boarium, now called Campo Vaccino.

It would be ridiculous in me to enter into a detail of the vaſt collection of marbles, baſſo relievos, inſcriptions, urns, buſts, and ſtatues, which are placed in the upper aparuments of this edifice. I ſaw them but once, and then I was ſtruck with the following particulars. A bacchanalian drunk; a Jupiter and Leda, at leaſt equal to that in the gallery at Florence; an old *præfica*, or hired mourner, very much reſembling thoſe wrinkled hags ſtill employed in Ireland, and in the High-lands of Scotland, to ſing the *coronach* at funerals, in praiſe of the deceaſed; the famous Antinous, an elegant figure, which Pouſſin ſtudied as the canon or rule of ſymmetry; the two fauns; and above all the *mirmillone*, or dying gladiator; the attitude of the body, the expreſſion of the countenance, the elegance of the limbs, and the ſwelling of the muſcles, in this ſtatue, are univerſally admired; but the execution of the back is incredibly delicate. The courſe of the muſcles called *longiſſimi dorſi*, are ſo naturally marked and tenderly executed, that the marble actually emulates the ſoftneſs of fleſh; and you may count all the

ſpines

ſpines of the vertebræ, raiſing up the ſkin as in the living body; yet this ſtatue, with all its merit, ſeems inferior to the celebrated dying gladiator of Cteſilas, as deſcribed by Pliny, who ſays the expreſſion of it was ſuch, as appears altogether incredible. In the court, on the oppoſite ſide of the Capitol, there is an admirable ſtatue of a lion devouring an horſe, which was found by the gate of Oſtia, near the pyramid of Caius Ceſtius, and here on the left hand, under a colonade, is what they call the Columna Roſtrata, erected in honour of Caius Duilius, who firſt triumphed over the Carthaginians by ſea. But this is a modern pillar, with the old inſcription, which is ſo defaced as not to be legible. Among the pictures in the gallery and ſaloon above, what pleaſed me moſt was the Bacchus and Ariadne of Guido Rheni; and the wolf ſuckling Romulus and Remus, by Rubens. The court of the Palazzo Farneſe is ſurrounded with antique ſtatues, among which the moſt celebrated are, the Flora, with a moſt delicate drapery; the gladiator, with a dead boy over his ſhoulder; the Hercules, with the ſpoils of the Nemean lion; but that which the connoiſſeurs juſtly eſteem above all the reſt is the Hercules, by Glycon, which you know as well as I do, by the great reputation it has acquired. This admirable ſtatue having been found without the legs, theſe were ſupplied by Guilielmo de la Porta ſo happily, that when afterwards the original limbs were diſcovered, Michael Angelo preferred the modern ones, both in grace and proportion; and they have been retained accordingly. In a little houſe, or ſhed, behind the court, is preſerved the wonderful groupe of

Dirce,

Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farneſe, which was brought hither from the thermæ Caracallæ. There is ſuch ſpirit, ferocity, and indignant reſiſtance expreſſed in the bull, to whoſe horns Dirce is tied by the hair, that I have never ſeen any thing like it, either upon canvaſs, or in ſtone. The ſtatues of the two brothers endeavouring to throw him into the ſea are beautiful figures, finely contraſted; and the rope, which one of them holds in a ſort of looſe coil, is ſo ſurprizingly chizzelled, that one can hardly believe it is of ſtone. As for Dirce herſelf, ſhe ſeems to be but a ſubaltern character; but there is a dog upon his hind legs barking at the bull, which is much admired. This amazing groupe was cut out of one ſtone, by Apollonius and Tauriſcus, two ſculptors of Rhodes; and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-ſixth book of his Natural Hiſtory. All the precious monuments of art, which have come down to us from antiquity, are the productions of Greek artiſts. The Romans had taſte enough to admire the arts of Greece, as plainly appears by the great collections they made of their ſtatues and pictures, as well as by adopting their architecture and muſick: but I do not remember to have read of any Roman who made a great figure either as a painter or a ſtatuary. It is not enough to ſay thoſe profeſſions were not honourable in Rome, becauſe painting, ſculpture, and muſick, even rhetoric, phyſic, and philoſophy, were practiſed and taught by ſlaves. The arts were always honoured and revered at Rome, even when the profeſſors of them happened to be ſlaves by the accidents and iniquity of fortune. The buſineſs of painting and ſtatuary was ſo profitable,

profitable, that in a free republic, like that of Rome, they muſt have been greedily embraced by a great number of individuals: but, in all probability, the Roman ſoil produced no extraordinary genius for thoſe arts. Like the Engliſh of this day, they made a figure in poetry, hiſtory, and ethics; but the excellence of painting, ſculpture, architecture, and muſic, they never could attain. In the Palazzo Picchini, I ſaw three beautiful figures, the celebrated ſtatues of Meleager, the boar, and dog; together with a wolf of excellent workmanſhip. The celebrated ſtatue of Moſes by Michael Angelo, in the church of St. Peter in Vincula, I beheld with pleaſure; as well as that of Chriſt, by the ſame hand, in the church of S. Maria ſopra Minerva. The right foot, covered with bronze, gilt, is much kiſſed by the devotees. I ſuppoſe it is looked upon as a ſpecific for the tooth-ach; for, I ſaw a cavalier, in years, and an old woman ſucceſſively rub their gums upon it, with the appearance of the moſt painful perſeverance.

You need not doubt but that I went to the church of St. Peter in Montorio, to view the celebrated tranſfiguration, by Raphael, which, if it was mine, I would cut in two parts. The three figures in the air attract the eye ſo ſtrongly, that little or no attention is paid to thoſe below on the mountain. I apprehend that the nature of the ſubject does not admit of that keeping and dependence, which ought to be maintained in the diſpoſition of the lights and ſhadows in a picture. The groupes ſeem to be entirely independent of each other. The extraordinary merit of this piece, I imagine, conſiſts,

ſiſts, not only in the expreſſion of divinity on the face of Chriſt; but alſo in the ſurpriſing lightneſs of the figure, that hovers like a beautiful exhalation in the air. In the church of St. Luke, I was not at all ſtruck by the picture of that ſaint, drawing the portrait of the Virgin Mary, although it is admired as one of the beſt pieces of Raphael. Indeed it made ſo little impreſſion upon me, that I do not even remember the diſpoſition of the figures. The altar-piece, by Andrea Sacchi, in the church of St. Romualdus, would have more merit, if the figure of the ſaint himſelf had more conſequence, and was repreſented in a ſtronger light. In the Palazzo Borgheſe, I chiefly admired the following pieces: a Venus with two nymphs; and another with Cupid, both by Titian: an excellent Roman Piety, by Leonardo da Vinci; and the celebrated Muſe, by Dominechino, which is a fine, jolly, buxom figure. At the palace of Colonna Conneſtabile, I was charmed with the Herodias, by Guido Rheni; a young Chriſt; and a Madonna, by Raphael; and four landſchapes, two by Claude Lorraine, and the other two, by Salvator Roſa. In the *palazetto*, or ſummer-houſe belonging to the Palazzo Roſpiglioſi, I had the ſatisfaction of contemplating the Aurora of Guido, the colours of which ſtill remain in high perfection, notwithſtanding the common report that the piece is ſpoiled by the dampneſs of the apartment. The print of this picture, by Freij, with all its merit, conveys but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the original. In the Palazzo Barberini, there is a great collection of marbles and pictures: among the firſt, I was attracted by a beautiful ſtatue

of

of Venus; a ſleeping faun, of curious workmanſhip; a charming Bacchus, lying on an ancient ſculpture, and the famous Narciſſus. Of the pictures, what gave the moſt pleaſure was the Magdalen of Guido, infinitely ſuperior to that by Le Brun in the church of the Carmelites at Paris; the Virgin, by Titian; a Madonna, by Raphael, but not comparable to that which is in the Palazzo de Pitti, at Florence; and the death of Germanicus, by Pouſſin, which I take to be one of the beſt pieces in this great collection. In the Palazzo Falconeri, there is a beautiful St. Cecilia, by Guercino; a holy family, by Raphael; and a fine expreſſive figure of St. Peter weeping, by Dominechino. In the Palazzo Altieri, I admired a picture, by Carlo Maratti, repreſenting a ſaint calling down lightening from heaven to deſtroy blaſphemers. It was the figure of the ſaint I admired, merely as a portrait. The execution of the other parts was tame enough: perhaps they were purpoſely kept down, in order to preſerve the importance of the principal figure. I imagine Salvator Roſa would have made a different diſpoſition on the ſame ſubject: that amidſt the darkneſs of a tempeſt, he would have illuminated the blaſphemer with the flaſh of lightening by which he was deſtroyed: this would have thrown a diſmal gleam upon his countenance, diſtorted by the horror of his ſituation as well as by the effects of the fire; and rendered the whole ſcene dreadfully picturesque. In the ſame place, I ſaw the famous holy family, by Corregio, which he left unfiniſhed, and no other artiſt would undertake to ſupply; for what reaſon I know not. Here too is a judgment of Paris, by Titian, which

which is reckoned a very valuable piece. In the Palazzo Odeſcalchi, there is a holy family, by Buonaroti, and another by Raphael, both counted excellent, though in very different ſtiles, extremely characteriſtic of thoſe two great rival artiſts.

If I was ſilly enough to make a parade, I might mention ſome hundreds more of marbles and pictures, which I really ſaw at Rome; and even eke out that number with a huge liſt of thoſe I did not ſee: but, whatever vanity I may have, it has not taken this turn; and I aſſure you, upon my word and honour, I have deſcribed nothing but what actually fell under my own obſervation. As for my critical remarks, I am afraid you will think them too ſuperficial and capricious to belong to any other perſon but

Your humble ſervant.

LETTER XXXIV.

Nice, April 2, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE nothing to communicate touching the library of the Vatican, which, with reſpect to the apartments and their ornaments, is undoubtedly magnificent. The number of books it contains does not exceed forty thouſand volumes, which are all concealed from the view, and locked up in preſſes: as for the manuſcripts, I ſaw none but ſuch as are commonly preſented to ſtrangers of our nation; ſome very old copies of Virgil and Terence; two or three Miſſals, curiouſly

curiouſly illuminated; the book De Septem Sacramentis written in Latin by Henry VIII. againſt Luther; and ſome of that prince's love-letters to Anne Boleyn. I likewiſe viſited the Libreria Caſanatenſe, belonging to the convent of the church called S. Maria Sopra Minerva. I had a recommendation to the principal librarian, a Dominican friar, who received me very politely, and regaled me with a ſight of ſeveral curious MSS. of the claſſics.

Having ſatisfied my curioſity at Rome, I prepared for my departure, and as the road between Radicofani and Monteſiaſcone is very ſtony and diſagreeable, I aſked the banker Barazzi, if there was not a better way of returning to Florence, expreſſing a deſire, at the ſame time, to ſee the caſcade at Terni. He aſſured me that the road by Terni was forty miles ſhorter than the other, much more ſafe and eaſy, and accommodated with exceeding good auberges. Had I taken the trouble to caſt my eyes upon the map, I muſt have ſeen, that the road by Terni, inſtead of being forty miles ſhorter, was much longer than the other: but this was not the only miſtake of Signiore Barazzi. Great part of this way lies over ſteep mountains, or along the ſide of precipices, which render travelling in a carriage exceeding tedious, dreadful, and dangerous; and, as for the public houſes, they are, in all reſpects, the moſt execrable that ever I entered. I will venture to ſay, that a common priſoner in the Marſhalſea or King's Bench is more cleanly and commodiouſly lodged than we were in many places on this road. The houſes are abominably naſty, and generally deſtitute of proviſion:

when

when eatables were found, we were almoſt poiſoned by their cookery: their beds were without curtains or bedſtead, and their windows without glaſs; and for this ſort of entertainment we payed as much as if we had been genteelly lodged, and ſumptuouſly treated. I repeat it again; of all the people I ever knew, the Italians are the moſt villanouſly rapacious. The firſt day, having paſſed Civita Caſtellana, a ſmall town ſtanding on the top of a hill, we put up at what was called an excellent inn, where cardinals, prelates, and princes, often lodged. Being meagre day, there was nothing but bread, eggs, and anchovies, in the houſe. I went to bed without ſupper, and lay in a pallet, where I was half devoured by vermin. Next day, our road, in ſome places, lay along precipices, which over-hang the Nera or Nar, celebrated in antiquity for its white foam, and the ſulphureous quality of its waters.

Sulfurea Nar albus aquâ, fonteſque Velini.

It is a ſmall, but rapid ſtream, which runs not far from hence, into the Tyber. Paſſing Utricoli, near the ruins of the ancient Ocricoli, and the romantic town of Narni, ſituated on the top of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of which is ſtill ſeen ſtanding one arch of the ſtupendous bridge built by Auguſtus Cæſar, we arrived at Terni, and hiring a couple of chaiſes before dinner, went to ſee the famous Caſcata delle Marmore, which is at the diſtance of three miles. We aſcended a ſteep mountain by a narrow road formed for a conſiderable way along the brink of a precipice, at the bottom of which

which brawls the furious river Nera, after having received the Velino. This laſt is the ſtream which, running from the Lago delle Marmore, forms the caſcade by falling over a precipice about one hundred and ſixty feet high. Such a body of water ruſhing down the mountain; the ſmoak, vapour, and thick white miſt which it raiſes; the double rain-bow which theſe particles continually exhibit while the ſun ſhines; the deafening ſound of the cataract; the vicinity of a great number of other ſtupendous rocks and precipices, with the daſhing, boiling, and foaming of the two rivers below, produce altogether an object of tremendous ſublimity: yet great part of its effect is loſt, for want of a proper point of view, from which it might be contemplated. The caſcade would appear much more aſtoniſhing, were it not in ſome meaſure eclipſed by the ſuperior height of the neighbouring mountains. You have not a front perſpective; but are obliged to view it obliquely on one ſide, ſtanding upon the brink of a precipice, which cannot be approached without horror. This ſtation might be rendered much more acceſſible, and altogether ſecure, for the expence of four or five zequins; and a ſmall tax might be levied for the purpoſe from travellers by the aubergiſte at Terni, who lets his calaſſes for half a zequine a piece to thoſe that are curious to ſee this phenomenon. Beſides the two poſtillions whom I payed for this excurſion, at the rate of one ſtage in poſting, there was a fellow who poſted himſelf behind one of the chaiſes, by way of going to point out the different views of the caſcade; and his demand amounted to four

four or five pauls. — To give you an idea of the extortion of those villanous publicans, I must tell you that for a dinner and supper, which even hunger could not tempt us to eat, and a night's lodging in three truckle-beds, I paid eighty pauls, amounting to forty shillings sterling. You ask me why I submitted to such imposition? I will tell you —— I have more than once, in my travels, made a formal complaint of the exorbitancy of a publican, to the magistrate of the place; but I never received any satisfaction, and have lost abundance of time. Had I proceeded to manual correction, I should have alarmed and terrified the women: had I peremptorily refused to pay the sum total, the landlord, who was the postmaster, would not have supplied me with horses to proceed on my journey. I tried the experiment at Muy in France, where I put myself into a violent passion, had abundauce of trouble, was detained till it was almost night, and after all found myself obliged to submit, furnishing, at the same time, matter of infinite triumph to the mob, which had surrounded the coach, and interested themselves warmly in favour of their townsman. If some young patriot, in good health and spirits, would take the trouble as often as he is imposed upon on the road in travelling, to have recourse to the fountain head, and prefer a regular complaint to the comptroller of the posts, either in France or Italy, he would have ample satisfaction, and do great service to the community. Terni is an agreeable town, pretty well built, and situated in a pleasant valley, between two branches of the river Nera, whence it was called by the ancients,

ents, Interamna. Here is an agreeable piazza, where ſtands a church that was of old a heathen temple. There are ſome valuable paintings in the church. The people are ſaid to be very civil, and proviſions to be extremely cheap. It was the birth-place of the emperor Tacitus, as well as of the hiſtorian of the ſame name. In our journey from hence to Spoleto, we paſſed over a high mountain, I think it is called Somna,) where it was neceſſary to have two additional horſes to the carriage, and the road winds along a precipice, which is equally dangerous and dreadful. We paſſed through part of Spoleto, the capital of Umbria, which is a pretty large city. Of this, however, I can give no other account from my own obſervation, but that I ſaw at a diſtance the famous Gothic aqueduct of brick: this is mentioned by Addiſon as a ſtructure, which, for the height of its arches, is not equalled by any thing in Europe. The road from hence to Foligni, where we lay, is kept in good order, and lies through a delightful plain, laid out into beautiful incloſures, abounding with wine, oil, corn, and cattle, and watered by the paſtoral ſtreams of the famous river Clitumnus, which takes its riſe in three or four ſeparate rivulets iſſuing from a rock near the highway. On the right-hand, we ſaw ſeveral towns ſituated on riſing ground, and, among the reſt, that of Aſſiſio, famous for the birth of St. Francis, whoſe body, being here depoſited, occaſions a great concourſe of pilgrims. We met a Roman princeſs going thither with a grand retinue, in conſequence of a vow ſhe had made for the re-eſtabliſhment of her health. Foligno, the Fulginium

ginium of the ancients, is a ſmall town, not unpleaſant, lying in the midſt of mulberry plantations, vineyards, and corn-fields, and built on both ſides of the little river Topino. In chooſing our beds at the inn, I perceived one chamber locked, and deſired it might be opened; upon which the cameriere declared with ſome reluctance, "*Beſogna dire a ſu' eccellenza; poco fa, che una beſtia e morta in queſta camera, e non e anchora luſtrata.*" When I enquired what beaſt it was, he replied, "*Un' eretico Ingleſe.*" I ſuppoſe he would not have made ſo free with our country and religion, if he had not taken us for German catholics, as we afterwards learned from Mr. R——i. Next day, we croſſed the Tyber, over a handſome bridge, and, in mounting the ſteep hill upon which the city of Perugia ſtands, our horſes being exhauſted, were dragged backwards by the weight of the carriage to the very edge of a precipice, where, happily for us, a man paſſing that way, placed a large ſtone behind one of the wheels, which ſtopped their motion, otherwiſe we ſhould have been all daſhed in pieces. We had another ugly hill to aſcend within the city, which was more difficult and dangerous than the other; but the poſtillions, and the other beaſts, made ſuch efforts, that we mounted without the leaſt ſtop to the ſummit, where we found ourſelves in a large piazza, where the horſes are always changed. There being no relays at the poſt, we were obliged to ſtay the whole day and night at Perugia, which is a conſiderable city, built upon the acclivity of a hill, adorned with ſome elegant fountains, and ſeveral handſome

ſome churches, containing ſome valuable pictures by Guido, Raphael, and his maſter Pietro Perugino, who was a native of this place. The next ſtage is on the banks of the lake, which was the Thraſymine of the ancients, a beautiful piece of water, above thirty miles in circumference, having three iſlands, abounding with excellent fiſh: upon a peninſula of it, there is a town and caſtle. It was in this neighbourhood where the conſul Flaminius was totally defeated with great ſlaughter by Hannibal. From Perugia to Florence, the poſts are all double, and the road is ſo bad that we never could travel above eight and twenty miles a day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up ſteep mountains; and the way in general was ſo unequal and ſtony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any ſort of exerciſe or fatigue ſo intolerable; and I did not fail to beſtow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker Barazzi, by whoſe advice we had taken this road; yet there was no remedy but patience. If the coach had not been incredibly ſtrong, it muſt have been ſhattered to pieces. The fifth night we paſſed at a place called Camoccia, a miſerable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own ſupper, and lay in a muſty chamber, which had never known a fire, and, indeed, had no fire-place, and where we ran the riſque of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this opportunity to view the remains of

of the ancient Etruſcan amphitheatre, and the temple of Hercules, deſcribed by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazzeſi, as ſtanding in the neighbourhood of this place: but the blackſmith aſſured me his work would be finiſhed in a few minutes; and as I had nothing ſo much at heart as the ſpeedy accompliſhment of this diſagreeable journey, I choſe to ſuppreſs my curioſity, rather than be the occaſion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto paſſed were comfortable in compariſon to this, which we ſuffered at a ſmall village, the name of which I do not remember. The houſe was diſmal and dirty beyond all deſcription; the bed-clothes filthy enough to turn the ſtomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in ſuch a manner, that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing. We had ſheets of our own, which were ſpread upon a mattraſs, and here I took my repoſe wrapped in a great-coat, if that could be called repoſe which was interrupted by the innumerable ſtings of vermin. In the morning, I was ſeized with a dangerous fit of the hooping-cough, which terrified my wife, alarmed my people, and brought the whole community into the houſe. I had undergone juſt ſuch another at Paris, about a year before. This forenoon, one of our coach wheels flew off in the neighbourhood of Anciſa, a ſmall town, where we were detained above two hours by this accident; a delay which was productive of much diſappointment, danger, vexation, and fatigue. There being no horſes at the laſt poſt, we were obliged to wait until thoſe which brought us thither ſhould be ſufficiently refreſhed to proceed. Underſtanding that all the gates of Florence are ſhut at ſix, except two that are kept

open for the accommodation of travellers; and that to reach the neareſt of theſe gates, it was neceſſary to paſs the river Arno in a ferry-boat, which could not tranſport the carriage; I determined to ſend my ſervant before with a light chaiſe to enter the neareſt gate before it was ſhut, and provide a coach to come and take us up at the ſide of the river, where we ſhould be obliged to paſs in the boat: for I could not bear the thoughts of lying another night in a common cabaret. Here, however, another difficulty occurred. There was but one chaiſe, and a dragoon officer, in the imperial troops, inſiſted upon his having beſpoke it for himſelf and his ſervant. A long diſpute enſued, which had like to have produced a quarrel: but at length I accommodated matters, by telling the officer that he ſhould have a place in it gratis, and his ſervant might ride a-horſe-back. He accepted the offer without heſitation; but, in the mean time, we ſet out in the coach before them, and having proceeded about a couple of miles, the road was ſo deep from a heavy rain, and the beaſts were ſo fatigued, that they could not proceed. The poſtillions ſcourging the poor animals with great barbarity, they made an effort, and pulled the coach to the brink of a precipice, or rather a kind of hollow-way, which might be about ſeven or eight feet lower than the road. Here my wife and I leaped out, and ſtood under the rain up to the ancles in mud; while the poſtillions ſtill exerciſing their whips, one of the fore-horſes fairly tumbled down the deſcent, and hung by the neck, ſo that he was almoſt ſtrangled before he could be diſengaged from the traces, by the aſſiſtance of ſome foot travellers that happened

pened to paſs. While we remained in this dilemma, the chaiſe, with the officer and my ſervant, coming up, we exchanged places; my wife and I proceeded in the chaiſe, and left them with Miſs C—— and Mr. R——, to follow in the coach. The road from hence to Florence is nothing but a ſucceſſion of ſteep mountains, paved and conducted in ſuch a manner, that one would imagine the deſign had been to render it impracticable by any ſort of wheel-carriage. Notwithſtanding all our endeavours, I found it would be impoſſible to enter Florence before the gates were ſhut. I flattered and threatened the driver by turns; but the fellow who had been remarkably civil at firſt, grew ſullen and impertinent. He told me I muſt not think of reaching Florence: that the boat would not take the carriage on board; and that from the other ſide, I muſt walk five miles before I ſhould reach the gate that was open: but he would carry me to an excellent oſteria, where I ſhould be entertained and lodged like a prince. I was now convinced that he had lingered on purpoſe to ſerve this inn-keeper; and I took it for granted that what he told me of the diſtance between the ferry and the gate was a lie. It was eight o'clock when we arrived at his inn. I alighted with my wife to view the chambers, deſiring he would not put up his horſes. Finding it was a villanous houſe, we came forth, and, by this time, the horſes were put up. I aſked the fellow how he durſt preſume to contradict my orders, and commanded him to put them to the chaiſe. He aſked in his turn if I was mad? If I thought I and the lady had ſtrength and courage enough to walk five

miles in the dark, through a road which we did not know, and which was broke up by a continued rain of two days? I told him he was an impertinent raſcal, and as he ſtill heſitated, I collared him with one hand, and ſhook my cane over his head with the other. It was the only weapon I had, either offenſive or defenſive; for I had left my ſword, and muſquetoon in the coach. At length the fellow obeyed, though with great reluctance, cracking many ſevere jokes upon us in the mean time, and being joined in his raillery by the innkeeper, who had all the external marks of a ruffian. The houſe ſtood in a ſolitary ſituation, and not a ſoul appeared but theſe two miſcreants, ſo that they might have murdered us without fear of detection. "You do not like the apartments? (ſaid one) to be ſure they were not fitted up for perſons of your rank and quality!" "You will be glad of a worſe chamber, (continued the other) before you get to bed." "If you walk to Florence to night, you will ſleep ſo ſound, that the fleas will not diſturb you." "Take care you do not take up your night's lodging in the middle of the road, or in the ditch of the city-wall." I fired inwardly at theſe ſarcaſms, to which, however, I made no reply; and my wife was almoſt dead with fear. In the road from hence to the boat, we met with an ill-looking fellow, who offered his ſervice to conduct us into the city, and ſuch was our ſituation, that I was fain to accept his propoſal, eſpecially as we had two ſmall boxes in the chaiſe by accident, containing ſome caps and laces belonging to my wife. I ſtill hoped the poſtillion had exaggerated in the

the diſtance between the boat and the city gate, and was confirmed in this opinion by the ferryman, who ſaid we had not above half a league to walk. Behold us then in this expedition; myſelf wrapped up in a very heavy great-coat, and my cane in my hand. I did not imagine I could have walked a couple of miles in this equipage, had my life been depending; my wife a delicate creature, who had ſcarce ever walked a mile in her life; and the ragamuffin before us with our boxes under his arm. The night was dark and wet; the road ſlippery and dirty; not a ſoul was ſeen, nor a ſound was heard: all was ſilent, dreary, and horrible. I laid my account with a violent fit of illneſs from the cold I ſhould infallibly catch, if I eſcaped aſſaſſination, the fears of which were the more troubleſome as I had no weapon to defend our lives. While I laboured under the weight of my great-coat, which made the ſtreams of ſweat flow down my face and ſhoulders, I was plunging in the mud, up to the mid-leg at every ſtep; and at the ſame time obliged to ſupport my wife, who wept in ſilence, half dead with terror and fatigue. To crown our vexation, our conductor walked ſo faſt, that he was often out of ſight, and I imagined he had run away with the boxes. All I could do, on theſe occaſions, was to halloo as loud as I could, and ſwear horribly that I would blow his brains out. I did not know but theſe oaths and menaces might keep other rogues in awe. In this manner did we travel four long miles, making almoſt an entire circuit of the city-wall, without ſeeing the face of a human creature, and at length reached the gate, where we were examined by the guard, and allowed to

paſs, after they had told us it was a long mile from thence to the houſe of Vanini, where we propoſed to lodge. No matter, being now fairly within the city, I pluckt up my ſpirits, and performed the reſt of the journey with ſuch eaſe, that I am perſuaded, I could have walked at the ſame pace all night long, without being very much fatigued. It was near ten at night, when we entered the auberge in ſuch a draggled and miſerable condition, that Mrs. Vanini almoſt fainted at ſight of us, on the ſuppoſition that we had met with ſome terrible diſaſter, and that the reſt of the company were killed. My wife and I were immediately accommodated with dry ſtockings and ſhoes, a warm apartment, and a good ſupper, which I ate with great ſatisfaction, ariſing not only from our having happily ſurvived the adventure, but alſo from a conviction that my ſtrength and conſtitution were wonderfully repaired: not but that I ſtill expected a ſevere cold, attended with a terrible fit of the aſthma: but in this I was luckily diſappointed. I now for the firſt time drank to the health of my phyſician Barazzi, fully perſuaded that the hardſhips and violent exerciſe I underwent by following his advice, had greatly contributed to the re-eſtabliſhment of my health. In this particular, I imitate the gratitude of Tavernier, who was radically cured of the gout by a Turkiſh aga in Ægypt, who gave him the baſtinado, becauſe he would not look at the head of the baſhaw of Cairo, which the aga carried in a bag, to be preſented to the grand ſignior at Conſtantinople.

I did not expect to ſee the reſt of our company that night, as I never doubted but they would

ſtay

ſtay with the coach at the inn on the other ſide of the Arno: but at mid-night we were joined by Miſs C—— and Mr. R——, who had left the carriage at the inn, under the auſpices of the captain and my ſervant, and followed our foot-ſteps by walking from the ferry-boat to Florence, conducted by one of the boatmen. Mr. R— ſeemed to be much ruffled and chagrined; but, as he did not think proper to explain the cauſe, he had no right to expect that I ſhould give him ſatisfaction for ſome inſult he had received from my ſervant. They had been expoſed to a variety of diſagreeable adventures from the impracticability of the road. The coach had been ſeveral times in the moſt imminent hazard of being loſt with all our baggage; and at two different places, it was neceſſary to hire a dozen of oxen, and as many men, to diſengage it from the holes into which it had run. It was in the confuſion of theſe adventures, that the captain and his valet, Mr. R— and my ſervant, had like to have gone all by the ears together. The peace was with difficulty preſerved by the interpoſition of Miſs C——, who ſuffered incredibly from cold and wet, terror, vexation, and fatigue: yet happily no bad conſequence enſued. The coach and baggage were brought ſafely into Florence next morning, when all of us found ourſelves well refreſhed, and in good ſpirits. I am afraid this is not the caſe with you, who muſt by this time be quite jaded with this long epiſtle, which ſhall therefore be cloſed without further ceremony by

Yours always.

LETTER XXXV.

Nice, March 20, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE ſeaſon being far advanced, and the weather growing boiſterous, I made but a ſhort ſtay at Florence, and ſet out for Piſa, with full reſolution to take the neareſt road to Lerici, where we propoſed to hire a felucca for Genoa. I had a great deſire to ſee Leghorn and Lucca; but the dread of a winter's voyage by ſea in an open boat effectually reſtrained my curioſity. To avoid the trouble of having our baggage ſhifted every poſt, I hired two chaiſes to Piſa for a couple of zequines, and there we arrived in ſafety about ſeven in the evening, though not without fear of the conſequence, as the calaſſes were quite open, and it rained all the way. I muſt own I was ſo ſick of the wretched accommodation one meets with in every part of Italy, except the great cities, ſo averſe to the ſea at this ſeaſon, and ſo fond of the city of Piſa, that I ſhould certainly have ſtayed here the winter, had not I been ſeparated from my books and papers, as well as from other conveniencies and connexions which I had at Nice; and foreſeen that the thoughts of performing the ſame diſagreeable voyage in the ſpring would embitter my whole winter's enjoyment. I again hired two calaſſes for Lerici, propoſing to lie at Sarzana, three miles ſhort of that place, where we were told we ſhould find comfortable lodging, and to embark next day without halting. When we departed in the morning, it rained very hard, and the Cerchio, which

which the chaiſes had formerly paſſed, almoſt without wetting the wheels, was now ſwelled to a mighty river, broad, deep and rapid. It was with great difficulty I could perſuade my wife to enter the boat; for it blew a ſtorm, and ſhe had ſeen it in coming over from the other ſide hurried down a conſiderable way by the rapidity of the current, notwithſtanding all the efforts of the watermen. Near two hours were ſpent in tranſporting us with our chaiſes. The road between this and Spirito Santo was rendered almoſt impaſſable. When we arrived at Maſſa, it began to grow dark, and the poſt-maſter aſſured us that the road to Sarzana was overflowed in ſuch a manner as not to be paſſed even in the day-time, without imminent danger. We therefore took up our lodging for the night at this houſe, which was in all reſpects one of the worſt we had yet entered. Next day, we found the Magra as large and violent as the Cerchio: however, we paſſed it without any accident, and in the afternoon arrived at Lerici. There we were immediately beſieged by a number of patrones of feluccas, from among whom I choſe a Spaniard, partly becauſe he looked like an honeſt man, and produced an ample certificate, ſigned by an Engliſh gentleman; and partly, becauſe he was not an Italian; for, by this time, I had imbibed a ſtrong prejudice againſt the common people of that country. We embarked in the morning before day, with a gale that made us run the lee-gun-wale in the water; but, when we pretended to turn the point of Porto Venere, we found the wind full in our teeth, and were obliged to return to our quarters, where we had been ſhamefully fleeced by

the landlord, who, nevertheleſs, was not ſuch an exorbitant knave as the poſt-maſter, whoſe houſe I would adviſe all travellers to avoid. Here, indeed, I had occaſion to ſee an inſtance of prudence and œconomy, which I ſhould certainly imitate, if ever I had occaſion to travel this way by myſelf. An Engliſhman, who had hired a felucca from Antibes to Leghorn, was put in here by ſtreſs of weather; but being aware of the extortion of inn-keepers, and the bad accommodation in their houſes, he ſlept on board on his own mattraſſes; and there likewiſe he had all his conveniencies for eating. He ſent his ſervant on ſhore occaſionally, to buy proviſion, and ſee it cooked according to his direction in ſome public houſe; and had his meals regularly in the felucca. This evening he came aſhore to ſtretch his legs, and took a ſolitary walk on the beach, avoiding us with great care, although he knew we were Engliſh: his valet, who was abundantly communicative, told my ſervant, that in coming through France, his maſter had travelled three days in company with two other Engliſh gentlemen, whom he met upon the road, and in all that time he never ſpoke a word to either: yet in other reſpects, he was a good man, mild, charitable, and humane. This is a character truly Britiſh. At five o'clock in the morning we put to ſea again: and though the wind was contrary, made ſhift to reach the town of Seſtri di Levante, where we were moſt graciouſly received by the publican butcher and his family. The houſe was in much better order than before; the people were much more obliging; we paſt a very tolerable night, and had a very reaſonable bill to

pay

pay in the morning. I cannot account for this favourable change any other way, than by aſcribing it to the effects of a terrible ſtorm, which had two days before torn up a great number of their olive-trees by the roots, and done ſuch damage as terrified them into humility and ſubmiſſion. Next day, the water being delightful, we arrived by one o'clock in the afternoon at Genoa. Here I made another bargain with our patron Antonio, to carry us to Nice. He had been hitherto remarkably obliging, and ſeemingly modeſt. He ſpoke Latin fluently, and was tinctured with the ſciences. I began to imagine he was a perſon of a good family, who had met with misfortunes in life, and reſpected him accordingly: but I found him mercenary, mean, and rapacious. The wind being ſtill contrary, when we departed from Genoa, we could get no further than Finale, where we lodged in a very diſmal habitation, which was recommended to us as the beſt auberge in the place. What rendered it the more uncomfortable, the night was cold, and there was not a fire-place in the houſe, except in the kitchen. The beds (if they deſerved that name) were ſo ſhockingly naſty, that we could not have uſed them, had not a friend of Mr. R— ſupplied us with mattraſſes, ſheets, and coverlets; for our own ſheets were on board the felucca, which was anchored at a diſtance from the ſhore. Our fare was equally wretched: the maſter of the houſe was a ſurly aſſaſſin, and his cameriere or waiter, ſtark-ſtaring mad. Our ſituation was at the ſame time ſhocking and ridiculous. Mr. R— quarrelled over night with the maſter, who ſwore in broken French to my man, that he had

a good

a good mind to poniard that impertinent Piedmonteſe. In the morning before day, Mr. R—, coming into my chamber, gave me to underſtand that he had been inſulted by the landlord, who demanded ſix and thirty livres for our ſupper and lodging. Incenſed at the raſcal's preſumption, I aſſured him I would make him take half the money, and a good beating into the bargain. He replied, that he would have ſaved me the trouble of beating him, had not the cameriere, who was a very ſenſible fellow, aſſured him the patrone was out of his ſenſes, and if roughly handled, might commit ſome extravagance. Though I was exceedingly ruffled, I could not help laughing at the mad cameriere's palming himſelf upon R—, as a ſenſible fellow, and transferring the charge of madneſs upon his maſter, who ſeemed to be much more knave than fool. While Mr. R— went to maſs, I deſired the cameriere to bid his maſter bring the bill, and to tell him that if it was not reaſonable, I would carry him before the commandant. In the mean time I armed myſelf with my ſword in one hand and my cane in the other. The inn-keeper entered, pale and ſtaring, and when I demanded his bill, he told me, with a profound reverence, that he ſhould be ſatisfied with whatever I myſelf thought proper to give. Surpriſed at this moderation, I aſked if he ſhould be content with twelve livres, and he anſwered, "Contentiſſimo," with another proſtration. Then he made an apology for the bad accomodation of his houſe, and complained, that the reproaches of the other gentleman, whom he was pleaſed to call my major-duomo, had almoſt

moſt turned his brain. When he quitted the room, his cameriere, laying hold of his maſter's laſt words, pointed to his own forehead, and ſaid, he had informed the gentleman over night that his patrone was mad. This day we were by a high wind in the afternoon, driven for ſhelter into Porto Mauritio, where we found the poſt houſe even worſe than that of Finale; and what rendered it more ſhocking was a girl quite covered with the confluent ſmall-pox, who lay in a room through which it was neceſſary to paſs to the other chambers, and who ſmelled ſo ſtrong as to perfume the whole houſe. We were but fifteen miles from St. Remo, where I knew the auberge was tolerable, and thither I reſolved to travel by land. I accordingly ordered five mules to travel poſt, and a very ridiculous cavalcade we formed, the women being obliged to uſe common ſaddles; for in this country even the ladies ſit aſtride. The road lay along one continued precipice, and was ſo difficult, that the beaſts never could exceed a walking pace. In ſome places we were obliged to alight. Seven hours were ſpent in travelling fifteen ſhort miles: at length we arrived at our old lodgings in St. Remo, which we found white-waſhed, and in great order. We ſupped pretty comfortably; ſlept well; and had no reaſon to complain of impoſition in paying the bill. This was not the caſe in the article of the mules, for which I was obliged to pay fifty livres, according to the regulation of the poſts. The poſt-maſter, who came along with us, had the effrontery to tell me, that if I had hired the mules to carry me and my company to St. Remo, in the way of common

common travelling, they would have coſt me but fifteen livres; but as I demanded poſt-horſes, I muſt ſubmit to the regulations. This is a diſtinction the more abſurd, as the road is of ſuch a nature as renders it impoſſible to travel faſter in one way than in another; nor indeed is there the leaſt difference either in the carriage or convenience, between travelling poſt and journey riding. A publican might with the ſame reaſon charge me three livres a pound for whiting, and if queſtioned about the impoſition, reply, that if I had aſked for fiſh I ſhould have had the very ſame whiting for the fifth part of the money: but that he made a wide difference between ſelling it as fiſh, and ſelling it as whiting. Our felucca came round from Porto Mauritio in the night, and embarking next morning, we arrived at Nice about four in the afternoon.

Thus have I given you a circumſtantial detail of my Italian expedition, during which I was expoſed to a great number of hardſhips, which I thought my weakened conſtitution could not have bore; as well as to violent fits of paſſion, chequered, however, with tranſports of a more agreeable nature; inſomuch that I may ſay I was for two months continually agitated either in mind or body, and very often in both at the ſame time. As my diſorder at firſt aroſe from a ſedentary life, producing a relaxation of the fibres, which naturally brought on a liſtleſſneſs, indolence, and dejection of ſpirits, I am convinced that this hard exerciſe of mind and body, co-operated with the change of air and objects, to brace up the relaxed conſtitution, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the juices, which

which had long languiſhed even almoſt to ſtagnation. For ſome years, I had been as ſubject to colds as a delicate woman new delivered. If I ventured to go abroad when there was the leaſt moiſture either in the air, or upon the ground, I was ſure to be laid up a fortnight with a cough and aſthma. But, in this journey, I ſuffered cold and rain, and ſtood, and walked in wet, heated myſelf with exerciſe, and ſweated violently, without feeling the leaſt diſorder; but on the contrary, felt myſelf growing ſtronger every day in the midſt of theſe exceſſes. Since my return to Nice, it has rained the beſt part of two months, to the aſtoniſhment of all the people in the country; yet during all that time I have enjoyed good health and ſpirits. On Chriſtmas-Eve, I went to the cathedral at mid-night, to hear high maſs celebrated by the new biſhop of Nice, in pontificalibus, and ſtood near two hours uncovered in a cold gallery, without having any cauſe in the ſequel to repent of my curioſity. In a word, I am now ſo well that I no longer deſpair of ſeeing you and the reſt of my friends in England; a pleaſure which is eagerly deſired by

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Nice, March 23, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU aſk whether I think the French people are more taxed than the Engliſh; but I apprehend, the queſtion would be more apropos if you aſked whether the French taxes are more inſupportable than the Engliſh; for, in comparing burthens, we ought always to conſider the ſtrength of the ſhoulders that bear them. I know no better way of eſtimating the ſtrength, than by examining the face of the country, and obſerving the appearance of the common people, who conſtitute the bulk of every nation. When I, therefore, ſee the country of England ſmiling with cultivation; the grounds exhibiting all the perfection of agriculture, parcelled out into beautiful incloſures, corn-fields, hay and paſture, woodland and common: when I ſee her meadows well ſtocked with black cattle; her downs covered with ſheep; when I view her teams of horſes and oxen, large and ſtrong, fat and ſleek; when I ſee her farm-houſes the habitations of plenty, cleanlineſs, and convenience; and her peaſants well fed, well lodged, well cloathed, tall and ſtout, hale and jolly; I cannot help concluding that the people are well able to bear thoſe impoſitions which the public neceſſities have rendered neceſſary. On the other hand, when I perceive ſuch ſigns of poverty, miſery, and dirt, among the commonalty of France, their unfenced fields dug up in deſpair, without the intervention of meadow or fallow ground, without cattle to furniſh manure,

without

without horſes to execute the plans of agriculture; their farm-houſes mean, their furniture wretched, their apparel beggarly; themſelves and their beaſts the images of famine; I cannot help thinking they groan under oppreſſion, either from their landlords, or their government; probably from both.

The principal impoſitions of the French government are theſe: firſt, the taille, paid by all the commons, except thoſe that are privileged: ſecondly, the capitation, from which no perſons, (not even the nobles) are excepted: thirdly, the tenths and twentieths, called Dixiêmes and Vingtiêmes, which every body pays. This tax was originally levied as an occaſional aid in times of war, and other emergencies; but by degrees is become a ſtanding revenue even in times of peace. All the money ariſing from theſe impoſitions goes directly to the king's treaſury; and muſt undoubtedly amount to a very great ſum. Beſides theſe, he has the revenue of the farms, conſiſting of the droits d'aydes, or exciſe on wine, brandy, &c. of the cuſtom-houſe duties; of the gabelle, comprehending that moſt oppreſſive obligation on individuals to take a certain quantity of ſalt at the price which the farmers ſhall pleaſe to fix; of the excluſive privilege to ſell tobacco; of the droits de controlle, inſinuation, centiême denier, franchiefs, aubeine, échange, et contre-échange ariſing from the acts of voluntary juriſdiction, as well as certain law-ſuits. Theſe farms are ſaid to bring into the king's coffers above one hundred and twenty millions of livres yearly, amounting to near five millions ſterling; but the poor people are ſaid to pay about a third more than this ſum,

which

which the farmers retain to enrich themſelves, and bribe the great for their protection; which protection of the great is the true reaſon why this moſt iniquitous, oppreſſive, and abſurd method of levying money is not laid aſide. Over and above thoſe articles I have mentioned, the French king draws conſiderable ſums from his clergy, under the denomination of dons gratuits, or free-gifts; as well as from the ſubſidies given by the pays d'etats, ſuch as Provence, Languedoc, and Bretagne, which are exempted from the taille. The whole revenue of the French king amounts to between twelve and thirteen millions ſterling. Theſe are great reſources for the king: but they will always keep the people miſerable, and effectually prevent them from making ſuch improvements as might turn their lands to the beſt advantage. But beſides being eaſed in the article of taxes, there is ſomething elſe required to make them exert themſelves for the benefit of their country. They muſt be free in their perſons, ſecure in their property, indulged with reaſonable leaſes, and effectually protected by law from the inſolence and oppreſſion of their ſuperiors.

Great as the French king's reſources may appear, they are hardly ſufficient to defray the enormous expence of his government. About two millions ſterling per annum of his revenue are ſaid to be anticipated for paying the intereſt of the public debts; and the reſt is found inadequate to the charge of a prodigious ſtanding army, a double frontier of fortified towns, and the extravagant appointments of ambaſſadors, generals, governors, intendants, commandants, and other officers of the crown, all of whom affect

affect a pomp, which is equally ridiculous and prodigal. A French general in the field is always attended by thirty or forty cooks; and thinks it is incumbent upon him, for the glory of France, to give a hundred diſhes every day at his table. When don Philip, and the marechal duke de Belleiſle, had their quarters at Nice, there were fifty ſcullions conſtantly employed in the great ſquare in plucking poultry. This abſurd luxury infects their whole army. Even the commiſſaries keep open table; and nothing is ſeen but prodigality and profuſion. The king of Sardinia proceeds upon another plan. His troops are better cloathed, better paid, and better fed than thoſe of France. The commandant of Nice has about four hundred a year of appointments, which enable him to live decently; and even to entertain ſtrangers. On the other hand, the commandant of Antibes, which is in all reſpects more inconſiderable than Nice, has from the French king above five times the ſum to ſupport the glory of his monarch, which all the ſenſible part of mankind treat with ridicule and contempt. But the finances of France are ſo ill managed, that many of their commandants, and other officers, have not been able to draw their appointments theſe two years. In vain they complain and remonſtrate. When they grow troubleſome they are removed. How then muſt they ſupport the glory of France? how, but by oppreſſing the poor people. The treaſurer makes uſe of their money for his own benefit. The king knows it; he knows his officers thus defrauded, fleece and oppreſs his people: but he thinks proper to wink at theſe abuſes. The government may

be

be ſaid to be weak and tottering which finds itſelf obliged to connive at ſuch proceedings. The king of France, in order to give ſtrength and ſtability to his adminiſtration, ought to have ſenſe to adopt a ſage plan of œconomy, and vigour of mind ſufficient to execute it in all its parts, with the moſt rigorous exactneſs. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to puniſh the delinquents, of what quality ſoever they may be: and the firſt act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are, undoubtedly, many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government, and, in all probability, the ſubjects of France will be the firſt to take advantage of it. There is at preſent a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which under the reign of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the conſtitution. In proportion to the progreſs of reaſon and philoſophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, ſuperſtition loſes ground; ancient prejudices give way; a ſpirit of freedom takes the aſcendant. All the learned laity of France deteſt the hierarchy as a plan of deſpotiſm, founded on impoſture and uſurpation. The proteſtants, who are very numerous in the ſouthern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticiſm. Many of the commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of thoſe odious diſtinctions, which exclude them from the honours and priveleges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments, or tribunals of juſtice in the kingdom, ſeem bent upon aſſerting their rights and independence in

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the face of the king's prerogative, and even at the expence of his power and authority. Should any prince therefore be ſeduced by evil counſellors, or miſled by his own bigotry, to take ſome arbitrary ſtep, that may be extremely diſagreeable to all thoſe communities, without having ſpirit to exert the violence of his power for the ſupport of his meaſures, he will become equally deteſted and deſpiſed; and the influence of the commons will inſenſibly encroach upon the pretenſions of the crown. But if in the time of a minority, the power of the government ſhould be divided among different competitors for the regency, the parliaments and people will find it ſtill more eaſy to acquire and aſcertain the liberty at which they aſpire, becauſe they will have the balance of power in their hands, and be able to make either ſcale preponderate. I could ſay a great deal more upon this ſubject; and I have ſome remarks to make relating to the methods which might be taken in caſe of a freſh rupture with France, for making a vigorous impreſſion on that kingdom. But theſe I muſt defer till another occaſion, having neither room nor leiſure at preſent to add any thing, but that I am, with great truth,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

Nice, April 2, 1763.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AS I have now paſſed a ſecond winter at Nice I think myſelf qualified to make ſome further remarks on this climate. During the heats of laſt ſummer, I flattered myſelf with the proſpect of the fine weather I ſhould enjoy in the winter; but neither I, nor any perſon in this country, could foreſee the rainy weather that prevailed from the middle of November, till the twentieth of March. In this ſhort period of four months, we have had fifty-ſix days of rain, which I take to be a greater quantity than generally falls during the ſix worſt months of the year in the county of Middleſex, eſpecially as it was, for the moſt part, a heavy, continued rain. The ſouth winds generally predominate in the wet ſeaſon at Nice; but this winter the rain was accompanied with every wind that blows, except the ſouth; though the moſt frequent were thoſe that came from the eaſt and north quarters. Notwithſtanding theſe great rains, ſuch as were never known before at Nice in the memory of man, the intermediate days of fair weather were delightful, and the ground ſeemed perfectly dry. The air itſelf was perfectly free from moiſture. Though I live upon a ground floor, ſurrounded on three ſides by a garden, I could not perceive the leaſt damp, either on the floors, or the furniture; neither was I much incommoded by the aſthma, which uſed always to haraſs me moſt in wet weather.

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In a word, I paſſed the winter here much more comfortably than I expected. About the vernal equinox, however, I caught a violent cold, which was attended with a difficulty of breathing, and as the ſun advances towards the tropic, I found myſelf ſtill more ſubject to rheums. As the heat increaſes, the humours of the body are rarefied, and, of conſequence, the pores of the ſkin are opened; while the eaſt wind ſweeping over the Alps and Appenines, covered with ſnow, continues ſurpriſingly ſharp and penetrating. Even the people of the country, who enjoy good health, are afraid of expoſing themſelves to the air at this ſeaſon, the intemperature of which may laſt till the middle of May, when all the ſnow on the mountains will probably be melted; then the air will become mild and balmy; till, in the progreſs of ſummer, it grows diſagreeably hot, and the ſtrong evaporation from the ſea makes it ſo ſaline, as to be unhealthy for thoſe who have a ſcorbutical habit. When the ſea-breeze is high, this evaporation is ſo great as to cover the ſurface of the body with a kind of volatile brine, as I plainly perceived laſt ſummer. I am more and more convinced that this climate is unfavourable for the ſcurvy. Were I obliged to paſs my life in it, I would endeavour to find a country retreat among the mountains, at ſome diſtance from the ſea, where I might enjoy a cool air, free from this impregnation, unmoleſted by thoſe flies, gnats, and other vermin, which render the lower parts almoſt uninhabitable. To this place I would retire in the month of June, and there continue till the beginning of October, when I would re-

turn to my habitation in Nice, where the winter is remarkably mild and agreeable. In March and April however, I would not adviſe a valetudinarian to go forth, without taking precaution againſt the cold. An agreeable ſummer retreat may be found on the other ſide of the Var, at or near the town of Graſſe, which is pleaſantly ſituated on the aſcent of a hill in Provence, about ſeven Engliſh miles from Nice. This place is famous for its pomatum, gloves, waſh-balls, perfumes, and toilette-boxes, lined with bergamot. I am told it affords good lodging, and is well ſupplied with proviſions.

We are now preparing for our journey to England, from the exerciſe of which I promiſe myſelf much benefit: a journey extremely agreeable, not only on that account, but alſo becauſe it will reſtore me to the company of my friends, and remove me from a place where I leave nothing but the air, which I can poſſibly regret. The only friendſhip I have contracted at Nice are with ſtrangers, who, like myſelf, only ſojourn here for a ſeaſon. I now find by experience, it is great folly to buy furniture, unleſs one is reſolved to ſettle here for ſome years. The Niſſards aſſured me, with great confidence, that I ſhould always be able to ſell it for a very little loſs; whereas I find myſelf obliged to part with it for about one-third of what it coſt. I have ſent for a coach to Aix, and as ſoon as it arrives, ſhall take my departure; ſo that the next letter you receive from me will be dated at ſome place on the road. I purpoſe to take Antibes, Toulon, Marſeilles, Aix, Avignon, and Orange, in my way: places which I have not yet ſeen; and where, perhaps, I ſhall find ſome-

thing

thing for your amuſement, which will always be a conſideration of ſome weight with,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Dr. S—— at *Nice*.

Turin, March 18, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am juſt returned from an excurſion to Turin, which is about thirty leagues from hence, the greater part of the way lying over frightful mountains covered with ſnow. The difficulty of the road, however reaches no farther than Coni, from whence there is an open highway through a fine plain country, as far as the capital of Piedmont, and the traveller is accomodated with chaiſe and horſes to proceed either poſt, or by cambiatura, as in other parts of Italy. There are only two ways of performing the journey over the mountains from Nice; one is to ride a mule back, and the other to be carried in a chair. The former I choſe, and ſet out with my ſervant on the ſeventh day of February at two in the afternoon. I was hardly clear of Nice, when it began to rain ſo hard that in leſs than an hour the mud was half a foot deep in many parts of the road. This was the only inconvenience we ſuffered, the way being in other reſpects practicable enough; for there is but one ſmall hill to croſs on this ſide of the village of L'Eſcarene, where we arrived about ſix

in the evening. The ground in this neighbourhood is tolerably cultivated, and the mountains are planted to the tops with olive trees. The accommodation here is ſo very bad, that I had no inclination to be a-bed longer than was abſolutely neceſſary for refreſhment; and therefore I proceeded on my journey at two in the morning, conducted by a guide, whom I hired for this purpoſe at the rate of three livres a day. Having aſcended one ſide, and deſcended the other, of the mountain called Braus, which took up four hours, though the road is not bad, we at ſix reached the village of Soſpello, which is agreeably ſituated in a ſmall valley, ſurrounded by prodigious high and barren mountains. This little plain is pretty fertile, and being watered by a pleaſant ſtream, forms a delightful contraſt with the hideous rocks that ſurround it. Having repoſed myſelf and my mules two hours at this place, we continued our journey over the ſecond mountain, called Brovis, which is rather more conſiderable than the firſt, and in four hours arrived at La Giandola, a tolerable inn ſituated betwixt the high road and a ſmall river, about a gunſhot from the town of Brieglie, which we leave on the right. As we jogged along in the grey of the morning, I was a little ſtartled at two figures which I ſaw before me, and began to put my piſtols in order. It muſt be obſerved that theſe mountains are infeſted with *contrabandiers*, a ſet of ſmuggling peaſants, very bold and deſperate, who make a traffick of ſelling tobacco, ſalt, and other merchandize, which have not paid duty, and ſometimes lay travellers under contribution. I did not doubt but there was a gang of theſe free-booters at hand; but as no

no more than two perſons appeared, I reſolved to let them know we were prepared for defence, and fired one of my piſtols, in hope that the report of it, echoed from the ſurrounding rocks, would produce a proper effect; but, the mountains and roads being entirely covered with ſnow to a conſiderable depth, there was little or no reverberation, and the ſound was not louder than that of a pop gun, although the piece contained a good charge of powder. Nevertheleſs, it did not fail to get the attention of the ſtrangers, one of whom immediately wheeled to the left about, and being by this time very near me, gave me an opportunity of contemplating his whole perſon. He was very tall, meagre, and yellow, with a long hooked noſe, and ſmall twinkling eyes. His head was caſed in a woollen night-cap, over which he wore a flapped hat; he had a ſilk handkerchief about his neck, and his mouth was furniſhed with a ſhort wooden pipe, from which he diſcharged wreathing clouds of tobacco-ſmoke. He was wrapped in a kind of capot of green bays, lined with wolf-ſkin, had a pair of monſtrous boots, quilted on the inſide with cotton, was almoſt covered with dirt, and rode a mule ſo low that his long legs hung dangling within ſix inches of the ground. This groteſque figure was ſo much more ludicrous than terrible, that I could not help laughing; when taking his pipe out of his mouth, he very politely accoſted me by name. You may eaſily gueſs I was exceedingly ſurpriſed at ſuch an addreſs on the top of the mountain Brovis; but he forthwith put an end to it, by diſcovering himſelf to be the marquis M. whom I had the honour to be acquainted with

at Nice. After having rallied him upon his equipage, he gave me to underſtand he had ſet out from Nice the morning of the ſame day, that I departed, that he was going to Turin, and that he had ſent one of his ſervants before him to Coni with his baggage. Knowing him to be an agreeable companion, I was glad of this encounter, and we reſolved to travel the reſt of the way together. We dined at La Giandola, and in the afternoon rode along the little river Roida, which runs in a bottom between frightful precipices, and in ſeveral places forms natural caſcades, the noiſe of which had well nigh deprived us of the ſenſe of hearing; after a winding courſe among theſe mountains, it diſcharges itſelf into the Mediterranean at Ventimiglia, in the territory of Genoa. As the ſnow did not lie on theſe mountains, when we cracked our whips, there was ſuch a repercuſſion of the ſound as is altogether inconceivable. We paſſed by the village of Saorgio, ſituated on an eminence, where there is a ſmall fortreſs which commands the whole paſs, and in five hours arrived at our inn, on this ſide the Col de Tende, where we took up our quarters, but had very little reaſon to boaſt of our entertainment. Our greateſt difficulty, however, conſiſted in pulling off the marquis's boots, which were of the kind called Seafarot, by this time ſo loaded with dirt on the out ſide, and ſo ſwelled with the rain within, that he could neither drag them after him as he walked, nor diſencumber his legs of them, without ſuch violence as ſeemed almoſt ſufficient to tear him limb from limb. In a word, we were obliged to tie a rope about his heel, and all the people in the houſe

aſſiſting

aſſiſting to pull, the poor marquis was drawn from one end of the apartment to the other before the boot would give way: at laſt his legs were happily diſengaged, and the machines carefully dried and ſtuffed for next day's journey.

We took our departure from hence at three in the morning, and at four, began to mount the Col de Tende, which is by far the higheſt mountain in the whole journey: it was now quite covered with ſnow, which at the top of it was near twenty feet thick. Half way up, there are quarters for a detachment of ſoldiers, poſted here to prevent ſmuggling, and an inn callad La Ca, which, in the language of the country, ſignifies the houſe. At this place, we hired ſix men to aſſiſt us in aſcending the mountain, each of them provided with a kind of hough to break the ice, and make a ſort of ſteps for the mules. When we were near the top, however, we were obliged to alight, and climb the mountain ſupported each by two of thoſe men, called Coulants, who walk upon the ſnow with great firmneſs and ſecurity. We were followed by the mules, and, though they are very ſure-footed animals, and were froſt-ſhod for the occaſion, they ſtumbled and fell very often; the ice being ſo hard that the ſharp headed nails in their ſhoes could not penetrate. Having reached the top of this mountain, from whence there is no proſpect but of other rocks and mountains, we prepared for deſcending on the other ſide by the Leze, which is an occaſional ſledge made of two pieces of wood, carried up by the Coulants for this purpoſe. I did not much reliſh this kind of carriage, eſpecially as the mountain was very ſteep, and covered with ſuch a

thick fog that we could hardly ſee two or three yards before us. Nevertheleſs, our guides were ſo confident, and my companion, who had paſſed the ſame way on other occaſions, was ſo ſecure, that I ventured to place myſelf on this machine, one of the coulants ſtanding behind me, and the other ſitting before, as the conductor, with his feet paddling among the ſnow, in order to moderate the velocity of its deſcent. Thus accommodated, we deſcended the mountain with ſuch rapidity, that in an hour we reached Limon, which is the native place of almoſt all the muleteers who tranſport merchandize from Nice to Coni and Turin. Here we waited full two hours for the mules, which travelled with the ſervants by the common road. To each of the coulants we paid forty ſols, which are nearly equal to two ſhillings ſterling. Leaving Limon, we were in two hours quite diſengaged from the gorges of the mountains, which are partly covered with wood and paſturage, though altogether inacceſſible, except in ſummer; but from the foot of the Col de Tende, the road lies through a plain all the way to Turin. We took ſix hours to travel from the inn where we had lodged over the mountain to Limon, and five hours from thence to Coni. Here we found our baggage, which we had ſent off by the carriers one day before we departed from Nice; and here we diſmiſſed our guides, together with the mules. In winter, you have a mule for this whole journey at the rate of twenty livres; and the guides are paid at the rate of two livres a day, reckoning ſix days, three for the journey to Coni, and three for their return to Nice. We ſet out ſo early in

the morning in order to avoid the inconveniencies and dangers that attend the paſſage of this mountain. The firſt of theſe ariſes from your meeting with long ſtrings of loaded mules in a ſlippery road, the breadth of which does not exceed a foot and an half. As it is altogether impoſſible for two mules to paſs each other in ſuch a narrow path, the muleteers have made doublings or elbows in different parts, and when the troops of mules meet, the leaſt numerous is obliged to turn off into one of theſe doublings, and there halt until the others are paſt. Travellers, in order to avoid this diſagreeable delay, which is the more vexatious, conſidering the exceſſive cold, begin the aſcent of the mountain early in the morning before the mules quit their inns. But the great danger of travelling here when the ſun is up, proceeds from what they call the Valanches. Theſe are balls of ſnow detached from the mountains which overtop the road, either by the heat of the ſun, or the humidity of the weather. A piece of ſnow thus looſened from the rock, though perhaps not above three or four feet in diameter, increaſes ſometimes in its deſcent to ſuch a degree, as to become two hundred paces in length, and rolls down with ſuch rapidity, that the traveller is cruſhed to death before he can make three ſteps on the road. Theſe dreadful heaps drag every thing along with them in their deſcent. They tear up huge trees by the roots, and, if they chance to fall upon a houſe, demoliſh it to the foundation. Accidents of this nature ſeldom happen in the winter while the weather is dry; and yet ſcarce a year paſſes in which ſome mules and their drivers do not pe-

riſh by the valanches. At Coni we found the Counteſs C—— from Nice, who had made the ſame journey in a chair, carried by porters. This is no other than a common elbow-chair of wood, with a ſtraw bottom, covered above with waxed cloth, to protect the traveller from the rain or ſnow, and provided with a foot-board upon which the feet reſt. It is carried like a ſedan-chair; and for this purpoſe ſix or eight porters are employed at the rate of three or four livres a head per day, according to the ſeaſon, allowing three days for their return. Of theſe ſix men, two are between the poles carrying like common chairmen, and each of theſe is ſupported by the other two, one at each hand: but as thoſe in the middle ſuſtain the greateſt burden, they are relieved by the others in a reguler rotation. In deſcending the mountain, they carry the poles on their ſhoulders, and in that caſe, four men are employed, one at each end.

At Coni, you may have a chaiſe to go with the ſame horſes to Turin, for which you pay fifteen livres, and are a day and a half on the way. You may poſt it, however, in one day, and then the price is ſeven livres ten ſols per poſt, and ten ſols to the poſtillion. The method we took was that of cambiatura. This is a chaiſe with horſes ſhifted at the ſame ſtages that are uſed in poſting: but, as it is ſuppoſed to move ſlower, we pay but five livres per poſt, and ten ſols to the poſtillion. In order to quicken its pace, we gave ten ſols extraordinary to each poſtillion, and for this gratification he drove us even faſter than the poſt. The chaiſes are like thoſe of Italy, and will

will take on near two hundred weight of baggage.

Coni is ſituated between two ſmall ſtreams, and, though neither very large nor populous, is conſiderable for the ſtrength of its fortifications. It is honoured with the title of the Maiden-Fortreſs, becauſe, though ſeveral times beſieged, it was never taken. The prince of Conti inveſted it in the war of 1744; but he was obliged to raiſe the ſiege, after having given battle to the king of Sardinia. The place was gallantly defended by the baron Leutrum, a German proteſtant, the beſt general in the Sardinian ſervice: but what contributed moſt to the miſcarriage of the enemy, was a long tract of heavy rains, which deſtroyed all their works, and rendered their advances impracticable.

I need not tell you that Piedmont is one of the moſt fertile and agreeable countries in Europe, and this the moſt agreeable part of all Piedmont, though it now appeared to diſadvantage from the rigorous ſeaſon of the year: I ſhall only obſerve that we paſſed through Sabellian, which is a conſiderable town, and arrived in the evening at Turin. We entered this fine city by the gate of Nice, and, paſſing through the elegant Piazza di San Carlo, took up our quarters at the Bona Fama, which ſtands at one corner of the great ſquare, called La Piazza Caſtel.

Were I even diſpoſed to give a deſcription of Turin, I ſhould be obliged to poſtpone it till another opportunity, having no room at preſent to ſay any thing more, but that I am always

Yours.

LETTER XXXIX.

Aix en Provence, May 10, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am thus far on my way to England. I had reſolved to leave Nice, without having the leaſt diſpute with any one native of the place, but I found it impoſſible to keep this reſolution. My landlord, Mr. C——, a man of faſhion, with whoſe family we had always lived in friendſhip, was ſo reaſonable as to expect I ſhould give him up the houſe and garden, though they were to be paid for till Michaelmas, and peremptorily declared I ſhould not be permitted to ſub-let them to any other perſon. He had of his own accord aſſured me more than once that he would take my furniture off my hands, and, truſting to this aſſurance, I had loſt the opportunity of diſpoſing it to advantage: but when the time of my departure drew near, he refuſed to take it, at the ſame time inſiſting upon having the key of the houſe and garden, as well as on being paid the whole rent directly, though it would not be due till the middle of September. I was ſo exaſperated at this treatment from a man whom I had treated with particular reſpect, that I determined to conteſt it at law: but the affair was accommodated by the mediation of a father of the Minims, a friend to both, and a merchant of Niee, who charged himſelf with the care of the houſe and furniture. A ſtranger muſt conduct himſelf with the utmoſt circumſpection to be able to live among theſe people without being the dupe of impoſition.

I had

I had ſent to Aix for a coach and four horſes, which I hired at the rate of eighteen French livres a day, being equal to fifteen ſhillings and nine-pence ſterling. The river Var was ſo ſwelled by the melting of the ſnow on the mountains, as to be impaſſable by any wheel-carriage; and, therefore, the coach remained at Antibes, to which we went by water, the diſtance being about nine or ten miles. This is the Antipolis of the ancients, ſaid to have been built, like Nice, by a colony from Marſeilles. In all probability, however, it was later than the foundation of Nice, and took its name from its being ſituated directly oppoſite to that city. Pliny ſays it was famous for its tunny-fiſhery; and to this circumſtance Martial alludes in the following lines:

"*Antipolitani, fateor, ſum filia thynni.*
Eſſem ſi Scombri non tibi miſſa forem."

At preſent, it is the frontier of France towards Italy, pretty ſtrongly fortified, and garriſoned by a battalion of ſoldiers. The town is ſmall and inconſiderable: but the baſon of the harbour is ſurrounded to ſeaward by a curious bulwark founded upon piles driven in the water, conſiſting of a wall, ramparts, caſemates, and quay. Veſſels lie very ſafe in this harbour; but there is not water at the entrance of it to admit of ſhips of any burden. The ſhallows run ſo far off from the coaſt, that a ſhip of force cannot lie near enough to batter the town; but it was bombarded in the late war. Its chief ſtrength by land conſiſts in a ſmall quadrangular fort detached from the body of the

place,

place, which, in a particular manner, commands the entrance of the harbour. The wall of the town built in the ſea has embraſures and ſaliant angles, on which a great number of cannon may be mounted.

I think the adjacent country is much more pleaſant than that on the one ſide of Nice; and there is certainly no eſſential difference in the climate. The ground here is not ſo encumbered; it is laid out in agreeable incloſures, with intervals of open fields, and the mountains riſe with an eaſy aſcent at a much greater diſtance from the ſea, than on the other ſide of the bay. Beſides, here are charming rides along the beach, which is ſmooth and firm. When we paſſed in the laſt week of April, the corn was in the ear; the cherries were almoſt ripe; and the figs had begun to blacken. I had embarked my heavy baggage on board a London ſhip, which happened to be at Nice, ready to ſail; as for our ſmall trunks or portmanteaus, which we carried along with us, they were examined at Antibes; but the ceremony was performed very ſuperficially, in conſequence of tipping the ſearcher with half a crown, which is a wonderful conciliator at all the bureaus in this country.

We lay at Cannes, a neat village, charmingly ſituated on the beach of the Mediterranean, exactly oppoſite to the iſles Marguerites, where ſtate-priſoners are confined. As there are ſome good houſes in this place, I would rather live here for the ſake of the mild climate, than either at Antibes or Nice. Here you are not cooped up within walls, nor crowded with ſoldiers and people: but are already

in the country, enjoy a fine air, and are well ſupplied with all ſorts of fiſh.

The mountain of Eſterelles, which, in one of my former letters, I deſcribed as a moſt romantic and noble plantation of ever-greens, trees, ſhrubs, and aromatic plants, is at preſent quite deſolate. Laſt ſummer, ſome execrable villains ſet fire to the pines, when the wind was high. It continued burning for months, and the conflagration extended above ten leagues, conſuming an incredible quantity of timber. The ground is now naked on each ſide of the road, or occupied by the black trunks of the trees, which have been ſcorched without falling. They ſtand as ſo many monuments of the judgment of heaven, filling the mind with horror and compaſſion. I could hardly refrain from ſhedding tears at this diſmal ſpectacle, when I recalled the idea of what it was about eighteen months ago.

As we ſtayed all night at Frejus, I had an opportunity of viewing the amphitheatre at leiſure. As near as I can judge by the eye, it is of the ſame dimenſions with that of Niſmes; but ſhockingly dilapidated. The ſtone ſeats riſing from the arena are ſtill extant, and the cells under them, where the wild beaſts were kept. There are likewiſe the remains of two galleries one over another; and two vomitoria or great gateways at oppoſite ſides of the arena, which is now a fine green, with a road through the middle of it; but all the external architecture and the ornaments are demoliſhed. The moſt entire part of the wall now conſtitutes part of a monaſtery, the monks of which, I am told, have helped to deſtroy the amphi-

theatre,

theatre, by removing the ſtones for their own purpoſes of building. In the neighbourhood of this amphitheatre, which ſtands without the walls, are the veſtiges of an old edifice, ſaid to have been the palace where the imperator or preſident reſided: for it was a Roman colony, much favoured by Julius Cæſar, who gave it the name of Forum Julii, and Civitas Forojulienſis. In all probability, it was he who built the amphitheatre, and brought hither the water ten leagues from the river of Ciagne, by means of an aqueduct, ſome arcades of which are ſtill ſtanding on the other ſide of the town. A great number of ſtatues were found in this place, together with ancient inſcriptions, which have been publiſhed by different authors. I need not tell you that Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the hiſtorian, was a native of Frejus, which is now a very poor inconſiderable place. From hence the country opens to the left, forming an extenſive plain between the ſea and the mountains, which are a continuation of the Alps, that ſtretches through Provence and Dauphiné. This plain watered with pleaſant ſtreams, and varied with vineyards, cornfields, and meadow-ground, afforded a moſt agreeable proſpect to our eyes, which were accuſtomed to the ſight of ſcorching ſands, rugged rocks, and abrupt mountains in the neighbourhood of Nice. Although this has much the appearance of a corn country, I am told it does not produce enough for the conſumption of its inhabitants, who are obliged to have annual ſupplies from abroad, imported at Marſeilles. A Frenchman, at an average, eats three times the quantity of bread that ſatisfies a native of

England,

England, and, indeed, it is undoubtedly the ſtaff of his life. I am therefore ſurprized that the Provençaux do not convert part of their vineyards into corn-fields: for they may boaſt of their wine as they pleaſe; but that which is drunk by the common people, not only here, but alſo in all the wine-countries of France, is neither ſo ſtrong, nouriſhing, nor (in my opinion) ſo pleaſant to the taſte as the ſmall-beer of England. It muſt be owned, that all the peaſants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive ſize, in compariſon of thoſe who uſe milk, beer, or even water; and it is a conſtant obſervation, that when there is a ſcarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in thoſe ſeaſons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that wine, and all fermented liquors, are pernicious to the human conſtitution; and that, for the preſervation of health, and exhilaration of the ſpirits, there is no beverage comparable to ſimple water. Between Luc and Toulon, the country is delightfully parcelled out into incloſures. Here is plenty of rich paſturage for black cattle, and a greater number of pure ſtreams and rivulets than I have obſerved in any other parts of France.

Toulon is a conſiderable place, even excluſive of the baſon, docks, and arſenal, which indeed are ſuch as juſtify the remark made by a ſtranger when he viewed them, "The king of France (ſaid he) is greater at Toulon than at Verſailles." The quay, the jetties, the docks, and magazines, are contrived and executed with preciſion, order, ſolidity, and magnificence. I counted fourteen ſhips of the line lying unrigged

in

in the baſon, beſides the Tonant of eighty guns, which was in dock repairing, and a new frigate on the ſtocks. I was credibly informed, that, in the laſt war, the king of France was ſo ill-ſerved with cannon for his navy, that, in every action, there was ſcarce a ſhip which had not ſeveral pieces burſt. Theſe accidents did great damage, and diſcouraged the French mariners to ſuch a degree, that they became more afraid of their own guns than thoſe of the Engliſh. There are now at Toulon above two thouſand pieces of iron cannon unfit for ſervice. This is an undeniable proof of the weakneſs and neglect of the French adminiſtration: but a more ſurpriſing proof of their imbecility, is the ſtate of the fortifications that defend the entrance of this very harbour. I have ſome reaſon to think that they truſted for its ſecurity entirely to our opinion that it muſt be inacceſſible. Capt. E——, of one of our frigates, lately entered the harbour with a contrary wind, which, by obliging him to tack, afforded an opportunity of ſounding the whole breadth and length of the paſſage. He came in without a pilot, and made a pretence of buying cordage, or ſome other ſtores; but the French officers were much chagrined at the boldneſs of his enterprize. They alledged, that he came for no other reaſon but to ſound the channel; and that he had an engineer aboard, who made drawings of the land and the forts, their bearings and diſtances. In all probability, theſe ſuſpicions were communicated to the miniſtry; for an order immediately arrived, that no ſtranger ſhould be admitted into the docks and arſenal.

Part

Part of the road from hence to Marſeilles lies through a vaſt mountain, which reſembles that of Eſtrelles; but is not ſo well covered with wood, though it has the advantage of an agreeable ſtream running through the bottom.

I was much pleaſed with Marſeilles, which is indeed a noble city, large, populous, and flouriſhing. The ſtreets, for the moſt part, are open, airy, and ſpacious; the houſes well built, and even magnificent. The harbour is an oval baſon, ſurrounded on every ſide either by the buildings or the land, ſo that the ſhipping lies perfectly ſecure; and here is generally an incredible number of veſſels. On the city ſide, there is a ſemi-circular quay of free-ſtone, which extends thirteen hundred paces; and the ſpace between this and the houſes that front it, is continually filled with a ſurpriſing crowd of people. The gallies, to the number of eight or nine, are moored with their ſterns to one part of the wharf, and the ſlaves are permitted to work for their own benefit at their reſpective occupations, in little ſhops or booths, which they rent for a trifle. There you ſee tradeſmen of all kinds ſitting at work, chained by one foot, ſhoe makers, taylors, ſilverſmiths, watch and clock makers, barbers, ſtocking-weavers, jewellers, pattern drawers, ſcriveners, bookſellers, cutlers, and all manner of ſhop-keepers. They pay about two ſols a day to the king for this indulgence; live well and look jolly; and can afford to ſell their goods, and labour much cheaper than other dealers and tradeſmen. At night, however, they are obliged to lie aboard. Notwithſtanding the great face of buſineſs at Marſeilles, their trade is greatly on the decline; and

their merchants are failing every day. This decay of commerce is, in a great measure, owing to the English, who, at the peace, poured in such a quantity of European merchandize into Martinique and Guadaloupe, that, when the merchants of Marseilles sent over their cargoes, they found their markets overstocked, and were obliged to sell for a considerable loss. Besides, the French colonists had such a stock of sugars, coffee, and other commodities lying by them during the war, that, upon the first notice of peace, they shipped them off in great quantities for Marseilles. I am told that the produce of the islands is at present cheaper here than where it grows; and, on the other hand, the merchandize of this country sells for less money at Martinique than in Provence.

A single person, who travels in this country, may live at a reasonable rate in these towns, by eating at the public ordinaries: but I would advise all families that come hither to make any stay, to take furnished lodgings as soon as they can: for the expence of living at an hotel is enormous. I was obliged to pay at Marseilles four livres a head for every meal, and half that price for my servant, and was charged six livres a day besides for the apartment; so that our daily expence, including breakfast and a valet de place, amounted to two louis d'ors. The same imposition prevails all over the south of France, though it is the cheapest and most plentiful part of the kingdom. Without all doubt, it must be owing to the folly and extravagance of English travellers, who have allowed themselves to be fleeced without wincing, until this extortion is become authorized by custom. It is very

disagreeable

diſagreeable riding in the avenues of Marſeilles, becauſe you are confined in a duſty high road, crowded with carriages and beaſts of burden, between two white walls, the reflection from which, while the ſun ſhines, is intolerable. But in this neighbourhood there is a vaſt number of pleaſant country-houſes, called Baſtides, ſaid to amount to twelve thouſand, ſome of which may be rented ready furniſhed at a very reaſonable price. Marſeilles is a gay city, and the inhabitants indulge themſelves in a variety of amuſements. They have aſſemblies, a concert ſpirituel, and a comedy. Here is alſo a ſpacious cours, or walk ſhaded with trees, to which in the evening there is a great reſort of well-dreſſed people.

Marſeilles being a free port, there is a bureau about half a league from the city on the road to Aix, where all carriages undergo examination; and if any thing contraband is found, the vehicle, baggage, and even the horſes are confiſcated. We eſcaped this diſagreeable ceremony by the ſagacity of our driver. Of his own accord, he declared at the bureau, that we had bought a pound of coffee and ſome ſugar at Marſeilles, and were ready to pay the duty, which amounted to about ten ſols. They took the money, gave him a receipt, and let the carriage paſs, without further queſtion.

I propoſed to ſtay one night only at Aix: but Mr. A—r, who is here, had found ſuch benefit from drinking the waters, that I was perſuaded to make trial of them for eight or ten days. I have accordingly taken private lodgings, and drunk them every morning at the fountain-head, not without finding conſiderable benefit. In my

next I ſhall ſay ſomething further of theſe waters, though I am afraid they will not prove a ſource of much entertainment. It will be ſufficient for me to find them contribute in any degree to the health of

Dear Sir,
Yours aſſuredly.

LETTER XL.

Boulogne, May 23, 1765.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Found three Engliſh families at Aix, with whom I could have paſſed my time very agreeably; but the ſociety is now diſſolved. Mr. S—re and his lady left the place in a few days after we arrived. Mr. A—r and lady Betty are gone to Geneva; and Mr. G—r, with his family, remains at Aix. This gentleman, who laboured under a moſt dreadful nervous aſthma, has obtained ſuch relief from this climate, that he intends to ſtay another year in the place: and Mr. A—r found ſurprizing benefit from drinking the waters, for a ſcorbutical complaint. As I was incommoded by both theſe diſorders, I could not but in juſtice to myſelf, try the united efforts of the air and the waters; eſpecially as this conſideration was re-inforced by the kind and preſſing exhortations of Mr. A—r and lady Betty, which I could not in gratitude reſiſt.

Aix, the capital of Provence, is a large city, watered by the ſmall river Are. It was a Roman colony, ſaid to be founded by Caius Sextus Calvinus,

Calvinus, above a century before the birth of Chriſt. From the ſource of mineral water here found, added to the conſul's name, it was called Aquæ Sextiæ. It was here that Marius, the conqueror of the Teutones, fixed his head-quarters, and embelliſhed the place with temples, aqueducts, and thermæ, of which, however, nothing now remains. The city, as it now ſtands, is well built, though the ſtreets in general are narrow, and kept in a very dirty condition. But it has a noble *cours* planted with double rows of tall trees, and adorned with three or four fine fountains, the middlemoſt of which diſcharges hot water ſupplied from the ſource of the baths. On each ſide there is a row of elegant houſes, inhabited chiefly by the nobleſſe, of which there is here a conſiderable number. The parliament, which is held at Aix, brings hither a great reſort of people; and as many of the inhabitants are perſons of faſhion, they are well bred, gay, and ſociable. The duc de Villars, who is governor of the province, reſides on the ſpot, and keeps an open aſſembly, where ſtrangers are admitted without reſerve, and made very welcome, if they will engage in play, which is the ſole occupation of the whole company. Some of our Engliſh people complain, that when they were preſented to him, they met with a very cold reception. The French, as well as other foreigners, have no idea of a man of family and faſhion, without the title of duke, count, marquis, or lord, and where an Engliſh gentleman is introduced by the ſimple expreſſion of *monſieur tel*, they think he is ſome plebeian, unworthy of any particular attention.

Aix

Aix is ſituated in a bottom, almoſt ſurrounded by hills, which, however, do not ſcreen it from the Bize, or north wind, that blows extremely ſharp in the winter and ſpring, rendering the air almoſt inſupportably cold, and very dangerous to thoſe who have ſome kinds of pulmonary complaints, ſuch as tubercules, abſceſſes, or ſpitting of blood. Lord H—, who paſſed part of laſt winter in this place, afflicted with ſome of theſe ſymptoms, grew worſe every day while he continued at Aix: but, he no ſooner removed to Marſeilles, than all his complaints abated; ſuch a difference there is in the air of theſe two places, though the diſtance between them does not exceed ten or twelve miles. But the air of Marſeilles, though much more mild than that of Aix in the winter, is not near ſo warm as the climate of Nice, where we find in plenty ſuch flowers, fruit, and vegetables, even in the ſevereſt ſeaſon, as will not grow and ripen, either at Marſeilles or Toulon.

If the air of Aix is diſagreeably cold in the winter, it is rendered quite inſufferable in the ſummer, from exceſſive heat, occaſioned by the reflexion from the rocks and mountains, which at the ſame time obſtruct the circulation of the air: for it muſt be obſerved, that the ſame mountains which ſerve as funnels and canals, to collect and diſcharge the keen blaſts of winter, will provide ſcreens to intercept entirely the faint breezes of ſummer. Aix, though pretty well provided with butcher's meat, is very ill ſupplied with pot-herbs; and they have no poultry but what comes at a vaſt diſtance from the Lionnois. They ſay their want of roots, cabbage, cauliflower, &c. is owing to a ſcarcity of water:

water: but the truth is, they are very bad gardeners. Their oil is good and cheap: their wine is indifferent: but their chief care ſeems employed on the culture of ſilk, the ſtaple of Provence, which is every where ſhaded with plantations of mulberry trees, for the nouriſhment of the worms. Notwithſtanding the boaſted cheapneſs of every article of houſekeeping, in the ſouth of France, I am perſuaded a family may live for leſs money at York, Durham, Hereford, and in many other cities of England, than at Aix in Provence; keep a more plentiful table; and be much more comfortably ſituated in all reſpects. I found lodging and proviſion at Aix fifty per cent. dearer than at Montpellier, which is counted the deareſt place in Languedoc.

The baths of Aix, ſo famous in antiquity, were quite demoliſhed by the irruptions of the Barbarians. The very ſource of the water was loſt, till the beginning of the preſent century, (I think the year 1704) when it was diſcovered by accident, in digging for the foundation of a houſe, at the foot of a hill, juſt without the city wall. Near the ſame place was found a ſmall ſtone altar, with the figure of a Priapus, and ſome letters in capitals, which the antiquarians have differently interpreted. From this figure, it was ſuppoſed that the waters were efficacious in caſes of barrenneſs. It was a long time, however, before any perſon would venture to uſe them internally, as it did not appear that they had ever been drank by the ancients. On their re-appearance, they were chiefly uſed for baths to horſes, and other beaſts which had the mange, and other cutaneous eruptions. At length poor people

ple began to bathe in them for the ſame diſorders, and received ſuch benefit from them, as attracted the attention of more curious enquirers. A very ſuperficial and imperfect analyſis was made and publiſhed, with a few remarkable hiſtories of the cures they had performed, by three different phyſicians of thoſe days; and thoſe little treatiſes, I ſuppoſe, encouraged valetudinarians to drink them without ceremony. They were found ſerviceable in the gout, the gravel, ſcurvy, dropſy, palſy, indigeſtion, aſthma, and conſumption; and their fame ſoon extended itſelf all over Languedoc, Gaſcony, Dauphiné, and Provence. The magiſtrates, with a view to render them more uſeful and commodious, have raiſed a plain building, in which there are a couple of private baths, with a bedchamber adjoining to each, where individuals may uſe them both internally and externally, for a moderate expence. Theſe baths are paved with marble, and ſupplied with water each by a large braſs cock, which you can turn at pleaſure. At one end of this edifice, there is an octagon, open at top, having a baſon, with a ſtone pillar in the middle, which diſcharges water from the ſame ſource, all round, by eight ſmall braſs cocks; and hither people of all ranks come of a morning, with their glaſſes, to drink the water, or waſh their ſores, or ſubject their contracted limbs to the ſtream. This laſt operation, called the *douche*, however, is more effectually undergone in the private bath, where the ſtream is much more powerful. The natural warmth of this water, as nearly as I can judge from recollection, is about the ſame degree of temperature with that in the Queen's Bath,

Bath, at Bath in Somerſetſhire. It is perfectly tranſparent, ſparkling in the glaſs, light and agreeable to the taſte, and may be drunk without any preparation, to the quantity of three or four pints at a time. There are many people at Aix who ſwallow fourteen half pint glaſſes every morning, during the ſeaſon, which is in the month of May, though it may be taken with equal benefit all the year round. It has no ſenſible operation but by urine, an effect which pure water would produce, if drunk in the ſame quantity.

If we may believe thoſe who have publiſhed their experiments, this water produces neither agitation, cloud, or change of colour, when mixed with acids, alkalies, tincture of galls, ſyrop of violets, or ſolution of ſilver. The reſidue, after boiling, evaporation, and filtration, affords a very ſmall proportion of purging ſalt, and calcarious earth, which laſt ferments with ſtrong acids. As I had neither hydrometer nor thermometer to aſcertain the weight and warmth of this water; nor time to procure the proper utenſils, to make the preparations, and repeat the experiments neceſſary to exhibit a complete analyſis, I did not pretend to enter upon this proceſs; but contented myſelf with drinking, bathing, and uſing the *douche*, which perfectly anſwered my expectation, having, in eight days, almoſt cured an ugly ſcorbutic tetter, which had for ſome time deprived me of the uſe of my right hand. I obſerved that the water, when uſed externally, left always a kind of oily appearance on the ſkin: that when we boiled it at home, in an earthen pot, the ſteams ſmelled

like thoſe of ſulphur, and even affected my lungs in the ſame manner: but the bath itſelf ſmelled ſtrong of a lime-kiln. The water, after ſtanding all night in a bottle, yielded a remarkably vinous taſte and odour, ſomething analogous to that of dulcified ſpirit of nitre. Whether the active particles conſiſt of a volatile vitriol, or a very fine petroleum, or a mixture of both, I ſhall not pretend to determine: but the beſt way I know of diſcovering whether it is really impregnated with a vitriolic principle, too ſubtil and fugitive for the uſual operations of chymiſtry, is to place bottles filled with wine, in the bath, or adjacent room, which wine, if there is really a volatile acid, in any conſiderable quantity, will be pricked in eight and forty hours.

Having ordered our coach to be refitted, and provided with freſh horſes, as well as with another poſtilion, in conſequence of which improvements, I payed at the rate of a louis d'or *per diem* to Lyons and back again, we departed from Aix, and the ſecond day of our journey paſſing the Durance in a boat, lay at Avignon. This river, the Druentia of the ancients, is a conſiderable ſtream, extremely rapid, which deſcends from the mountains, and diſcharges itſelf into the Rhone. After violent rains it extends its channel, ſo as to be impaſſible, and often overflows the country to a great extent. In the middle of a plain, betwixt Orgon and this river, we met the coach in which we had travelled eighteen months before, from Lyons to Montpellier, conducted by our old driver Joſeph, who no ſooner recognized my ſervant at a diſtance, by his muſquetoon, than he came running

ning towards our carriage, and seizing my hand, even shed tears of joy. Joseph had been travelling through Spain, and was so imbrowned by the sun, that he might have passed for an Iroquois. I was much pleased with the marks of gratitude which the poor fellow expressed towards his benefactors. He had some private conversation with our *voiturier*, whose name was Claude, to whom he gave such a favourable character of us, as in all probability induced him to be wonderfully obliging during the whole journey.

You know Avignon is a large city belonging to the pope. It was the *Avenio Cavarum* of the ancients, and changed masters several times, belonging successively to the Romans, Burgundians, Franks, the kingdom of Arles, the counts of Provence, and the sovereigns of Naples. It was sold in the fourteenth century, by queen Jane I. of Naples, to pope Clement VI. for the sum of eighty thousand florins, and since that period has continued under the dominion of the see of Rome. Not but that when the duc de Crequi, the French ambassador, was insulted at Rome in the year 1662, the parliament of Provence passed an arret, declaring the city of Avignon, and the county Venaissin, part of the ancient domain of Provence; and therefore reunited it to the crown of France, which accordingly took possession; though it was afterwards restored to the Roman see at the peace of Pisa. The pope, however, holds it by a precarious title, at the mercy of the French king, who may one day be induced to resume it, upon payment of the original purchase-money. As a succession of popes resided here for the space of seventy years, the city could not fail to be adorned

with a great number of magnificent churches and convents, which are richly embelliſhed with painting, ſculpture, ſhrines, reliques, and tombs. Among the laſt, is that of the celebrated Laura, whom Petrarch has immortalized by his poetry, and for whom Francis I. of France took the trouble to write an epitaph. Avignon is governed by a vice-legate from the pope, and the police of the city is regulated by the conſuls. It is a large place, ſituated in a fruitful plain, ſurrounded by high walls built of hewn ſtone, which on the weſt ſide are waſhed by the Rhone. Here was a noble bridge over the river, but it is now in ruins. On the other ſide, a branch of the Sorgue runs through part of the the city. This is the river anciently called Sulga, formed by the famous fountain of Vaucluſe in this neighbourhood, where the poet Petrarch reſided. It is a charming tranſparent ſtream, abounding with excellent trout and craw-fiſh. We paſſed over it on a ſtone bridge, in our way to Orange, the *Arauſio Cavarum* of the Romans, ſtill diſtinguiſhed by ſome noble monuments of antiquity. Theſe conſiſt of a circus, an aqueduct, a temple, and a triumphal arch, which laſt was erected in honour of Caius Marius and Luctatius Catulus, after the great victory they obtained in this country over the Cimbri and Teutones. It is a very magnificent edifice, adorned on all ſides with trophies and battles in baſſo relievo. The ornaments of the architecture, and the ſculpture, are wonderfully elegant for the time in which it was erected; and the whole is ſurpriſingly well preſerved, conſidering its great antiquity. It ſeems to me to be as entire and perfect as the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. Next day we paſſed two very

very impetuous ſtreams, the Drome and the Iſere. The firſt, which very much reſembles the Var, we forded: but the Iſere we croſſed in a boat, which, as well as that upon the Durance, is managed by the traille, a movable or running pulley, on a rope ſtretched between two wooden machines erected on the oppoſite ſides of the river. The contrivance is ſimple and effectual, and the paſſage equally ſafe and expeditious. The boatman has nothing to do, but by means of a long maſſy rudder, to keep the head obliquely to the ſtream, the force of which puſhes the boat along, the block to which it is fixed ſliding upon the rope from one ſide to the other. All theſe rivers take their riſe from the mountains, which are continued through Provence and Dauphiné, and fall into the Rhone: and all of them, when ſwelled by ſudden rains, overflow the flat country. Although Dauphiné affords little or no oil, it produces excellent wines, particularly thoſe of Hermitage and Coteroti. The firſt of theſe is ſold on the ſpot for three livres the bottle, and the other for two. The country likewiſe yields a conſiderable quantity of corn, and a good deal of graſs. It is well watered with ſtreams, and agreeably ſhaded with wood. The weather was pleaſant, and we had a continued ſong of nightingales, from Aix to Fontainbleau.

I cannot pretend to ſpecify the antiquities of Vienne, anciently called Vienna Allobrogum. It was a Roman colony, and a conſiderable city, which the ancients ſpared no pains and expence to embelliſh. It is ſtill a large town, ſtanding among ſeveral hills on the banks of the Rhone, though all its former ſplendor is eclipſed, its commerce decayed, and moſt of its

antiquities are buried in ruins. The church of Notre Dame de la Vie was undoubtedly a temple. On the left of the road, as you enter it, by the gate of Avignon, there is a handsome obelisk, or rather pyramid, about thirty feet high, raised upon a vault supported by four pillars of the Tuscan order. It is certainly a Roman work, and Montfaucon supposes it to be a tomb, as he perceived an oblong stone jetting out from the middle of the vault, in which the ashes of the defunct were probably contained. The story of Pontius Pilate, who is said to have ended his days in this place, is a fable. On the seventh day of our journey from Aix, we arrived at Lyons, where I shall take my leave of you for the present, being with great truth,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Boulogne, June 13, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am at last in a situation to indulge my view with a sight of Britain, after an absence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleasure I feel while I survey the white cliffs of Dover at this distance. Not that I am at all affected by the *nescio qua dulcedine natalis soli*, of Horace. That seems to be a kind of fanaticism founded on the prejudices of education, which induces a Laplander to place the terrestrial paradise among the snows of Norway, and a Swiss to prefer the barren mountains of Soleure to the fruitful plains of Lombardy.

I am

I am attached to my country, becauſe it is the land of liberty, cleanlineſs, and convenience; but I love it ſtill more tenderly, as the ſcene of all my intereſting connexions: as the habitation of my friends, for whoſe converſation, correſpondence, and eſteem, I wiſh alone to live.

Our journey hither from Lyons produced neither accident nor adventure worth notice; but abundance of little vexations, which may be termed the Plagues of Poſting. At Lyons, where we ſtayed only a few days, I found a return-coach, which I hired to Paris for ſix louisd'ors. It was a fine roomy carriage, elegantly furniſhed, and made for travelling ſo ſtrong and ſolid in all its parts, that there was no danger of its being ſhaken to pieces by the roughneſs of the road: but its weight and ſolidity occaſioned ſo much friction between the wheels and the axle-tree, that we ran the riſque of being ſet on fire three or four times a day. Upon a juſt compariſon of all circumſtances, poſting is much more eaſy, convenient, and reaſonable in England than in France. The Engliſh carriages, horſes, harneſs, and roads are much better; and the poſtilions more obliging and alert. The reaſon is plain and obvious. If I am ill-uſed at the poſt-houſe in England, I can be accomodated elſewhere. The publicans on the road are ſenſible of this, and therefore they vie with each other in giving ſatisfaction to travellers. But in France, where the poſt is monopolized, the poſt-maſters and poſtillions, knowing that the traveller depends entirely upon them, are the more negligent and remiſs in their duty, as well as the more encouraged to inſolence and impoſition. Indeed the ſtranger ſeems to be left en-

tirely at the mercy of thoſe fellows, except in large towns, where he may have recourſe to the magiſtrate or commanding officer. The poſt ſtands very often by itſelf in a lone country ſituation, or in a paultry village, where the poſtmaſter is the principal inhabitant; and in ſuch a caſe, if you ſhould be ill-treated, by being ſupplied with bad horſes; if you ſhould be delayed on frivolous pretences, in order to extort money; if the poſtillions ſhould drive at a waggon pace, with a view to provoke your impatience; or ſhould you in any ſhape be inſulted by them or their maſters; I know not any redreſs you can have, except by a formal complaint to the comptroller of the poſts, who is generally one of the miniſters of ſtate, and pays little or no regard to any ſuch repreſentations. I know an Engliſh gentleman, the brother of an earl, who wrote a letter of complaint to the Duc de Villars, governor of Provence, againſt the poſt-maſter of Antibes who had inſulted and impoſed upon him. The duke anſwered his letter, promiſing to take order that the grievance ſhould be redreſſed; and never thought of it after. Another great inconvenience which attends poſting in France, is, that if you are retarded by any accident, you cannot, in many parts of the kingdom, find a lodging, without perhaps travelling two or three poſts farther than you would chooſe to go, to the prejudice of your health, and even the hazard of your life; whereas, on any part of the poſt-road in England, you will meet with tolerable accommodation at every ſtage. Through the whole ſouth of France, except in large cities, the inns are cold, damp, dark, diſmal, and dirty; the landlords equally diſobliging and rapacious; the ſervants awkward, ſluttiſh,

tiſh, and ſlothful; and the poſtillions lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. If you chide them for lingering, they will continue to delay you the longer: if you chaſtiſe them with ſword, cane, cudgel, or horſe-whip, they will either diſappear entirely, and leave you without reſource; or they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage. The beſt method I know of travelling with any degree of comfort, is to allow yourſelf to become the dupe of impoſition, and ſtimulate their endeavours by extraordinary gratifications. I laid down a reſolution (and kept it) to give no more than four and twenty ſols per poſt between the two poſtillions; but I am now perſuaded that, for three-pence a poſt more, I ſhould have been much better ſerved, and ſhould have performed the journey with much greater pleaſure. We met with no adventures upon the road worth reciting. The firſt day we were retarded above two hours by the dutcheſs D—lle, and her ſon the duc de R—f—t, who, by virtue of an order from the miniſter, had anticipated all the horſes at the poſt. They accoſted my ſervant, and aſked if his maſter was a lord? He thought proper to anſwer in the affirmative; upon which the duke declared that he muſt certainly be of French extraction, inaſmuch as he obſerved the lilies of France in his arms on the coach. This young nobleman ſpoke a little Engliſh. He aſked whence we had come; and underſtanding we had been in Italy, deſired to know whether the man liked France or Italy beſt? Upon his giving France the preference, he clapped him on the ſhoulder, and ſaid he was a lad of good taſte. The dutcheſs aſked if her ſon ſpoke Engliſh well, and ſeem-

ed mightily pleaſed when my man aſſured her he did. They were much more free and condeſcending with my ſervant than with myſelf; for, though we ſaluted them in paſſing, and were even ſuppoſed to be perſons of quality, they did not open their lips, while we ſtood cloſe by them at the inn-door, till their horſes were changed. They were going to Geneva; and their equipage conſiſted of three coaches and ſix, with five domeſtics on horſeback. The dutcheſs was a tall, thin, raw-boned woman, with her head cloſe ſhaved. This delay obliged us to lie two poſts ſhort of Macon, at a ſolitary auberge called Maiſon Blanche, which had nothing white about it but the name. The Lionnois is one of the moſt agreeable and beſt cultivated countries I ever beheld, diverſified with hill, dale, wood, and water, laid out in extenſive corn-fields and rich meadows, well ſtocked with black cattle; and adorned with a ſurpriſing number of towns, villages, villas, and convents, generally ſituated on the brows of gently ſwelling hills, ſo that they appear to the greateſt advantage. What contributes, in a great meaſure, to the beauty of this, and the Maconnois, is the charming paſtoral Soame, which, from the city of Chalons, winds its ſilent courſe ſo ſmooth and gentle, that one can ſcarce diſcern which way its current flows. It is this placid appearance that tempts ſo many people to bathe in it at Lyons, where a good number of individuals are drowned every ſummer: whereas there is no inſtance of any perſon's thus periſhing in the Rhone, the rapidity of it deterring every body from bathing in its ſtream. Next night we paſſed at Beaune, where we found

nothing

nothing good but the wine, for which we paid forty ſols the bottle. At Chalons our axle tree took fire; an accident which detained us ſo long, that it was ten before we arrived at Auxerre, where we lay. In all probability we muſt have lodged in the coach, had not we been content to take four horſes, and pay for ſix, two poſts ſucceſſively. The alternative was, either to proceed with four on thoſe terms, or ſtay till the other horſes ſhould come in and be refreſhed. In ſuch an emergency, I would adviſe the traveller to put up with the four, and he will find the poſtillions ſo much upon their mettle, that thoſe ſtages will be performed ſooner than the others in which you have the full complement.

There was an Engliſh gentleman laid up at Auxerre with a broken arm, to whom I ſent my compliments, with offers of ſervice; but his ſervant told my man that he did not chooſe to ſee any company, and had no occaſion for my ſervice. This ſort of reſerve ſeems peculiar to the Engliſh diſpoſition. When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas two Engliſhmen in the ſame ſituation maintain a mutual reſerve and diffidence, and keep without the ſphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulſive power. We only ſtopped to change horſes at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, which is a venerable old city, but we paſſed part of a day at Sens, and viſited a manufacture of that ſtuff we call Mancheſter velvet, which is here made and dyed to great perfection, under the direction of Engliſh workmen, who

have

have been ſeduced from their own country. At Fontainbleau, we went to ſee the palace, or, as it is called, the caſtle, which, though an irregular pile of building, affords a great deal of lodging, and contains ſome very noble apartments, particularly the hall of audience, with the king's and queen's chambers, upon which the ornaments of carving and gilding are laviſhed with profuſion rather than propriety. Here are ſome rich parterres of flower-garden, and a noble orangerie, which however we did not greatly admire, after having lived among the natural orange groves of Italy. Hitherto we had enjoyed fine ſummer weather, and I found myſelf ſo well, that I imagined my health was entirely reſtored: but betwixt Fontainbleau and Paris, we were overtaken by a black ſtorm of rain, ſleet, and hail, which ſeemed to reinſtate winter in all its rigour; for the cold weather continues to this day. There was no reſiſting this attack. I caught cold immediately; and this was reinforced at Paris, where I ſtayed but three days. The ſame man, (Paſcal Sellier, rüe Guenegaud fauxbourg St. Germain) who owned the coach that brought us from Lyons, ſupplied me with a returned berlin to Boulogne, for ſix louisd'ors, and we came hither by eaſy journeys. The firſt night we lodged at Breteuil, where we found an elegant inn, and very good accommodation. But the next we were forced to take up our quarters, at the houſe where we had formerly paſſed a very diſagreeable night at Abbeville. I am now in tolerable lodging, where I ſhall remain a few weeks merely for the ſake of a little repoſe; then I ſhall gladly tempt that invidious ſtraight which ſtill divides you from

Yours, &c.

FINIS.

A

REGISTER

OF THE

WEATHER.

Kept at Nice from November 1763 to March 1765.

THERMOMETERS uſed in keeping the following REGISTER.

ONE of mercury, conſtructed after the manner of Reaumur, having on the ſcale 10 degrees from ice to temperate, 20 degrees ſilk-worm heat, boiling-water 80 degrees. The exceſſive heat at Paris 1707, at 35 degrees.

One of ſpirit of wine, conſtructed by Chateauneuf, graduated in the ſame manner. The ſpirit in this Thermometer riſes at Senegal to 38, in France very rarely to 30, and in Peru, under the line, very ſeldom above 25.

They were placed in the ſhade, in a room without a fire, in a ſoutherly expoſition; and the obſervations made between ten and eleven in the forenoon.

THE town of Nice is ſituated in the bay of Antibes, latitude forty-three degrees, forty minutes north; eaſt longitude from London, ſeven degrees, twenty-five minutes, equidiſtant from Marſeilles, Genoa, and Turin, that is about ninety Engliſh miles. The north wind blows over the maritime Alps, at the feet of which the town is ſituated; the South from Cape Bona, on the coaſt of Barbary, ſweeping the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica in its paſſage: the eaſt from the Riviera of Genoa; and the weſt from Provence.

The town of Nice is wedged between a ſteep rock to the eaſtward, and the river Paglion, which waſhes the wall upon the weſt, and falls into the Mediterranean, within thirty yards of the corner baſtion.

This river is but a ſcanty ſtream, fed chiefly by the melting of the ſnow upon the mountains. It is ſometimes ſwelled to a great depth by ſudden torrents: but in the ſummer it is uſually dry.

The town of Nice is built of ſtone, and the ſtreets are narrow. It is ſaid to contain twelve thouſand inhabitants, in which caſe they muſt be much crowded, for the place is but ſmall. There is a bridge of three arches over the Paglion, which is the entrance from the ſide of Provence. Nice is ſurrounded on this ſide by a wall and rampart of no ſtrength: on the other ſide, it is commanded by a high rock, on which appear the ruins of an old caſtle, which was once deemed impregnable. It was taken and diſmantled by Marechal Catinat, in the reign of Victor Amadeus, father to the preſent king of Sardinia.

To

To the eaſtward of this rock is the harbour of Nice, in which there is not depth of water ſufficient for ſhips of any burden. The hills begin to riſe about a ſhort mile from the north gate of the town. The Var falls into the ſea about four miles to the weſtward; and is fordable at the village of St. Laurent, which ſtands on the French ſide near the mouth of the river. The ſpace between the Var and Nice is a ſucceſſion of agreeable eminences, adorned with a great number of white houſes or caſſines, ſurrounded by plantations of olives, vines, oranges, lemons, and citrons. The air of Nice is pure and penetrating, yet mild, generally dry, and elaſtic; and the ſky is remarkably clear and ſerene. The well-water is moſtly hard, but not unwholeſome; and there are ſome ſprings both in the town and neighbourhood, which are ſurpriſingly cool, limpid, and agreeable.

REGISTER

OF THE

WEATHER.

November 1763.

FROM the 23d to the end fair weather, wind northerly — Mornings frosty — Evenings sharp — Sun at noon, warm, sky serene.

December.

First week, squalls and rain, wind southerly.

Fifth blew fresh, wind south-west.

From the 5th to the end of the month fair weather, wind shifting from north to east — Sun at noon warm — Mornings and evenings frosty and sharp, distant mountains covered with snow — Green peas, and all sorts of sallad, pinks, roses, July flowers, ranunculas, anemonies, all the winter, blowing.

January 1764.

First week, rain and squalls, wind southerly.

Second week, weather cloudy, wind southerly.

Remaining part of the month fair weather, clear sky, wind north-east —— Mornings and evenings sharp, snow on the distant hills, almond trees in blossom.

February.

From the 1st to the 25th fine weather, clear sky, mild and warm in the day, wind easterly, sharp and piercing in the evening. Snow on the distant hills. Almonds, peaches, and apricots in blossom.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
Feb.			
25	4	6	Wind north-weſt, blows freſh, weather cold.
26	4	6	—— north-weſt, blows freſh, air ſharp, fair weather.
27	4	6	—— eaſt, weather cloudy — Evening, air ſharp and froſty.
28	4	6	—— north, air cold, weather cloudy — Afternoon, wind ſouth, mizzling rain.
29	6	9	—— north, air cold — Afternoon, wind ſouth-eaſt, mizzling rain.
Mar.			At night, heavy rain.
1	2½	5½	—— ſouth-weſt, air ſharp — Afternoon, wind ſouth, blows freſh.
2	1½	4	—— ſouth-eaſt, weather calm and cloudy.
3	2	5	—— north by weſt, weather raw and cloudy — Afternoon, rain. Much rain in the night.
4	4	7	—— ſouth, weather calm and cloudy.
5	6	9	—— ſouth-eaſt, weather fair and calm.
6	6	9	—— eaſt, weather fair and calm, air ſharp.
7	4½	6½	—— eaſt, weather cloudy, ſome rain, air cold, heavy rain in the night.

8	1½	4	Wind north by eaſt, rain and ſqualls, air cold and raw.
9	1½	4	—— north-weſt, weather cloudy and calm — Hail in the night.
10	1½	4	—— ſouth-weſt, weather cloudy, gleams of ſun-ſhine.
11	1½	4	—— north-north-eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky — Afternoon, mercury and ſpirit riſe.
12	1½	4	—— north-eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky, mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees at noon.
13	1½	4	—— north-eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky, mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees at noon.
14	1½	4	—— ſouth-weſt, calm and cloudy — Afternoon, clear ſky — Evening, guſts of wind at eaſt.
15	4½	7	—— ſouth-weſt, calm fair weather — Afternoon, mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees.
16	4	6½	—— eaſt, calm fair weather, clear ſky — Afternoon, mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees.
17	5½	8	—— north-north-weſt, calm fair weather, clear ſky — At noon, the mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees.
18	5½	8	—— eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky, little wind — Afternoon, the mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees.
19	7	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, little wind — At noon, mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
20	7	9	Wind ſouth-ſouth-eaſt, rain, cloudy, calm.
21	6	8	—— north, cloudy mizzling rain, cold and raw, ſnow upon the diſtant hills.
22	6½	9	—— eaſt, gleams of ſun-ſhine.
23	7	10	—— ſouth-weſt, fair weather, clear ſky — Afternoon, cloudy — Heavy rain at night, ſome thunder, hills on each ſide of the Var covered with ſnow.
24	5	7	—— north, weather cloudy, and calm.
25	5½	7½	—— north, cloudy, gleams of ſun-ſhine, calm.
26	7	9½	—— north-north-eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm.
27	6½	8½	—— north-north-eaſt, fair weather — Afternoon, cloudy.
28	9	11	—— eaſterly, a freſh breeze, fair weather — Afternoon cloudy — Evening, ſome rain.
29	8	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather } remarkably clear ſky, ſun warm,
30	9	11	—— eaſt, fair weather } mercury and ſpirit riſe three de-
31	8½	10½	—— eaſt, fair weather } grees about noon.
Apr.			

1	9	10½	Wind ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, eclipſe of the ſun, at 9 hour 25 min. ended at 12 hour 29 min. its breadth 9 digits, 46 min.
2	9	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather }
3	9	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather } remarkably clear ſky, ſun hot.
4	10	11½	—— eaſterly, fair weather }
5	11	12	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
6	12	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Afternoon, calm and cloudy — At five, wind ſouth, a freſh breeze, ſprinkling drops of rain.
7	9½	11	—— eaſterly, almoſt calm, rainy weather.
8	8½	10	—— eaſterly, almoſt calm, rain.
9	8½	10½	—— ſoutherly, cloudy weather, ſhowers — Afternoon heavy rain, mercury and ſpirit fell 2 degrees, ſnow upon the diſtant hills.
10	7½	10	—— ſoutherly, fair weather — Afternoon, blows freſh, air cold — Heavy rain in the night,-ſnow on the hills.
11	7	9	—— northerly, heavy ſhowers in the morning — At noon, blows freſh, ſky watery, ſnow on the hills.
12	7	9	—— north-weſt, blows freſh, fair weather, ſky watery.
13	10	11½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
14	10	11½	—— weſterly, blows freſh, fair weather, air ſharp.
15	10¼	12	—— eaſterly, blows freſh, fair weather, air ſharp.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
16	10½	12	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy, little wind in the morning — At noon, ſqually, at ſouth-ſouth-weſt, blows hard at night.
17	12	14	—— ſouth-weſt, blows freſh, fair weather, ſky clear —— At noon, calm — At five in the afternoon, ſudden ſqualls, which continued at ſhort intervals all night.
18	12½	15	—— weſterly, blows freſh, clear ſky, warm.
19	12	13½	—— weſterly, blows freſh, clear ſky, warm.
20	12½	13½	—— ſoutherly, clear ſky, warm, little wind — Orange harveſt.
21	11½	13	—— ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, ſky a little cloudy, air ſharp, little wind.
22	11	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
23	9	10½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
24	9½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, ſnow on the diſtant hills.
25	9½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Wind riſes like the ſea breeze in Jamaica, about nine in the morning, and ſubſides about four or five in the afternoon.

26	9½	11	Wind eaſterly, calm, cloudy — Ripe ſtrawberries, wheat in the ear, rye ſeven or eight feet high.
27	9	10½	—— northerly, blows freſh, air ſharp — About noon ſprinkling ſhowers, dark, cloudy weather — Afternoon, fair weather, wind eaſterly, ſnow on the diſtant hills.
28	8	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp — Strawberries in the market.
29	9	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
30	8½	10½	—— eaſterly, ſky cloudy — Sprinkling rain at noon — Afternoon and evening, fair weather — Wheat in the ear.
May 1	9½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air warm, clear ſky.
2	10	11½	—— eaſterly, fair mild weather, ſnow ſtill upon the mountains, clear ſky.
3	10½	11½	—— ſouth-weſt, fair weather — The mercury in the thermometer at four in the afternoon, riſen to 14 — Clear ſky — Ripe cherries.
4	11	12	—— ſouth-weſt, fair weather, ſun warm, clear ſky — Orange and lemon trees covered with bloſſoms.
5	11	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, mercury continues to riſe.
6	12½	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky — Some ripe figs.
7	14	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
8	14	14	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky.
9	14½	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, clear ſky.
10	14	14½	—— ſouth-eaſt, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
11	13	13½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky.
12	13	13½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſky a little cloudy.
13	13	13½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
14	14	14½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky — Afternoon, cloudy, ſome drops of rain.
15	14	14½	—— eaſterly, ſky cloudy.
16	14½	14½	—— eaſterly ſky cloudy — Afternoon, ſome drops of rain.
17	13½	14	—— eaſterly, rain all day — Heavy ſhowers in the night.
18	13½	14	—— ſouth-weſt, cloudy — Rain in the night.
19	12	13	—— eaſterly, cloudy.
20	12	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy, olive trees in bloſſom.
21	12	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy.
22	13	13½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky — Afternoon, the mercury roſe 16, ſpirit to 17.

23	14	15	Wind easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
24	15½	16	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
25	16	16½	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot — Plump shower at seven in the evening.
26	17	17	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
27	17	17½	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot — In the afternoon the mercury and spirit up at 20 degrees, being the heat of silk worms.
28	17	17½	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot — Afternoon, cloudy.
29	17	17½	—— easterly, fair weather —— Evening, cloudy — Silk worms weaving.
30	17	17½	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
31	17	17	—— easterly, fair weather — At noon, a little rain.
June			
1	16	16¼	—— easterly, fair weather — Afternoon, wind southerly, a fresh gale.
2	15½	16	—— easterly, fair weather — Season for winding the cocons of silk.
3	15	15	—— easterly, plump shower at four in the morning — Forenoon, fair weather.
4	15¼	15½	—— easterly, fair weather — Evening, cloudy.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
5	15	15¼	Wind ſoutherly, ſky cloudy — Afternoon, ſprinkling rain.
6	14¾	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
7	13½	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
8	14	14½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
9	14¾	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Pears and plums in the market.
10	15½	16	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
11	16¼	16½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
12	17	17	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Corn ripe.
13	17	17	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot }
14	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot } refreſhing breezes.
15	19½	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot }
16	18½	18½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot — Ripe figs and apricots.
17	18	18	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
18	19¾	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, vermin troubleſome.
19	19½	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot — Removed to a country-houſe within half a league of Nice.

20	20	20	Wind easterly, fair weather, the two thermometers in the ſhade, the front of the houſe, expoſed to the eaſt and ſouth-eaſt.
21	21	21	—— easterly, ſky cloudy, ſun hot.
22	23	23¼	—— easterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
23	23½	23¼	—— easterly, fair weather, great heat.
24	23½	23¼	—— easterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
25	23	22	—— easterly, fair weather, a little cloudy, ſun hot, refreſhing breeze.
26	22	21	—— easterly, fair weather, refreſhing breeze.
27	22½	21	—— easterly, fair weather, refreſhing breeze.
28	22¾	21½	—— easterly, fair weather, refreſhing breeze.
29	24½	24	—— easterly, freſh gale—At three in the afternoon the mercury up at 29½, the ſpirit at 29, heat exceſſive.
30	22	21½	—— easterly, fair, weather, ſun very hot, returned to my houſe at Nice.
Jul.			
1	21½	21	—— easterly, fair weather } warm.
2	22	21½	—— easterly, fair weather }
3	22½	21½	—— easterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Afternoon, plump ſhowers, mercury fallen to 18¾, ſpirit to 18—Rain in the night.
4	19	19	—— northerly, cloudy—Evening ſhowers.
5	18	18	—— easterly, fair weather—Seaſon for the anchovy fiſhery.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
6	18	18	Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
7	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
8	18½	18	—— eaſterly, fair weather—In the evening, ſprinkling rain.
9	19	18½	—— northerly, cloudy.
10	19½	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—At night a little ſprinkling rain.
11	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
12	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
13	20	19½	—— ſouth, fair weather, at noon mercury roſe to 24½.
14	21½	20½	—— weſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Ripe peaches, and apples.
15	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
16	20	19½	—— ſoutherly, fair weather, ſun hot.
17	20	19½	—— eaſterly, ſun hot.
18	19	18½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
19	20	19½	—— eaſterly, ſky, a little cloudy.
20	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.

21	21	20½	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot, ripe water melons from
22	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, very hot. [Antibes.
23	22½	21½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, very hot—Thunder in the night.
24	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing breezes—At two in the afternoon the mercury roſe to 26½.
25	24	23	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot.
26	23	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
27	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, wind weſterly.
28	23	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
29	22½	21½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſultry.
30	23	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot, ripe grapes.—The mercury roſe at one to 26, the ſpirit to 25.
31	23	22	—— eaſterly, cloudy—Sprinkling ſhowers at noon.
Aug.			
1	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Some thunder in the afternoon.
2	22½	22	—— ſouth-weſt, a freſh breeze, fair weather——Afternoon, wind increaſes, ſultry hot, the mercury and ſpirit in the thermometer roſe to 31.
3	23	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
4	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
5	21	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
6	21	20	Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
7	21	20	—— ſoutherly, fair weather, a freſh breeze.
8	21	20	—— ſoutherly, freſh breeze, cloudy weather — Hard gale in the ſouth-weſt.
9	22	21	—— ſouth-weſt, a freſh breeze.
10	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, freſh breeze.
11	21	20	—— north-weſt, cloudy — Forenoon, mizzling rain — Squall in the evening.
12	21	20	—— weſt, fair weather.
13	21	20	—— eaſt, fair weather.
14	21	20	—— eaſt, fair weather.
15	20	19	—— eaſt, fair weather.
16	20	19	—— eaſt, fair weather — Noon, weather cloudy, wind north-weſt.
17	20	19	—— eaſt, fair weather.
18	20	19	—— eaſt, fair weather.
19	19	18	—— eaſterly, cloudy — At noon, a ſudden ſquall, with a little rain, wind ſouth-weſt, ſnow on the diſtant hills.

20	19	18	Wind eaſterly fair weather.
21	18	18	—— weſterly, fair weather.
22	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
23	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
24	19	18½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
25	19½	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather — In the evening, cloſe and cloudy.
26	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Evening cloudy.
27	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Evening cloſe and cloudy.
28	20½	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Evening cloudy.
29	20½	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
30	21	20½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
31	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
Sept.			
1	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
2	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
3	22	21½	—— eaſterly, freſh breeze, cloudy — Afternoon, ſprinkling rain — In the night, thunder and lightning.
4	21	20	—— north-eaſt — Morning, thunder ſhowers — Forenoon, fair weather.
5	22	21	—— eaſterly — Morning, ſome clouds — Afternoon, wind weſterly, cloudy.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
6	20½	20	Wind eaſterly, morning ſome clouds — Afternoon, fair weather.
7	19	18	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
8	20	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
9	19½	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
10	19	19	—— ſoutherly, fair weather — Afternoon, eaſterly wind, evening cloudy.
11	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
12	20½	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
13	21	20½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
14	20	19	—— eaſterly, cloudy — At noon, ſome rain, wind weſterly — in the night, ſome rain and thunder.
15	20	19	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.
16	20	19	—— weſterly, fair weather.
17	19	18	—— weſterly, very high — Afternoon, mercury 20, ſpirit of wine 19, rain.
18	17	17	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
19	15½	15½	—— eaſterly, cloudy.

20	15	15	Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
21	14½	15	—— eaſterly, cloudy.
22	15	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
23	15	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
24	15	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
25	15	15	—— eaſterly, very high, fair weather,
26	15	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
27	14	14½	—— weſterly, fair weather.
28	15	15	—— weſterly, fair weather.
29	13	13½	—— weſterly, rain.
30	9	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſnow upon the mountains.
Oct.			
1	8	9½	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Afternoon weſterly wind, very high.
2	9	10	—— weſterly, fair weather.
3	11	11	—— weſterly, fair weather.
4	12	12	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
5	11	13	—— ſoutherly, cloudy weather.
6	13½	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
7	13½	14	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.
8	13	14	—— ſoutherly, cloudy — Afternoon, ſmall rain, vintage begun.
9	5	15	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
10	15	15	Wind eaſterly, fair weather — Afternoon cloudy, ſome drops of rain.
11	14	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
12	15	15	—— weſterly, fair weather.
13	14½	14	—— weſterly, cloudy — Afternoon, ſouth wind — Night, rain, ſouth wind, very high.
14	13	14	—— ſouth, cloudy.
15	12½	13	—— ſoutherly, rain.
16	12	13	—— weſterly, cloudy.
17	12	13	—— weſterly, cloudy.
18	13	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
19	12	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
20	12½	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
21	12½	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
22	13½	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
23	12½	15	—— weſterly, fair weather — Afternoon, mercury 11½, heavy rain, northerly wind.

24	8	9½	Wind northerly, cloudy.
25	8	10	—— northerly, clear ſky, ſharp air.
26	10½	11	—— northerly, clear ſky,
27	7	8	—— northerly, ſky cloudy, air cold.
28	5½	7	—— north-eaſt, ſky cloudy, air cold.
29	7½	9	—— north-eaſt, ſky clear, air very ſharp.
30	5	7	—— north, ſky clear, air very ſharp.
31	5½	7½	—— eaſt, ſky cloudy, air ſharp, oil harveſt begins.
Nov.			
1	5	7	—— north, ſky cloudy, air cold.
2	8	10	—— north-eaſt, fair weather, ſun wam, } little wind.
3	10	11½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun warm. } little wind.
4	10	11½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun warm. } little wind.
5	7½	9	—— north, fair weather, ſun warm.
6	9	10½	Little wind, eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm.
7	7	9	Wind weſt, blows freſh, ſky cloudy.
8	10	11½	—— north, fair weather, ſun warm.
9	7	9	—— eaſt, cloudy in the forenoon — Afternoon fair weather.
10	7	9	—— north, cloudy.
11	7	9	—— eaſt, fair weather.
12	8½	10	—— eaſt, cloudy.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
13	10	11½	Wind eaſt, fine weather — Squalls of wind at night.
14	8	9½	—— north-eaſt, fine weather.
15	7	9	—— north, fair weather, afternoon cloudy.
16	5½	7	—— north, mizzling rain — Heavy rain all night.
17	4	6	—— north-weſt — Rain all day and in the night, ſnow on the mountains.
18	5½	7	—— eaſt, blows freſh, cloudy, with ſhowers — Heavy rain in the night.
19	6	8	—— north-weſt, cloudy, with ſhowers — At night heavy rain.
20	5½	7	—— north-weſt, cloudy, ſhowers — Heavy rain in the night.
21	5	7	—— north-weſt, cloudy.
22	4½	5½	—— weſterly, cloudy —— Afternoon, fair weather — Evening overcaſt.
23	4	5	—— weſterly, cloudy — Afternoon and evening rain.
24	3	4½	—— eaſterly, heavy rain all day and all night.
25	3	4½	—— north, heavy rain all day, ſnow on the mountains.

26	3½	5	Wind north, ſhowers, interſperſed with gleams of ſunſhine—Heavy rain in the night.
27	3½	5	—— eaſterly, heavy ſhowers—Afternoon, fair weather.
28	3½	5½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky.
29	3½	5½	—— north-weſt, cloudy.
30	2½	3½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky.
Dec.			
1	4	6	—— eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky.
2	2½	4	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky.
3	3	5	—— north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather, clear ſky.
4	3	4½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, air ſharp.
5	2½	4½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, air ſharp.
6	3	5	—— north, cloudy, high wind in the night.
7	3	5	—— eaſt, ſqualls and rain—Afternoon windy.
8	2½	4	—— north-weſt, clear weather.
9	3	5	—— north, clear weather.
10	3	5	—— north, fair weather.
11	2	5	—— weſt, rain in the forenoon—Afternoon, fair weather.
12	2	4	—— north, fair weather, air ſharp.
13	2½	5	—— north, fair weather.
14	2	5	—— north, fair weather.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
15	2	5	Wind north-eaſt, cloudy — Evening ſome rain.
16	2	5	—— north-eaſt, heavy rain and thunder at three in the morning — Forenoon cloudy.
17	2	4½	—— north-weſt, fair weather, air cold.
18	2	3½	—— north, fair weather, air cold.
19	1½	4	—— northerly, cloudy, air ſharp.
20	1	3½	—— north-eaſt, mizzling rain.
21	1	3½	—— north-eaſt, mizzling rain.
22	1½	3½	—— north-weſt, weather damp and cloudy.
23	1	4	—— eaſterly, cloudy, damp weather — Rain in the night.
24	1	4	—— northerly, cloudy, damp weather.
25	1½	5	—— eaſterly, cloudy, damp weather — Heavy rain in the night.
26	1½	5	—— northerly, cloudy, damp weather — Heavy rain in the afternoon and evening.
27	1½	4½	—— northerly, fair weather.
28	1½	4½	—— northerly, cloudy.
29	1½	4½	—— northerly, cloudy — Mizzling rain in the evening.

30	1¾	5	Wind eaſterly — Forenoon, fair weather — Afternoon, cloudy.
31	2	5	—— eaſterly, cloudy weather.
1765			
Jan.			
1	2½	5½	—— northerly, cloudy weather — Afternoon, mizzling rain.
2	3	6	—— eaſterly, cloudy weather — Rain at noon — Heavy rain all the afternoon and night.
3	4	6	—— ſouth-eaſt, cloudy — Heavy rain, with ſome thunder in the afternoon and evening.
4	2½	5	—— north, cloudy — Afternoon, fair weather.
5	2	4½	—— north, fair weather.
6	2	4½	—— north, cloudy — Afternoon, fair weather.
7	2	5	—— north, cloudy — ſprinkling ſhower at one in the afternoon.
8	2½	5½	—— north, heavy rain at four in the morning — Forenoon, cloudy — Mizzling rain at noon.
9	2	5	—— eaſt, rain in the morning and forenoon.
10	2½	5½	—— eaſt, cloudy weather — Gleams of ſunſhine in the afternoon.
11	3	5½	—— north-weſt, cloudy weather — Mizzling rain in the afternoon.
12	2	5	—— eaſterly, clear weather.
13	3	5½	—— eaſterly, cloudy, with gleams of ſunſhine.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
14	3	5½	Wind eaſterly, heavy rain, with ſqualls at three in the morning — Forenoon, cloudy — Afternoon and evening, heavy continued rain.
15	2½	5	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
16	3	5½	—— north, fair weather — At night, mizzling ſhowers.
17	3	5½	—— eaſt, cloudy weather — Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
18	3	5½	—— north, cloudy weather.
19	3	5½	—— north, fair weather,
20	3	5½	—— north, fair weather,
21	2½	5	—— north, fair weather,
22	3	5½	—— eaſterly, blows freſh and cold, cloudy weather.
23	2	4½	—— northerly, heavy rain.
24	2	4½	—— northerly, cloudy weather — Afternoon rain.
25	1½	4	—— eaſt, rainy weather — Evening fair.
26	1½	4	—— north-eaſt, blows freſh, heavy rain.

Great fall of ſnow on the mountains.

air ſharp.

27	3	5	Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
28	3	5	—— north, fair weather in the forenoon — Cloudy in the afternoon.
29	3	5½	—— north, fair weather.
30	4	6	—— eaſt, fair weather.
31	4	6	—— eaſt, cloudy — Afternoon, mizzling rain.
Feb.			
1	3	5	—— north-weſt, mizzling rain, full of ſnow on the neighbouring mountains.
2	1½	4	—— north, cloudy.
3	1	3½	—— eaſterly, cloudy and cold.
4	½	3	—— eaſterly, cloudy and cold — Afternoon rain.
5	0	2½	—— north, morning ſqually, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
6	0	2½	—— north, fair weather — Evening rain, heavy rain in the night.
7	½	3	—— north, cloudy, with gleams of ſunſhine.
8	½	3½	—— north, fair weather.
9	1	4	—— north, cloudy — Afternoon, clear.
10	1	4	—— north, cloudy, a ſprinkling rain.
11	½	3½	—— north-weſt, fair weather — Afternoon, cloudy.
12	1½	4	—— north-weſt, fair weather.
13	1	3½	—— north, fair weather.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf 's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
14	1	3½	Wind ſouth-eaſt, cloudy — Evening, ſprinkling rain.
15	0	3	—— eaſt, cloudy and cold — Snow on the neighbouring hills.
16	1 deg. bel. ice	2	—— north, dark and cold, with ſome ſleet — Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
17	3——	0	—— north —— Morning, clear weather, air cold — Afternoon, overcaſt, rain and ſleet — Heavy rain in the night — Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
18	3——	0	—— north, cloudy, cold.
19	2——	2	—— north, cloudy, cold —— Afternoon, evening, and night, heavy rain.
20	2——	2	—— northerly, heavy rain — Afternoon, fair.
21	2——	2	—— northerly, cloudy weather — Afternoon clear.
22	0	4	—— northerly, cloudy weather — Afternoon and night, heavy rain with ſome thunder.
23	0	3½	—— northerly, cloudy,
24	½	3½	—— north-eaſt, clear weather, } Evenings, fog on the mountains.
25	1	5	—— north-eaſt, fine weather,

24			—— north-east, fine weather,
25	1	5	

26	2½	5½	Wind north-east, fine weather, Evening, fog on the mountains.
27	3	6	—— easterly, fine weather — Afternoon, cloudy — Rain all night.
28	3	5½	—— easterly, rain all day and all night, with some thunder.
Mar.			
1	2	4½	—— southerly, rain.
2	1½	4½	—— northerly, fair weather, air sharp.
3	3	5½	—— north-east, fair weather, air sharp.
4	2½	4½	—— north-east, fair weather, air sharp.
5	3	5½	—— north-east, fair weather — A little rain in the night.
6	3	5½	—— easterly, mizzling rain.
7	3	5½	—— north-west, rain, and cloudy weather.
8	3½	6	—— easterly, cloudy weather in the morning, clears up at noon.
9	4½	7	—— westerly, fair weather — Afternoon showers — Heavy rain in the night,
10	4	6	—— north-west, heavy rain all day.
11	3	5½	—— north-west, blows fresh, clear weather.
12	3½	6½	—— north-west, blows fresh, cloudy — Rain in the night.
13	4	6½	—— southerly, rainy weather.
14	4	6	—— southerly, fair weather.
15	5	7	—— southerly, cloudy weather.
16	5	7	—— easterly, fair weather.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. mercu. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
17	6½	8½	Wind eaſterly, clouds and ſunſhine.
18	7	9	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Afternoon, overcaſt.
19	7½	9½	—— eaſterly, cloudy — Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
20	7	9	—— eaſterly, cloudy — Afternoon, a little rain.
21	7	9	—— north-eaſt, cloudy.
22	7	9	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
23	7	9	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
24	8	10	—— eaſterly, clouds and ſunſhine.
25	8	10	—— eaſterly, cloudy.
26	8	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
27	8	10	—— eaſterly, clouds and ſunſhine.
28	8½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
29	9½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather — Evening, high wind at weſt.
30	9	11	—— weſterly, blows freſh.
31	9	11	—— northerly, fair weather, freſh breeze.
Apr.			
1			—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.

Apr.
1 —— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.

2 Wind easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
3 —— easterly, cloudy, air sharp.
4 —— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
5 —— south-east, fair weather, air sharp.
6 —— south-east, fair weather, air sharp.
7 —— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
8 —— south-east, fair weather, a fresh breeze, air cold.
9 —— easterly, fair weather.
10 —— easterly, fresh breeze, fair weather — Evening, high wind at south-west.
11 —— south-west, fresh breeze, fair weather.
12 —— southerly, fresh breeze, fair weather.
13 —— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
14 —— easterly, cloudy weather.
15 —— easterly, fair weather.
16 —— easterly, fair weather.
17 —— easterly, cloudy and cold — Afternoon, sprinkling rain — A fall of snow in the night upon the mountains.
18 —— easterly, fair weather, air cold.
19 —— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
20 —— easterly, showers.

REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermome. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
21			Wind eaſterly, ſprinkling ſhowers.
22			—— eaſterly, at five in the morning a ſtorm of thunder, hail, and heavy rain — A fall of ſnow on the mountains.
23			—— eaſterly, at four in the morning rain —— Forenoon cloudy.
24			—— eaſterly, rain in the morning — Forenoon cloudy.

30 AU 65

FINIS.